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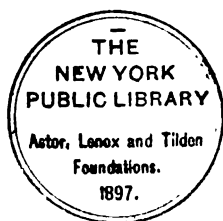
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A QUARTERLY.

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Index to Volume II.

	FACING PAGE
PORTRAITS.	
Eugenia Chapman Gillett.....	1
Lientenant-Governor Nehemiah Green.....	91
Eugene F. Ware.....	183
Ex-Governor Samuel J. Crawford.....	237
Ex-Chief Justice Samuel A. Kingman.....	246
Col. C. K. Holliday	275

SYMPOSIUMS.	
The Taxable Value of Railroads :	PAGE.
I.....Col. O. E. Learnard.....	2
II.....Attorney-General Ives.....	5
Will a Service Pension Degrade the Veteran in Public Esteem ?	
I.....Hon. Milton Stewart.....	106
II.....Hon. C. F. Scott.....	110
III.....Hon. T. W. Walton	112
IV.....Hon. Calvin Hood	114
Do Kansas Women Want to Vote ?	
I.....Mrs. Laura M. Johns.....	185
II.....Mrs. Willis Lord Moore.....	190
III.....Mrs. Mary E. Lease.....	196
IV.....Mrs. Nettle P. Ware.....	199
V.....Mrs. Frances Schlegel Carruth.....	202
VI.....Mrs. Mary C. Todd.....	203
VII.....Mrs. Sophie Naylor Grubb.....	209
VIII.....Mrs. May Belleville-Brown.....	212
IX.....Mrs. Mary A. Humphrey.....	216
X.....Mrs. Ellen W. Brown.....	219

The Late Conflict :	
What it was About.....Hon. Frank Doster.....	275
The Governor's Advisers.....Hon. E. W. Hoch.....	280
The Militia and the Deputy Sheriffs.....Hon. G. C. Clemens.....	284
What the Farmers have Netted.....Hon. C. S. Gleed	292

POETRY.	
Sonnet	Eugenie Chapman Gillett..... 1
Would God I were now by the Sea.....	William Herbert Carruth..... 18
Promise of the Morrow.....	Thomas William Heatley..... 31
"If You Go Away".....	William A. White..... 62
Mizpah	Florence L. Snow..... 115
How We Took Titus.....	Brinton W. Woodward..... 127
Angel Visits.....	Emma P. Seabury..... 143
Evening	Allen D. Gray

	PAGE
A Group of Rondeaux :	
When Morning Breaks	Ida A. Ahlborn..... 173
A Day of Grace.....	Charles Moreau Harger..... 173
The Tide is Out	William Herbert Carruth 174
My Little Child.....	Florence L. Snow..... 174
From Shelley's Grave.....	Anon..... 175
That Red-Haired Girl	Albert Bigelow Paine 175
The Prairie Rose.....	W. C. Campbell..... 176
Karmyl.....	Eugene F. Ware..... 183
Inspiration.....	Etta May Bruckhart..... 223
Ambition	Carl Brann..... 235
Tennyson	Thomas William Heatley.... 236
Trusting.....	Francis Joseph Lange..... 257
The Lea-Man's Bride.....	Ezra Porter Chittenden..... 300
Misjudged.....	Emma Playter Seabury..... 321
Sunset.....	Ida A. Ahlborn..... 328

MISCELLANEOUS.

Coronado's March Through Kansas	Hon. John Maloy..... 11
The Distribution of Wealth.....	N. C. McFarland, LL.D..... 19
An Experiment in Coöperative Cooking	Mary A. Humphrey..... 23
The Confederate Colonel in Politics.....	William A. White..... 27
Some Hypnotic Phenomena.....	Prof. Olin Templin..... 32
The Methodist Episcopal Church in Politics.....	Rev. Richard Wake..... 40
The College Graduate	Prof. L. D. Whittemore..... 46
Thoughts on Sociology	William Bishop, D.D..... 53
The Passing of Stover and Hovey.....	Arthur Capper..... 63
An Educational Link.....	Rev. J. S. Ford..... 68
"The Kansas Conflict" — <i>Review</i>	Col. William A. Phillips..... 78
Recollections of the Kansas Legislature of 1868, Hon. John Guthrie.....	91
Reminiscences of Governor Green.....	D. C. Milner, D.D..... 101
The Teacher's Critics.....	Chancellor J. H. Canfield... 116
What Government is For.....	Hon. Frank Doster..... 120
Independent Politics.....	H. W. Frost..... 131
Birds of the Mountains.....	Prof. Vernon L. Kellogg.... 137
Diction and Style	Prof. Arthur G. Canfield.... 144
History and the Historical Novel	R. D. O'Leary..... 158
Col. Phillips as a Reviewer	Ex-Gov. Charles Robinson... 165
The Best Shakspeare Drama.....	Col. H. L. Moore..... 224
The Kansas Legislature of 1868.....	Hon. John Guthrie..... 237
E. W. Howe's "Ante-Mortem Statement"	Prof. W. H. Wynn, Ph.D... 249
Unfinished Creation.....	Mrs. Mary E. Lease..... 258
The Young Crowd.....	Col. William A. Phillips..... 264
Shelley.....	J. D. Bowersock..... 301
Primeval Heroes, Patriots, and Priests.....	Hon. John Guthrie 309
The Old and the New.....	Charles S. Finch 322
A Plea for Byron.....	Abner Stauffer Dechant..... 329
The True Province of Government.....	J. S. Emery..... 340
Taxation.....	Thomas L. Bond..... 348
EDITORIAL NOTES.....	87, 177, 273, 355

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Eugenia C. Gillett.

THE AGORA.

VOL. II.

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No. 1.

What Love is Like.



What love is, tongues of men can never tell,
For words have ne'er expressed this thing so sweet.
So true, so infinite. But yet 'tis meet
For us to say what love is like, for well
We know the likeness of its wondrous spell
As when the sombre night the sunbeams greet
And Morning lays her largess at Earth's feet,
Making to life the mountain and the dell.

Love 's like the sun,—that great Hyperion
That tips the lofty peaks with crests of gold.
And lights the dew-drop in the lily's heart.
Thus love in joy makes Heaven and Earth at one,
And in its rays our souls in bliss unfold
Knowing in holy gifts God gives us part.

Eugenia Chapman Gillett.

THE TAXABLE VALUATION OF RAILROADS.

THERE are two indispensable requisites to any just assessment of property for the purposes of taxation. First, that all property—that is, all private property—shall be embraced. Second, that all property shall be assessed at a uniform valuation; that is, uniform in relation to actual values. And it is essential for this purpose that uniform methods of assessment shall be employed. The same requirements, limitations, and exemptions, if any, should be applied in all cases. This does not, however, imply that the assessment of all property must be made by the same tribunal. On the contrary, experience in Kansas has proved that the local tribunals are not available for the purposes of railroad assessment. And the Kansas statutes governing railroad assessments are perhaps the most complete, comprehensive, and efficient of any of the States.

Of course I am referring to personal property, for railroads are personal property under our statutes for the purposes of taxation. Besides, the requirements affecting the assessment of personal property are not applicable or necessary to the valuation of real estate, for reasons that are readily apparent.

The same exemptions, *if any*, I have said, by which I mean to question the wisdom of making any private property exempt from taxation. Let us see how it works under our present system. In 1891 the assessment of railroad property in the State was, in round numbers, fifty millions of dollars, which represents, probably, one hundred and fifty millions of actual value. In 1891 the total assessment of personal property in the State, exclusive of railroad property, was, in round numbers, forty-seven millions of dollars. I venture the opinion that the actual value of personal property in Kansas at that time, aside from railroad property, was not less than four hundred millions of dollars.

What is the explanation of this disparity in the assessed valuations of the property of the railroads and the property of individuals? Simply the difference in the methods employed and in the laws governing the respective assessments. The most conspicuous factor in producing the disparity is our two-hundred-dollar exemption law, which, as generally applied, means eight hundred dollars in cases where that amount of property is found. To this is to be added omissions to assess personal property, which are notoriously far-reaching, while in the case of the railroads the law is full, definite, and exacting, and nothing is permitted to escape. This is all right as to railroads, but all other property should be subjected to the same rigid requirements. We might perhaps not inaptly characterize this as a case of "unjust discrimination" *against* railroads, representing fairly enough the attitude of a class of legislators and platform-makers with whom we have become familiar, and who proceed on the assumption that the railroads have received some valuable thing or privilege from the State, in return for which these burdens are to be imposed.

Let us inquire what these valuable things are. First, a charter, under the general incorporation law that permits anybody and everybody, for almost every conceivable purpose, at an expense of one dollar and fifty cents, to become incorporated. Second, the State has permitted the corporation to exercise its right of eminent domain. It is to be observed, however, that whatever deprivations ensue fall upon individuals, and not upon the State, and these individuals rarely fail to receive full compensation, often, indeed, greatly in excess of the value of the property taken. In States where charters are granted only by statutory enactment, and in States where there are statutory prohibitions against building competing lines within certain fixed distances, so that railroads have some protection from destructive competition, such claims might have force.

If the same methods applied to the railroads were applied to all other property-owners in the matter of assessment and taxa-

tion, we should have much fairer and larger results than under the present system. Take Wyandotte county, for example, which, with over twelve million dollars of assessed property in 1891, and at least fifty millions actual value, had only nine hundred and twenty-two thousand dollars of assessed personal property for the year—less than one-third of Shawnee county, only two-thirds of Montgomery county, nearly one hundred thousand dollars less than Franklin county, and less than Douglas and some other of the smaller counties. This is only one of the many inequalities that result from the present system of assessment and taxation. One other question—the real question involved, perhaps: On what basis, by what tests, are the values of railroads to be determined? This cannot be effected through the methods employed as to other property. It is hardly practicable to establish an “average” valuation of railroads. Each railroad should be valued as an entirety, and as a distinct business enterprise, according to what there is in it. If the enterprise is profitable, if it makes a net earning over and above operating expenses, renewals, and repairs, such net earnings are the best and truest test of its value that I know of. Of that other, and in Kansas larger, class of railroads, that do not make a net earning and give no reasonable promise of doing so in the future, the measure of value is simply what the materials composing them are worth; they have no other legitimate value. These two classes are subject to certain modifications where by lease or other combination the earnings of one are enhanced at the expense of the other; and there are cases, probably, where by such combination destructive competition is avoided, and both are benefited. But the rules I have suggested are, I believe, in the main correct.

O. E. LEARNARD.

II.

The question of the taxable valuation of railroads may be considered under two heads.

First: The value of the property represented by the capital invested, and the valuable franchises which have been granted by the State and owned and controlled by the various railroad corporations, together with the property owned by said corporations; and,

Second: The property which is authorized to be assessed by the laws of the State of Kansas, and its value fixed in accordance with the rules provided for in the Kansas law.

In examining this question, the first idea which presents itself is, that there has been a large amount of capital of private individuals invested in the stocks of the various railroad companies doing business in the State. There have also been many millions of dollars loaned to the corporations, the payment of which has been secured by bonds and mortgages upon the holdings of the corporations and their franchises. Valuable franchises have been granted by the State to private corporations, the right of eminent domain, and many other of the governmental functions have been delegated to corporations by the State, and to the mind of the ordinary individual it would seem but just that in estimating and valuing the railroad property of the State for taxation, the capital invested and the valuable franchises owned by the road should be taken into account in fixing their value for taxation.

When we consider that the General Government has donated to many of the railroad companies in the State of Kansas a large portion of the public domain, and that there have been donated by the various municipalities large grants of bonds to assist in building the various railroads of the State, it seems but just that the value of these lands, and of the amount of money and credit which has been granted by the various municipalities, should be taken into account in fixing the taxable valuation of railroads. This view of the matter is emphasized by the fact that in the

management of the roads the compensation for their services is endeavored so to be fixed that they pay interest upon their indebtedness and dividends upon their stocks. Claiming the right, as they do, to fix tariff charges which are to be borne by the people, it is no more than just that they by law should be required to bear their just proportion of the burdens of the government upon the same basis on which they charge for their services to the people.

If the Legislature of the State of Kansas in its wisdom should devise some plan by which the immense capital which has been derived from the sale of that portion of the public domain donated to the corporations, which has been borrowed from foreign capitalists and which has been donated by municipalities of the State, could be reached for taxation, they would, I think, practically carry out the theory upon which the revenue laws of this State are founded, to wit: That every dollar of the property of the State should bear its just proportion of the burdens of the government. And even the State might go further, and without any injustice or inequity, also require corporations to which have been extended such grants of governmental power as the right of eminent domain, and other rights, to pay to the State something to compensate for the extension of such grants of power.

Or if the business of transportation carried on by the railroads is of such a nature that it cannot be successfully prosecuted without the corporations in charge of it exercise *quasi* governmental power, the State might, and should, in consideration of the granting of such power, strictly limit the corporations in their use and compel them to perform their services for the purposes at such a rate of compensation as would be just and equitable, and to exercise the utmost vigilance and watchfulness over their business, regulate and prohibit extravagant expenditures of money, and compel them to perform their business in an economical manner, so that the people of the State, as well as the corporations, should derive a benefit from the conferring of such extraordinary powers. Under a strict control of rail-

road corporations by the State in such manner, the transportation business of the State would be performed in the most economical way and the rights of the people thoroughly protected. Under such circumstances it would make very little difference, if any, to the people, if the property invested in the transportation corporations was exempt from taxation, for the reason that the imposing of taxes upon railroads would simply have the effect of increasing the rate of compensation which they would be compelled to charge for their services, and every dollar of tax would be indirectly paid by the people—as, indeed, it is now.

This brings us to the second proposition, as to the taxable valuation of railroads under the laws of the State of Kansas. Sections 6871 to 6884 of the General Statutes of 1889 provide for the creation of a board to whom is referred assessment of railroad property, and it is provided in section 6873 as follows:

“The board, when properly organized as herein provided for, shall proceed to ascertain all the personal property of any railway company owning, operating or constructing a railway in this State, which, for the purpose of assessment and taxation, shall be held to include the track, road-bed, right-of-way, water and fuel stations, buildings and land on which they are situated adjacent to or connected with the right-of-way, machinery, rolling-stock, telegraph lines and all instruments connected therewith, material on hand, and supplies provided for transporting and carrying on the business of such railroad, together with the moneys, credits and all other property of such railway company used or held for the purpose of operating its railroad by such railroad company, and appraise and assess such property as *personal* property at its actual value in money.”

Section 6875 provides for a return of said property and inventory thereof to the State Auditor, which shall be used as the basis for such assessment.

It will be observed that nowhere in the law cited, and nowhere else in the statutes of Kansas, is any assessor or board required to take into account the capital, either bonded or otherwise, or the corporate franchise of the roads, but is simply con-

fined to appraising and assessing the *personal* property in which a portion of this capital is invested, and that, after an examination, is to be assessed at its actual value in money.

It will be observed that all of the personal property, except perhaps buildings, is a class of special property, the actual value of which is known only to experts. It is further the fact that the valuation of this property is delegated by law to a board of State officers, not one of whom is presumed or required to have any technical knowledge of the value of the property which he is called upon to assess. Much of the property is of that character which fluctuates in its value in the market. Locomotives which cost a few years ago twelve to fourteen thousand dollars can now be bought new upon the market for a much less sum. The same is true with regard to rolling-stock of all kinds. A large amount of this rolling-stock is partially worn, and of much less value than like rolling-stock before use. The quantity of partially-worn rolling-stock is constantly increasing. Bridges and road-beds are constantly changing as to their condition and state of repair. Stations, stock-yards, platforms, and the various other personal property, are constantly deteriorating in value with time and service. All these are factors which are required to be taken into account in arriving at the actual value of the property.

Section 6861 of the statutes provides that personal property shall be valued at the usual selling price in money at the places where the same may be held, but if there be no selling price known to the person required to fix a value thereon, it shall be valued at such price as is believed could be obtained therefor in money at such time and place. Applying that rule to the assessment of rolling-stock, it becomes a question of conjecture as to what is the actual value in money of such rolling-stock in the condition in which it is known to be, or what it would be believed, in the sound discretion of the board, the property could be sold for at the time and place.

The same rule is laid down to govern the board of assessors

in assessing track and road-bed, which is made, under the provision of the law first cited, *personal property*, the cost of which to the company, while it is a factor to a certain extent in ascertaining the value, is no guide to a correct decision of the question under the rule as laid down by the statute. To illustrate: Suppose a man were to invest \$25,000 in a private residence in some obscure village in the central part of Kansas. While he might expend every dollar of the \$25,000 in the building to the best advantage, yet when such building was completed and value placed upon it by the rule laid down in the statutes for the valuation of personal property, the value of the property would be fixed possibly at less than one-fifth of what it cost, because there would be no one who would care to invest more than five or six thousand dollars in a residence in such a location. Whereas, if the same man had expended his \$25,000 in building a residence in a suburban addition to the city of Chicago, it might possibly have been sold at the very moment of its completion for an advance of \$5,000 over its actual cost. The same is true with regard to many miles of railroad which have been built in Kansas, that have been extended into remote districts where there is not sufficient business to support them, and if they were thrown upon the market to-day there would not be a customer to purchase them at one-fifth their original cost; and by applying the strict rule of the law their taxable valuation would be very little.

If the people of Kansas desire that the capital invested in railroads shall bear its just proportion of the burdens of the government, and if they desire that the transportation corporations shall be compelled to pay something to the State for the extraordinary and exclusive franchises granted to them, then they must see to it that the law which has been enacted for the assessment of railroad property is amended. It will not do for them to complain that the Board of Assessors has in its judgment reduced the taxable valuation of the personal property of the railroads of the State, so long as the law requires but a small portion of the vast capital engaged in the transportation busi-

ness of the State to be reached for taxation, and provides arbitrary rules by which the valuation shall be determined, and leaves that to the judgment of men who are in no wise experts. The complaint which has gone out over the State of the decrease in the assessed value of the railroad property will not remedy the evil so long as the law remains unchanged. The Board of Assessors has endeavored strictly to carry out the law as it is upon the statute books, which was its sworn duty. If it has erred in judgment as to the value of this property under the rules prescribed by the statute, who is to say whether it is right or wrong? That it differed in judgment from its predecessors is nothing against it. Men differ in judgment every day with regard to the value of property; so long as the assessors endeavored conscientiously under their oaths to carry out the provisions of the law, which, as I have shown, is defective in that it fails to reach that which is of the most value of the possessions of the railroad corporations, they should be sustained by the people until the representatives of the people see fit in a proper and constitutional manner to impose such burdens upon the corporations as may be just and equitable.

It is certainly to be deplored that many of the prominent men of the State and the political conventions have placed themselves in the attitude of condemning men for doing their duty; have repeatedly and in public places declared that while the performance of his duty under the law by an executive officer might be right and probably the proper course for him to pursue under his oath, yet it would be bad politics to sustain him. No government of the people can exist and be prosperous when the people have not the moral courage in their political conventions to sustain their officers in the performance of their duties conscientiously and in strict accordance with the law.

JOHN N. IVES.

CORONADO'S MARCH THROUGH KANSAS.

THE age of great expeditions, discoveries and conquests in the Western hemisphere, especially upon our own continent, is fast disappearing, and will soon belong almost exclusively to the domain of comparatively ancient history. Even now accounts of such events, together with their incidental achievements and ultimate results, are beginning to partake of the traditional and legendary. It will not be a very long time until they shall become enshrouded in uncertainty and involved in the mists of antiquarian research. That period is fast approaching when they will share the fate of the earlier crusades and the other great movements of the restless peoples who have always inhabited the earth. Whether swarming out from along the shores of the Persian Gulf and Caspian Sea, or descending from the steppes of Asia to the westward and into Spain, or in turn the Spanish *conquistadores*, with their admixture of wild and lawless Moorish blood, following close upon the discovery of Columbus, overran, conquered and despoiled the newer world; whether it be a tale of crescent and scimitar, or cross and sword, it matters little; for the world will read with interest and wonder of their adventurous incursions into unknown lands, and forget and condone their barbarous cruelties in the dash and daring of a knightly and romantic heroism worthy a more holy cause. The annals of history are replete with the conquests and discoveries of Cortez, Pizarro, De Soto and others, as well as the impress of the civilization that followed their standards, which has so far survived, and perhaps always will defy the corroding tooth of time. It is the purpose of this paper to recount in brief outline the first conquest of Kansas by one of their contemporaries and comrades in arms.

In 1540 the Spanish conquests had reached no further north than the Gulf of California. Mendoza was then viceroy of

New Spain, now Mexico. The Indians of the various conquered provinces were not long in discovering that the Spaniards possessed an insatiable, all-absorbing thirst for gold, and that the surest way to prevent them from utterly annihilating their people and ravaging their country was to invent and relate to them wonderfully exaggerated stories of boundless wealth to be gained in distant provinces. One account is, that about the year 1530 the viceroy learned from an Indian slave of the existence of seven great cities away toward the north, so wealthy, they said, that there were entire streets exclusively occupied by workers in silver and gold. Expeditions previously made to the more northern provinces of Mexico had dispelled all illusions in regard to them, but the fabulous stories of the seven cities flitted further north. This impression was greatly strengthened about the year 1536, and new stories became rife, which were greatly enhanced in interest and probability by the arrival in Mexico of Cabeza De Vaca and three companions. They were members of the unfortunate Spanish expedition to the coast of Florida in 1528. They told a tale of shipwreck and disaster for that expedition, and of their subsequent wanderings from some point on the Gulf of Mexico, first north, thence west, passing through, in all probability, portions of Texas and New Mexico, finally reaching Culiacan, Mexico, where they found a colony of their own countrymen. They told a story that reads like fiction now, but which no doubt then most successfully appealed to the credulity and cupidity of their willing listeners. They claimed to have most carefully observed the country through which they passed, and had been told by the natives about great and powerful cities containing houses of four and five stories, with the usual accompaniments of wealth. The next account is that of a journey of three Franciscan friars and a negro, the latter having been with De Vaca in his wanderings, sent out by Coronado, who was at the time governor at Culiacan, with orders to proceed northward, explore, and return to him and report all the information they could obtain, by per-

sonal observation, of the seven cities. This expedition probably proceeded no further north than Arizona and New Mexico, the country of the pueblos. Arriving near what they thought was one of the seven cities, they sent the negro in advance to placate the Indians. He was not successful in his mission of peace and observation, for he was killed. The monks viewed the pueblo from a distance, which they described as "more considerable than Mexico," and hurriedly retraced their way to Culiacan. They gave Coronado a most glowing account of their discoveries. They described a far-off, goodly land in the north, called Quivira, inhabited by a powerful and partially civilized people, and begemmed with seven opulent cities, whose capital, Cibola, was likened to an European city, filled with wealth to the point of overflow. This was thought to be a reasonable and probable story by the Spanish authorities and commandants in New Spain. In its very extravagance it appealed to their national infirmity of avarice and passion for adventure, and it was at once determined to have the country explored, and to reduce the Quivirans to the Spanish yoke, as had been done with the Mexicans and other people of the newer Spain. It is worthy of note that Cortez, who demanded, as his right, to be allowed to accompany the expedition as its commander, was by the viceroy, Mendoza, peremptorily refused that place of honor and danger. We cannot help regretting the viceroy's decision. He selected and commissioned to conduct that enterprise Vasquez de Coronado, governor at Culiacan, who was ordered to at once proceed as far north as the thirty-sixth degree of latitude. In 1540 Coronado organized his forces, consisting of three hundred and fifty Spaniards and eight hundred Indians, the latter presumably as beasts of burden, and set out in search of the seven cities and Cibola. The first point mentioned is the region of the source of the Gila river and upper Rio Grande, and next the country now known as New Mexico, then peopled by Aztecs or Toltecs, with walled towns and high stone dwellings, and possessing considerable skill in the manufacture of

textile fabrics. It appears that this country was not teeming with wealth, and also that the walled cities were not incapable of defense from the attacks of the Spaniards. Here Coronado in coming and going spent two winters and thoroughly explored the country. He took up his line of march northward and proceeded as far north as the fortieth degree of latitude, and reached the northeast portion of Brown county, Kansas, near the corner of the States of Kansas and Nebraska. He undoubtedly rested for a time on the banks of the Missouri river. The best information on the subject locates Quivira between the Kansas and Platte rivers. Coronado and his followers failed to find gold, or the seven cities, or Cibola, after all the toilsomeness and perilousness of that memorable march. A few ruined Indian villages, a few widely scattered memorials of an almost extinct race, were all that greeted the wistful eyes of those who set out so eager for conquest and covetous for wealth. From the point of view of that intrepid band of mailed warriors, the expedition was a failure. It is not to be expected that they held the memory of the Franciscan friars in any sort of reverence, and they may have devoutly wished that the friars had shared the fate of the negro. The return was as rapid as it was spiritless. All discipline became lost, and that splendid body of dauntless explorers became a fragmentary mass of broken and ruined adventurers. In 1542 Coronado returned to Culiacan, from which place two years before he had started out with such high hopes. His return to Culiacan was in the year DeSoto was buried in the Mississippi river, after his discovery of it the year previous. Culiacan may be invested with added interest when it is known that it is in the State of Sinaloa, and not far from Topolobampo bay, where a number of discontented people, some of them from Kansas, have not long since established what they call a Credit Foncier colony. Coronado's campaigns in Arizona and New Mexico are of little moment now. They were but the preliminary skirmishes that finally led to the subjugation of all that country in 1598.

As to Coronado's march through Kansas. It is fairly well established, notwithstanding the meager accounts of the expedition, that he must have entered Kansas at or near Barber county. His line of march does not seem to have been the most direct, and had he strictly obeyed orders and proceeded no further north than the thirty-sixth degree of latitude, the soil of Kansas would not have been pressed by the feet of the bloody and then all-conquering Spaniard, and she could not now boast of her four and a half centuries of history. We are inclined to overlook whatever acts of wrong, cruelty and oppression Coronado may have visited upon the natives, because he was for a time a Kansas man, and somewhat favorably impressed with the country, in spite of his keen and bitter disappointments. We may well imagine what sensations pervaded the breasts of those three hundred and fifty Spanish cavaliers, clad in helmets, chain-mail doublets, and cordoban boots, and armed for the emergencies that were constantly at hand, as they raised themselves in their stirrups and caught a first glimpse of Kansas verdure, after their long and fatiguing march over the arid alkali plains to the south and west. It is related that Coronado was sensibly impressed with the change of scene, and hailed with delight the cooling emerald green that took the place of the hot and whitish glare of the plains he had just traversed. It must have been a magnificent and thrilling spectacle to those who paused to behold the beautifully rolling prairies which seemed to beckon them still further northward. Well might Coronado have exclaimed, with all the poetry of the South in his heart :

"These are the gardens of the desert; these
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the rich speech of Castile has no name —
The prairies! Behold them for the first;
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they stretch
In airy undulations far away,
As if the Ocean in his gentlest swell
Stood still, with all his roundest billows fixed
And motionless forever!"

Much speculation has arisen as to Coronado's route, but the best attainable information quite well establishes that it was through the counties of Barber, Kingman, Reno, McPherson, Marion, (probably across the southwest corner of Morris,) Dickinson, Geary, Riley, Pottawatomie, Nemaha, and Brown, to the Missouri river as above stated. In support of the theory that the line of march crossed the southwest corner of Morris county, attention is called to the finding, several years ago, on Paint creek, in McPherson county, of a piece of chain-mail. It is now deposited in the museum rooms of Bethany College, Lindsborg, in that county. Professor Udden, the finder, in transmitting a photograph of his find to Major F. G. Adams, secretary of the State Historical Society, at Topeka, May 14th, 1885, writes: "I inclose a photograph of a piece of chain-mail that I have found in a group of mounds on Paint creek, in this county. It was found two inches deep in the sod, on one of the largest mounds of the group. The rings are of hard steel, considerably oxidated on the outside. It seems quite certain that it has been secured in some way from the early Spanish explorers by the Indians." In 1868 a piece of chain-mail was found near Diamond Springs, Morris county, almost exactly like the McPherson find, and Paint creek in McPherson county is but little out of line with Diamond Springs, which was always a famous watering- and camping-place. We saw the piece of chain-mail referred to in 1870. The finder is long since dead, and the relic cannot now be found. There are other evidences that support our view, but the matter is not now in controversy. In 1719, M. Dutisne, without doubt the first Frenchman to enter upon Kansas soil, passed through Morris and Geary counties, and discovered indubitable evidence of Coronado's trail and camp near Fort Riley, which he there crossed and proceeded westward. That was long afterwards known as the crossing of the Spanish and French trails. General Simpson, in his map of Coronado's march, seems to recognize such to be the fact. It is a misfortune that the historian of the expedition makes so

little mention of the people of Quivira. But little is said beyond the fact that they "proceeded as far north as the fortieth degree of latitude, where we reached a province which the Indians called Quivira."

As more particularly affecting Kansas, Coronado journalizes as follows: "The province of Quivira is nine hundred and fifty leagues [3,230 miles] from Mexico. The place I have reached is the fortieth degree of latitude. The earth is the best possible for all kinds of productions of Spain; soil strong and black, and well watered by brooks, springs, and rivers. Found prunes [wild plums] like those of Spain, some of which were black; also some excellent grapes and mulberries." He continues that his route was over "mighty plains and sandy heaths, smooth, and wearisome, and bare of wood." There seems to have been no lack of animal food, for he says: "All that way the plains are as full of crooked-back oxen [buffalo] as the mountain Serena, in Spain, is of sheep." This is the first account we have of the American bison or buffalo. Coronado's enumeration of the "resources of Kansas," of which in later years we have heard and seen so much, is fairly full for the day in which it was written, and considering the fact that he was not in the real-estate business. The historian of the expedition was Castenado, who wrote but little after leaving New Mexico for the north. His accuracy, however, has been generally praised. He seems to have lost heart in the enterprise when it emerged from the pueblo country, for up to that period of the journey his account is quite full, and very interesting. Had he been as profuse and minute a chronicler as Bernal Diaz, who performed a similar service for Cortez when he was subjugating Mexico, we would now have a greatly increased and more interesting source of information upon the subject of Coronado's march through Kansas.

This is, in outline, about all there is of the history of Coronado's march across our State, but little as it is, it is a part of our State's history, about which cluster so many memories, and

upon the soil of which have been fought the initiatory battles that precipitated a war of the magnitude of which the Spaniard could not have dreamed, and which forever settled questions that affected the civilization of the continent.

JOHN MALOY.

WOULD GOD I WERE NOW BY THE SEA.

(Theme from Euripides.)

Would God I were now by the sea,
On the sandy, sea-weed shore,
Where the waves from the other side of the world
Roll in forever with high crests curled,
Roll in forevermore.

Would God I were now on the shore,
With the smooth sand 'neath my feet,
And the salt fresh gale blowing round my head,
And the scolding sea-gulls with wings wide-spread,
The sea-gulls flying fleet.

Would God I were now on the wave,
On the rising, sinking deck,
While the cares that have made me weary of time
Might still have the mountain-wall to climb,
And never find my track.

Would God I were now on the deck,
Far front on the rising prow,
With eyes on the far-off phantom sail
Or the changing green of the swirling swale,
The salt green field we plow.

Ah God, for the giant sea!
The restless, restful sea!
With wife and wee one close by my side,
And a few good friends with their discourse wide
To rest and strengthen me.

WILLIAM HERBERT CARRUTH.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH.

IT is said that this is an age of unrest—a dissatisfaction with conditions. So it is; and in this respect it is like each one that has preceded it. The exhibition of this unrest assumes different forms at different periods. The inequality of the distribution of wealth has always been a source of discontent, though some reformers speak of it now as a discovery of their own. It is often stated that a very small number of people in the United States possess a large portion of the wealth, and sometimes figures are given to illustrate the startling fact. It is believed by many that if none was allowed to become very rich, there would be none very poor; that if the very wealthy did not have their possessions, the very poor would have them. Is there any good reason for such belief? If by reason of mental or physical disability, or by force of law, no person could acquire more than \$10,000, or some other reasonable sum, would it follow that wealth would be more equally distributed, or that the condition of the poor would be improved? Wealth sometimes comes by chance (if there be such a thing as chance), but the rule is that it comes to those who have the superior power to acquire it. In the case supposed would this vast wealth exist? Can it exist without the power to acquire it, and a reasonable certainty that when acquired it can be used and enjoyed by those acquiring it? If men were not allowed to acquire wealth and control it, would there be any railroads, steamships, deep mines, great manufactories, or large mercantile establishments? It is said these may be created and successfully developed by coöperation. But what is coöperation? One man puts in his money, others put in industry and skill, and the profits are divided among all. But some one must have the capital, as large amounts are required for grounds, buildings, machinery, and to purchase raw material. Some-

body must have wealth to begin with. Coöperation is desirable, but you must first find one who has the money, and you must then find him willing to put it in on the basis that if the scheme succeeds, he shall divide the profits; and if it fails, he shall suffer all the loss. At this time we are not creating human nature, nor are we establishing the rudiments of society. All business must be conducted on the basis of human nature as it is, and society as we find it.

Wealth does not exist of itself. The elements out of which it is created or developed exist, and it requires certain capabilities to create and develop it. These capabilities are, physical ability, strength of intellect, and will-power. For some reason unknown, the diversity of capacity in physical ability runs all the way from helplessness itself to John L. Sullivan; in mental caliber from idiocy to Daniel Webster; and in will-power from the dreamer to General Grant. The inequality of the distribution of wealth is no more striking than the diversity of the natural powers of men themselves. The one grows necessarily out of the other. Put two men of the same advantages on two adjoining pieces of land equally good; give them the land and implements to cultivate it. In ten years, perhaps less, one will own all the land. Nor is it altogether the fault of the one who fails. He lacks the power necessary to success. Now shall you restore to the losing man his land, and run another ten years with the same result? Or will you allow the successful man to hold the land, and the other to do what he can under supervision? Is it any loss to the failing party because the other has become rich? Or is it not rather a blessing that the successful man is able to give the other something to do?

It is said the rich are growing richer, and the poor poorer. This may be so; but if it were not given to some the power to develop wealth, the poor would be poorer still. That great wealth is an injury to the possessor, is seen every day. It generally destroys the better qualities of the man himself, and often ruins his family. But instead of an injury, it is a help to

them who have not the powers to accumulate. The development of wealth makes work and the means to pay for it. But these facts do not afford excuse for oppression, whether it is exercised by individuals or corporations. When a corporation worth its millions pays its car porters less than one-third of fair wages, and expects them to beg the balance from its patrons, already charged double price for the service rendered, it becomes a monstrosity. But murder and arson are monsters, and yet sometimes they have to be endured by a suffering people.

You may complain of this inequality in the distribution of wealth, but, as already seen, it mainly comes from other inequalities underlying and beyond. You may complain of them, but there they are, in laws which you did not make, and which you cannot repeal. Nor is there in this any divergence from the established order of things. Inequality is everywhere the rule. Some portions of the earth are very productive, and continually minister to the wants of men; while large areas seem to have been created in vain. Some trees are valuable for timber, and the fruit they bear; other trees are useless, and will not even make a shade. If you ask why one man is given the powers of acquirement, and why they are withheld from another, the question remains forever unanswered. An attempt to answer is but a struggling of the finite with the Infinite. If you make war upon the fact, you will be overthrown in confusion, and you will soon find out that all human affairs are managed by a power superior to your own, and infinitely mysterious.

Nor does all this imply that there are no means of amelioration, and that abuses may not be corrected. If a man is permitted to control his property while he lives, there is no good reason why he should be allowed to control it forever. The laws of descent and distribution can scatter in a minute the millions acquired in a lifetime; and the heirs, and the heirs of heirs, will scatter it again and again, as dead leaves are scattered by the wind. There should be testamentary laws that would pre-

vent the accumulation of estates through successive generations. Death is one of the best friends of the race. The time comes when the hand, that has been so long clutching with increasing tenacity, releases its grasp, and the anxieties attendant upon great wealth are forever ended. It is an indisputable fact that "he heapeth up riches and knoweth not who shall gather them"; and it is a law as inflexible as gravitation, that heap added to heap adds nothing to the happiness of the possessor. He dreams that when he owns another railroad, another bank, and another farm, surely he shall be happy. They all come, but rest and peace do not come. Death also releases the poor man from his miseries. He leaves nothing behind, but falls from the hands of man directly into the hands of God. The most unhappy of all the race are those who live at the extremes of poverty and wealth. Nor do they make the best citizens. The salvation of the Republic depends upon the great middle class, which fortunately far outnumbers both the others.

N. C. McFARLAND.

AN EXPERIMENT IN CO-OPERATIVE COOKING.

THAT each family should gather under its own roof for meals is an ancient and time-honored custom, so interwoven with all our ideas of home, that to propose a change in this respect seems to many persons almost sacrilegious. They feel about coöperative cooking as did the old lady about the Darwinian theory: "No, I do not believe it," she protested; "and if it were true, it should be hushed up."

Beliefs and institutions of long standing seem to grow into the very fiber of some natures, and to eradicate them causes acute suffering; but new generations are forced, in spite of them, to accept new methods in order to accommodate themselves to changed conditions.

With the advance of civilization and refinement our methods of conducting household affairs have grown more complex, and at the same time household help has grown more scarce. More especially do we suffer from this cause in this rapidly-settled Western country, where so many of the people are in early life and are rearing young families. That there is deep discontent with the existing state of domestic service, is shown by the wide-spread interest manifested in the experiment in coöperative cookery begun in Junction City in January, 1891, and successful up to the present date.

It was begun as, and still is, a private affair; merely some nine or ten families and a few single individuals, numbering in all but forty persons, uniting to have their meals prepared and served at one place, with no thought of being pioneers or reformers, and with no desire to inflict their methods on any of their fellow-creatures, but merely to obviate for themselves, if possible, some difficulties in the way of living comfortably.

But greatness has been thrust upon us; letters from all parts of the United States, in such numbers that were all to be an-

swered we should be obliged to employ a salaried secretary, come pouring in upon us. It is in deference to this spirit of inquiry, which I interpret to mean an earnest seeking for some way of ameliorating existing domestic conditions, that I feel inclined to set the simple facts before the readers of *THE AGORA*.

The tendency of the age is to combination; small factories are being swallowed up by great establishments to the cheapening and bettering of manufactured products. Why then should each home maintain its little food factory, tended by unskillful hands, when the combination of a number might lessen labor, eliminate waste, and decrease cost?

At least the experiment was worth trying, thought the charter members of the Junction City Bellamy Club. Now these families were not boarding-house people, nor yet of the class who shirk social duties. All own their own homes, have lived in them for years, and have taken delight in all the sacred pleasures incident to the home and family. Music, flowers, reading, writing, and conversation of friends they place on a par with eating, and experience has taught them that under existing circumstances the wives and mothers are often deprived of all these pleasures and privileges save the one of ministering with aching heads and weary limbs to the never-ceasing demands of the family table. Of the parlor and the library they may catch only fleeting glimpses as they move to and fro from pantry to dining-room, or bend nervously over the cooking-stove to prepare some delicacy, which, mayhap, requires hours in the preparation, but only moments in the consumption.

Meanwhile sewing is undone, younger children suffering for care, and school-boys and girls clamoring for a little help in lessons, which the mother would be delighted to have the time to give.

And with all this sacrifice of other joys to the table, the table is often not well served under this state of things. Better, far better, trained help, good serving, less cost, and leisure for the mothers, even if we have to sit down with our own familiar

friends to dine, and thereby shock some ancient prejudices, possibly even our own.

So much, then, as a reason for the existence of the Bellamy Club. Adverse circumstances as regards help disposed a sufficient number to try an experiment; and that it might involve no financial difficulties in case it proved a failure, it was resolved that the families furnish the dining-rooms from their own homes, and that in case of dissatisfaction any family might, at any time, take their belongings and depart, thus allowing perfect freedom.

Rooms were rented, dining-rooms, kitchen, and sleeping-rooms for the servants, of whom five were engaged; three of these are still in the employ of the club, two have been changed.

Very little difficulty has been found with help, girls preferring the service of the club to that of private families, perhaps because the work is systematized, and each has her own particular duties, for the performance of which she is responsible to the committee.

The committee is composed of the President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and an executive committee of three. These officers meet every Saturday, after dinner, and do the winding-up of the machine, as the transaction of business is styled; that is, they audit bills, discuss bills-of-fare, interview the cook and occasionally the other servants, receive applications for membership, and, in fact, attend to everything connected with the working of the club. These meetings are free to all members.

A strict censorship is held over the admission of new members, none being admitted, however desirable, unless there is a place at some table where their company is desired. This is deemed a most essential rule, and differentiates the club *most decidedly* from a hotel or boarding-house.

Dues are paid weekly in advance, and fixed at \$2.50 per week per capita for members of families furnishing furniture, and \$3 to single members. This has proven sufficient to provide excellent and varied fare. Twice, however, in the history

of the club, it has been necessary to make up a deficit by a small assessment, to which not a single member objected, as they have every confidence in the committee, all of whom serve without compensation except that shared by all in the successful working of the club.

At least two-thirds of present members have been in since the beginning, one year and a half ago, and expect to remain indefinitely unless something unforeseen should occur, having proven to their own satisfaction that a home is no less a home with the kitchen eliminated.

MARY A. HUMPHREY.

THE "CONFEDERATE COLONEL" AS A POLITICAL ISSUE.

FROM A YOUNG REPUBLICAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

AS yet no one has been found who will deny the statement that Colonel W. A. Harris, the Alliance candidate for Congressman-at-large, is a good man. No one questions the fact that he is a good citizen, and no one has found any fault with any act of his during the twenty-five years last past in his relations with the general-welfare clause of the constitution of the United States. He has been during the last quarter of a century a peaceful, practical patriot. About fifty million citizens of the Republic have been equally peaceful and entirely patriotic during that time, yet strangely enough Colonel Harris is the only one of the whole number who is a candidate for Congress this year, receiving support because he has not been a traitor for a certain period of years.

Ordinarily, the denial of an implied charge of treason would be a weak argument in any man's favor. But by calling particular attention to the fact that, according to old-fashioned logic, he ought to be a traitor to his country, the very political adversaries of Colonel Harris have made the contrary fact that he is a loyal American, unnecessarily potent in his behalf. And the remarkable part of the performance is, that they propose to continue deliberately for the coming four months making the record that he was once a rebel emphasize and glorify the indisputable allegation that he is now a patriot, by putting forward the Colonel's Confederate commission as an issue in the coming campaign.

Such a course will have the effect of magnifying mere political duty until it appears to be great political virtue, and it will there-

fore give the candidacy of Colonel Harris an element of strength which it does not fairly deserve. For "the greatest of these is charity." And although it is true that Kansas is the old-soldier State, it is also true that Kansas is the home of the fighting old soldiers, and not of the "old-soldier" old soldiers, and hence it is the home of the forgiving old soldiers. Much of the bitterness and personal enmity which the soldier of the North felt for the soldier of the South has gone. Time and events have canonized the boys who wore the blue; and they in their exultation have long ago forgiven those whom they fought, in gray. The Union soldier does not acknowledge the lost cause as the right cause, but years ago he learned to believe in the sincerity and to admire the courage and the manhood of the soldier who fought for that cause. From the blood-stained lexicon of the Union soldier who honestly fought and really bled in the defense of liberty, the epithet "rebel" has long since been erased. The word exists only as the memory of a day that was; by those who once knew its fearful meaning it is not used to designate a man who is a patriot to-day, though he may have been deluded yesterday. The old soldier of Kansas has had enough fighting, and being clearly the victor, has been willing to quit for nearly thirty years. But there are certain *post bellum* patriots in whose inflamed and dilated nostrils the scent of office has been mistaken for the smoke of battle, and they have been valiantly defending a much-saved country ever since the surrender of the enemy at Vicksburg. For many years the people have been laughing at their persistent attempts to block progress by discussing the previous question, but of late years the popular risibles have become more and more harsh and forced, and recently a number of these professional obstructionists were denied the privileges of the floor. There is no doubt that the old soldiers did it. Kansas is the old-soldier State, and in Kansas it was done. And yet there is to be another attempt to discuss this previous question with a visible majority against it, despite the fact that there is a more important question before the house, and in face

of the further fact that on this pending question the Republicans of the State have a good working majority.

If the political adversaries of Colonel Harris would say to the people before whom he comes asking suffrage, "We will waive Colonel Harris's war record and come before you with the issue of to-day," they would have half the battle won in advance. The very magnanimity of this act would disarm the enemies of the Republican party, and when the Confederate commission is eliminated from the discussion the Republicans have easily the best of it; for when you have said of Colonel Harris that he is a good man, you have said all you can of him. He is not pre-eminently fitted for the position to which he aspires. His chief claim for election is based upon attacks which are made upon him and his Confederate record. But of his opponent on the Republican ticket, it can be said that he is a good man, and that in addition to this he is a distinguished man; he is an able man; he is universally acknowledged to be a powerful man in debate; he is known to be an organizer, and a great force in a caucus. And with all this he is especially equipped to fight in Congress for the interests of the West and for the Missouri Valley on the great question of transportation. And right here is the chance for the Republicans of Kansas.

For ex-Governor Anthony is peculiarly strong as a Republican candidate for Congressman-at-large just now. During the next five years the vast producing empire of the West is going to take the first steps toward a commercial supremacy which will be acknowledged before the end of the first decade of the coming century. In taking those steps it will be necessary to trample upon many traditions of railroad transportation. The railway corporations of the country may be depended upon to oppose any changes in the present order of things. It is probable that legislation will have to force what the manifest exigencies of trade demand. If this legislation comes from inexperienced hands, it will have to be done over again, and the great West will suffer by the delay. The balance of power in

Congress is now almost in the hands of the West, but if these legislative steps toward Western commercial supremacy are wisely and firmly and surely taken, there must be a strong man to lead the forces of the West in Congress. The many years of experience which ex-Governor Anthony has had as a legislator, as a practical railroad manager, and as a member of the Kansas Railway Commission, have equipped him splendidly to enter this new crusade as a leader. He is known among the citizens of Kansas as a fair man, and just. He has invariably given the people the benefit of every doubt in their controversies with corporate power. In no instance has he been false to the tax-payers. He has been fearless in their defense, and his courage has given him a strength to battle with cunning and greed, which his political opponent cannot even claim to possess. In the coming campaign in Kansas let it be admitted that the war of '61 is over, that its issues have been decided, that its heroes are being rewarded and its traitors punished. But let it be further understood that the war of '92 is just begun. The claim that the candidate of the Alliance held a commission in the earlier war will be forgotten by the people, who will recognize only the commission of the Republican candidate to fight, to lead and to win in the war that is now at hand.

Here is a weapon which the Republicans of Kansas now have in their hands. It alone is powerful enough to win the day. The fact that Colonel Harris was in the Confederate army will be thoroughly known without any Republican spreading of the news. It will be known even before the campaign is fairly opened, and every man who intends to vote against him because he was a Confederate soldier will have made up his mind on that score without any urging. It is an insult to the voter's intelligence to infer otherwise. There is, however, another weapon which the Republicans can use. It is a weapon which has conquered many a battle in its day, but its day is past. That weapon is the ancient and honorable though somewhat shopworn ordnance known as the "bloody shirt." It can be easily

wheeled into line and can be counted on to throw a line of rhetorical pyrotechnics and political sky-scrapers altogether thrilling and imposing, but not necessarily fatal nor even formidable to the enemy. It is one of the advantages of this field-piece that it can be manned by any field marshal of the commissary department, as no knowledge of military science is required for its successful operation. The only drawback found in using it is that it almost invariably kicks. It was used in 1890 in Kansas, and nearly eighty-two thousand perished as a result of its irregular action. Perhaps it is its signal fatality in Republican ranks two years ago that has caused the enemy to put up a special mark for it this year in the hope that it will again be trotted out and once more touched off.

Be that as it may, the question of victory or defeat is dependent for its solution largely upon a choice of weapons.

WILLIAM A. WHITE.

PROMISE OF THE MORROW.

The great red sun, aweary of the day,
Has slowly sunk into the waiting sea;
The shadows now are deep'ning o'er the hills
And ev'ry vale; the waters and the winds
Are hushed, and welcome night draws on apace
Sweet peace and rest and ever-blessed sleep.
Yet crimson are the sky and meeting sea,
Sun-kissed alike, then blushing into splendor—
The golden glory of the dying day,
The radiant promise of the morrow's dawn.
Like unto this, man's exit from the world;
His quitting soul, resplendent with the hope
And promise of immortal life, doth shed
A glowing halo o'er the quiet deep
Of death's mysterious sea, where gently touch
Its placid shores the vast eternity.

THOMAS WILLIAM HEATLEY.

SOME HYPNOTIC PHENOMENA.

IN reply to the request for notes on hypnotic phenomena which have come under my own observation, I have selected from a mass of material the following cases, not because of anything peculiarly interesting or startling about them, but on account of their being typical cases, forming a series ranging from the simple and commonplace to the rare and perplexing. They are presented, not as final demonstration, but as evidence in favor of the following views concerning hypnotism :

1. Hypnotism is not as rare as it is usually supposed to be.
2. It is nothing occult or mysterious, as is implied in the utterly senseless term, animal magnetism.
3. It is merely a state of mind due to suggestion or monoidism in a person who may be either awake or asleep, the sleep itself being induced by a suggestion while the subject is in a waking state.
4. Predisposition to hypnotism is no indication of mental inferiority, or neurotic temperament.
5. The character of the hypnotized person is a matter of extreme variability.
6. While hypnotism may be made extremely serviceable, the dangers which are possible in connection with it are appalling.

The simplest of all mental phenomena sufficiently involuntary to deserve classification among those due to hypnosis is that large class of actions represented by "table-tipping." Like many other mysteries, it was for a long time ascribed to superhuman forces. It soon became a popular parlor amusement, but as it was readily seen to be due to involuntary and unconscious muscular contraction on the part of some person engaged, it was exchanged for other things less easily understood. Similar to table-tipping is the feat, which has amused and perplexed many, of lifting a large person upon the finger-tips of two or four others without the feeling of strain or exhaustion. Faith

in a prescribed procedure is a prerequisite. Why spiritualists have not laid claim to this trick is hard to understand, but it has been so fortunate as to be admitted to the circle of phenomena due to electricity.

Mind-reading is another performance of the same kind, but it usually contains a larger admixture of fraud. It is doubtful whether there is a real case of telepathy on record. All exhibitions of this kind consist in the mind-reader's obeying the unconscious leading movements of a second party, with whom he must be in continual contact. A little practice will enable almost anyone to perform the most astonishing feats performed by the notorious Bishop. Let any article be thoroughly concealed and its location be unknown to the person who is to do the reading. Now, with his eyes bandaged, let him clasp hands or lock little fingers with a second person who keeps his mind intently upon the location of the concealed object. Though he will deny it stoutly, this latter person will unwittingly lead the former to the spot sought, if he be allowed to do so.

The planchette, in a great variety of forms, being a mechanical device, has been frequently used, like the dancing furniture, by unseen beings to prove their existence to a doubting world. It is a piece of apparatus for writing or pointing out answers to questions propounded to it. The principle involved in its construction is the reduction of friction to a minimum. Its operation depends upon the fact, which has been scientifically demonstrated, that every possible mental state gives immediate rise to muscular contractions, which are, in many cases, so automatic or habitual that they are unperceived. Many persons, with a little practice, can "develop" into automatic writers and no longer need the aid of the planchette. The tingling sensation in the writer's arm, which often follows the act of writing, has frequently led to the belief in an electrical agency. In all such writing the sensation is that of the hand being moved by the planchette or pencil, and the thought expressed can usually be found to have been in consciousness previous to its expression.

In all the foregoing cases the mind was free and normal. They have been given as introductory to what follows. Another factor, viz., the presentation of the suggestion by another person, will now be introduced.

A. is a young man, aged about twenty-five, and is of a sanguine temperament. I had attempted to hypnotize him, but failed. (Somewhat inconsistently I shall use the term "hypnotize" as meaning the induction of a person into the hypnotic trance.)

"Now, Mr. A.," I said, "you must go and get that Indian club lying on the floor in the adjoining room."

"I certainly shall not do it, sir—I am not compelled to do it," he replied.

"You cannot resist it," I said. "Your right hand will go and do it in spite of all you can do to prevent it."

This I repeated with as much emphasis as I could command. Presently his right arm slowly extended itself toward the place where the club lay. He stood resolute with arm stretched out as if he were trying to reach it. A moment later his body began to move towards the club, and in a few moments the command was fully obeyed. A. stated that he felt an external force pulling his arm, requiring him to follow and pick up the club.

On a subsequent occasion I commanded him to go up-stairs and bring a certain article. He absolutely refused to go. Almost before he knew it, however, he was through the door and in the hallway. Here he made a determined stand, and tried to divert his mind from the thought of what he had been told to do. After a struggle that was painful to look upon he exclaimed, "I can't stand this, I must do it," and hurried through the act. He then seemed at perfect ease, but said that he had been utterly unable to think of anything but the act suggested to him. Did Poe get his doctrine of the "Imp of the Perverse" by experimenting with such a man?

B. is a Welshman, about 45 years of age. He has a powerful physique, clear mind, and strong will. A trial at hypnotiza-

tion proved unsuccessful. All attempts to control any of his muscles by suggestion and manipulation were also futile *except in the case of the right hand and arm*. This member appeared to be completely under my control. Having straightened it out in any position, at my command it remained there as immovable as the limb of a tree. B. has lost two joints from the middle finger of his right hand. The operation had been imperfectly performed, so that the extremity of the principle sensory nerve was left exposed. This is a constant source of annoyance and suffering, it being extremely sensitive to the slightest pressure. Lightly stroking the remaining section of his finger, I told him several times that all sensitiveness would pass away and he could feel no more pain in it. What was his surprise to find that the organ which a moment previous had been to him a source of such intense agony, was now totally insensible. He could now prick it with a pin, strike it against the wall or crush it with a hammer without the slightest twinge of pain. He went about his work, and about a half-hour later found the sensitiveness returning, accompanied by a peculiar tingling sensation. After a second treatment the analgesia continued one and one-half hours. The third time it lasted thirty-six hours, and the fourth treatment left effects which seem to be permanent.

The next case exhibits for the first time in the series, an abnormality in the condition of the mind. It is introduced here because the trance state appears unexpectedly and unintentionally.

C. is about the same age as B., but in all other respects is his counterpart. He is tall and spare, nervous and uncertain in thought and movement. Upon examination he exhibited the slightest susceptibility to the influence of the operator. After prolonged effort the attempt was more successful, tetanus and paralysis being secured in a slowly increasing number of muscles. I had not attempted to hypnotize him, but was astonished presently, at finding C. in the hypnotic trance—self-induced—from which it was found quite difficult to remove him.

The case of Miss D. does not properly belong in the series, but it possesses a special significance which will be readily apparent. On two occasions, the first one very much to her surprise, she was quite easily hypnotized. Some weeks afterward she requested me to try it again, adding, "I don't believe it can be done. I don't know why I doubt it, but in some way I have become possessed with the feeling that I can never be hypnotized again." Although I had no confidence in her view of the matter, after a prolonged and faithful trial I was driven to abandon the case as hopeless.

E. represents a large number of persons when in the hands of a hypnotist. With but little difficulty he is thrown into the somnambule or ordinary active state of the hypnotized subject. He seems to be almost in his natural condition. Any delusion or prohibition I try to give him proves only slightly successful. He laughs at what he considers my stupidity. I give him two bright-blue cards, telling him that one is blue and the other red, and he corrects me instantly. I insist that one has at least a purple tinge; he doubts it, but if I press him he will scrutinize the card carefully and remark: "Well, it may be—in fact, I think there is a *slight* difference, but it is *very slight*." Presently, while working with him, I find him wide awake. When he awoke, neither of us knows. He remembers the last few moments perfectly, but the most of what he has done is like a dream, or is totally obliterated.

F. is the counterpart of E. when hypnotized, which is easily accomplished. He seems almost another person; is dull and uninteresting. He can, with the greatest difficulty, be kept from falling into a sound sleep. He can understand only the briefest remarks and perform only the simplest actions.

G. is one of the most interesting subjects I have ever seen. He is an intelligent young man, about 24 years old. His muscles are completely under my control while in his usual waking state, and he is very easily hypnotized. Illusions of any of the senses may be suggested with perfect success. Black is white,

and red, blue, hot is cold, and sweet, bitter, if he be told that such is the case. But aside from this illusion of the senses, his judgment is normal. While he is glad to humiliate himself before an imaginary Napoleon, when that august personage smiles, G. denounces him in merciless and contemptuous terms as a fraud and impostor. G. takes me into his confidence, and, if I desire it, the most secret chambers of his heart will be thrown open for my inspection. His real character is now on exhibition. He is shrewder, more cunning, and yet more sympathetic than I had supposed him to be. While hypnotized, G. was told that he was deaf in his right ear, and that he had lost his right shoe. He was also introduced to a number of his friends as fictitious personages. He was then left alone with the command to wake up in two minutes, which he did to the second. He said that he felt all right, except that there seemed to be something the matter with his right ear. Examination showed that he was still deaf, but a word and gesture relieved him. He continued, however, to complain for an hour or more of the harshness and loudness of all sounds as heard in that ear. G. now found himself in a very embarrassing situation. About him sat the notables to whom he had been previously presented, while he himself was compelled to appear with but one shoe. This, let it be remembered, while he was wide awake. This is the first appearance in the series of the force of a post-hypnotic suggestion.

H. is a subject very similar to G., and is now mentioned because of three tests made in his case that were not made on G. While hypnotized he was asked if he remembered any of the "pieces" he had learned at school when a little boy. He said he did not, but admitted that he certainly had learned such. "Very well," said I; "I shall now fix you so you can remember them all," accompanying the remark with a vigorous rubbing of his head. He instantly began to repeat the poetic effusions of such artists as Mother Goose, of which he seemed to have an inexhaustible supply. Having confessed to the use of tobacco in all its forms, he was told that he dare not use it for a week.

He was then dehypnotized, when he remembered nothing whatever of what had occurred while asleep. He took a chew of tobacco offered him, but was immediately seized with a violent fit of vomiting. Within the time-limit set, he found it impossible to use tobacco in any form. While hypnotized, he was induced to cut the throat of a friend with a paper razor, and poison his dearest friend with a glass of water. These acts were followed by the most unmistakable signs of intense remorse.

All things considered, I. is the most remarkable subject I have ever seen. He is about twenty years of age, sparsely built, and anything but nervous. He is easily hypnotized, but is then very much of an automaton. He scarcely ever smiles, manifests little interest in anything going on about him, and thinks of nothing not suggested to him. He came to me and asked to be cured of the cigarette habit. Having put him to sleep, I told him he must not use tobacco again in any form, and that if he did he would become very sick. "More than that," I added, "if you see or smell tobacco it will make you sick—if you hear the word tobacco you will get sick." He was then awakened and excused. He would not believe that he had been asleep, saying that he "had just had his eyes closed a minute." After he had gone some distance away, I called to him, saying, "You asked me to cure you of your tobac—" Instantly his hand sought the region of his stomach, and the convulsions of his throat indicated that the suggestion had been successful. While entranced, I pointed out to him phantom figures flitting about on the ceiling, and for weeks the figures glided about on the ceiling for him alone. I have no doubt they still continue to do so. His political opinions were reversed by a suggestion, (they were not allowed to remain permanently,) and his arm was branded with a cold door-key, which he thought had been heated.

Such physiological effects of suggestion were surprising, and the question arose as to whether the usual consequence of the introduction of any substance into the system could be prevented by a suggestion. The following experiments were per-

formed upon I. and other willing subjects: Ammonia was inhaled under the name of a perfume. It was greatly appreciated, and no disturbance in the lachrymal glands was noticeable. Accompanied by a counter suggestion when administered, nitrate of amyl failed to flush the face, citric acid caused no change in the flow of saliva, chloroform did not color the skin, and a mustard emetic was enjoyed in the belief that it was lemonade. Long afterwards the ammonia bottle was a source of delight to I., and would probably be so to this day.

Two additional items concerning I. are worthy of mention. He was able while blindfolded, after having them once named to him, to distinguish cards of various colors by the sense of touch. At such times he could make his way about, avoiding all obstacles with as great ease as if he had had the free use of his eyes. Although this last feat is, so far as I know, an unsolved enigma, it would be folly to assume any new sense or faculty often ignorantly termed "clairvoyance."

The last case in the series is that of an intelligent elderly gentleman whom I shall designate as J. He is a farmer, and lives several miles from one of the principal cities in Kansas. He was working in the field one forenoon, when he was approached by two slick-looking individuals, who professed to be in search of farm property. They engaged J. in conversation. Soon after this he went to the barn alone, got his horse and carriage, and drove to town in his field-clothes, which was a very unusual thing for him to do. Arriving in town, he went directly to the bank, drew out his entire deposit, amounting to more than a thousand dollars, and handed it to his new friends, who were waiting for him. He then drove directly home, and for the first time became conscious of his surroundings when he entered the gate at home. The last two hours were as a horrible nightmare to him, and when he realized what he had done he broke down in a flood of grief. His bank account confirmed his worst fears. I have this incident upon the best authority, and am personally acquainted with the parties concerned.

O. TEMPLIN.

THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN POLITICS.

OUR two most thoroughly organized churches, the Roman Catholic and the Methodist Episcopal, are popularly accused of meddling in politics; are believed to be addicted to using the great power inhering in their wonderfully compact, and yet wide-sweeping, organizations to determine the fate of political parties, and shape the policies of the nation.

Whether the popular thought be correct as to the Catholic Church we leave others to determine, while we seek an answer to the question, Does the Methodist Episcopal Church exercise churchly authority or influence within the political arena?

Authority? No. Influence? Yes. That Methodism has been a potent factor in modern political conflicts, cannot be successfully denied. That it proposes still to be recognized as a force in determining some existing national issues, is clearly apparent to the student of current history. To what extent its influence is exerted, and what the limitations within which it operates, are questions which concern every citizen of the Republic.

Much popular misapprehension will be removed when two great facts are clearly understood by the American people: First, the Methodist Church never, even in the slightest degree, authoritatively interferes with the freest exercise of the elective franchise. Nowhere in its Discipline, or in the utterances of the Episcopal Board, or in the editorial columns of its official press, can there be discovered a suggestion as to the political party that should be supported by ministry or people. The only law-making power, the General Conference, has carefully refrained from all legislation tending to restrain the utmost freedom of the ballot. So far as the law is concerned, every Methodist is as free to choose his political affiliations as he is to determine the color and style of his clothing. But while this is true, yet along certain lines, and in particular emergencies, a powerful influence is wielded.

The second fact to be borne in mind is, that the Methodist Episcopal Church has nothing to say on political matters except when great moral principles are involved. On questions such as the tariff, transportation, finance, and other topics of a purely secular character, it has always been absolutely silent. But when politics have embraced such issues as the overthrow of slavery, the protection of the colored race, or the destruction of the saloon evil, the Methodist Church does not believe it departs from its legitimate work when it brings the teachings of the Divine Man of Nazareth to bear upon the solution of the problems thus presented.

Considering the position taken by Methodism upon the subject of human slavery, it was to be expected that a large majority of its ministers and members would ally themselves with the Republican party, because that party planted itself upon the principle of hostility to slavery extension. It is scarcely too much to say that the Methodist Church has been the backbone of the Republican party from the date of its organization. During the period of the war for the Union, and the settlement of the questions arising therefrom, there has always been substantial agreement between the successive platforms of the party and the deliverances of Methodist Conferences upon the same questions. So long as the declared purposes of the party happily coincided with the profoundest convictions of the denomination, it could not but be that there should be affiliation between them.

Whether this alliance will continue, is becoming each year more and more uncertain. The slavery question having been settled, the colored man having been endowed with the elective franchise, the temperance question has become the chief political topic with which Methodism is concerned. It avows itself to be the uncompromising foe of the saloon. It may always be relied on to stand in the forefront of the battle against this anomaly in a Christian civilization. Its utterances on the drink evil have been uniformly clear and emphatic. From its earli-

est history, among the things forbidden by its General Rules are the following: "Drunkenness; buying or selling spirituous liquors; or drinking them, except in cases of extreme necessity."

In 1880 the chapter of the Discipline which specifies the cases of "imprudent and unchristian conduct" for which a member may be brought to trial, and for which, if he fail to repent and reform, he may be expelled, was amended so as to read, "buying, selling, or using intoxicating liquors as a beverage, signing petitions for licensing the sale of intoxicating liquors, becoming bondsmen for persons engaged in such traffic, or renting property as a place in, or on, which to manufacture or sell intoxicating liquors."

In 1884 the General Conference, while enacting no new law, spread upon its journal, and published in an appendix to the Discipline, the following declaration of opinion: "We are unalterably opposed to the enactment of laws that propose, by license, taxing, or otherwise, to regulate the drink traffic, because they provide for its continuance, and afford no protection against its ravages. We hold that the proper attitude of Christians toward this traffic is one of uncompromising opposition; and while we do not presume to dictate to our people as to their political affiliations, we do express the opinion that they should not permit themselves to be controlled by party organizations that are managed in the interest of the liquor traffic." This chapter was reaffirmed in 1888.

At the recent General Conference, in Omaha, the report on Temperance contained the following: "Believing as we do that the traffic in intoxicating beverages sustains the relation of an efficient cause to the vice of intemperance, we hold that no member of the Methodist Episcopal Church can consistently contribute by voice, vote, or influence to the perpetuation and protection of that traffic. We declare before all the world that the church of God ought to be known always and everywhere as the relentless foe of this ungodly business, and that it is the duty of every Christian to wage ceaseless warfare against it."

It will be noticed that these utterances are not positively mandatory; are not of the nature of law; but are simply declarative of the ruling sentiment of the denomination. That the General Conference correctly voiced a growing feeling in the body, is evidenced by the fact that similarly unmistakable expressions of opinion have been repeatedly made by many of the annual conferences. Though the declarations of the smaller bodies are modified somewhat by their localities, yet everywhere there is proof of increasing impatience with the existing order of things, and dissatisfaction with the attitude of the great political parties towards the saloon.

While the championship of the cause of the whisky-ring by the Democratic party has alienated all who believe that "the prime purposes of government are the preservation of morality and the maintenance of social order," the hesitancy of the Republican party, outside of Kansas and Iowa, to inaugurate measures for the suppression of the traffic, and the silence of its national platform concerning the crowning evil of the times, are estranging thousands of its Methodistic adherents.

Politicians may find some instructive lessons in the successive deliverances of the Kansas Conference, which is recognized as a pioneer in thought upon this subject. In 1878, the year in which the agitation for the Prohibitory Amendment was commenced, the Conference declared "that this is the most important question within the realm of State politics, and that we are in favor of organizing the temperance sentiment of the State on a basis of determined hostility to the liquor traffic; that we believe the time has come when Christian men should no longer wait on the leadership of political managers, but should themselves initiate and insist upon such a policy as will secure correct legislation and a faithful enforcement of righteous law."

In 1885, when the Republican party in Kansas had fully committed itself to the policy of prohibition, the following was adopted: "That while we venture to express no hostile criticism

of the action of temperance workers in other States who aided in the formation of a distinctively prohibition party, yet we are firmly of the opinion that in Kansas the organization of such a party at the present time cannot but be highly disastrous to the prohibitory cause. With two existing parties making this the supreme issue in the State, we deem it to be the duty of every prohibitionist to support the party which stands pledged to the enforcement of the prohibitory law, so long as it shall maintain that position."

In 1886 it said "that any political party that ignores or antagonizes prohibition will secure the emphatic condemnation of all law-abiding citizens."

In 1889 it resolved, "That as the General Conference, correctly voicing the convictions of the Church, has placed it upon record as believing that any form of license is *sin*; therefore, if any political party shall adopt a license policy, either high or low, the announcement of such policy should be construed by the ministry and laity of the Church as an invitation to them to withdraw from such political organization."

At its recent session the conference sounded a note of warning to political managers in the following language: "*Resolved*, That the great political party to which the State is indebted for its prohibitory law can hope for the continued support of the Christian element only so long as it shall be loyal to the interests of prohibition. If in the present emergency it shall refuse longer to maintain its fidelity to this supreme question, it will but invite and deserve defeat at the hands of a disappointed people. We assure the leaders of all political parties that any alliance with the saloon, or indifference to its suppression, is an offense which ought not to be, which cannot be, condoned by the enlightened Christian conscience of the State, whatever other claims such parties may present for support at the ballot-box. We proclaim this to be the one overshadowing question in the politics of the day."

These quotations sufficiently indicate the position which Meth-

odism occupies in relation to the political parties and issues of the day. As a church it espouses the interests of no political organization, but in its great battle with the gigantic iniquities of the age it welcomes to its side any party that believes in invoking the power of the law to suppress vice and maintain sobriety and virtue in the nation. It will take no backward step, but is likely still more generally and earnestly to seek to bring the principles of the Gospel to the solution of the great problems of our modern civilization.

RICHARD WAKE.

THE COLLEGE GRADUATE.

ANOTHER commencement season has come and gone, pushing the colleges into prominence again, and even in the midst of intense political excitement demanding a hearing for the young men and women who before many years will make the nominating speeches in the great party conventions, or who will themselves be the standard-bearers in gubernatorial and presidential campaigns.

In many minds there is considerable confusion of ideas concerning college education, a lack of definite understanding as to the part of the college in the intellectual development of young men and women, which is quite remarkable at a time when so much is being said and written on the subject. The questions most commonly asked about a college do not refer to the courses of study and the methods of instruction, but to the number of students and the amount of the endowment. The daily papers report contests in athletics and public exhibitions like those of commencement week, but are silent as to the real work of the college and its reputation for scholarship. This is as natural as it is to inquire about the number of employés in a factory, instead of the mechanical contrivances and processes used; but in either case there is the same ignorance of what is really going on.

The system of education in the United States has been undergoing a continual process of evolution, contemporaneous with the development of the country and proportionate with the elevation of standards of social and intellectual excellence. This system has not yet been perfected, but the future of it will be influenced, if not determined, by its present condition. The educational process to-day, as far as it belongs to the schools, is begun by the elementary instruction of the public schools, and is carried on through the district and grammar schools, when the public high schools and academies contribute their

share in preparing boys and girls for the freshman class of the college, which in its turn confers the degree entitling the graduate to admission to the graduate courses of professional schools and universities. After passing through this series in the prescribed manner, a man may be called educated, and he is educated as far as he can *be* educated. If his intellectual development continues, he may become a scholar, an eminence which few reach.

It is not my purpose to make a plea for college and university education for all, however desirable that may be, for it is a long and expensive course, and there are a thousand reasons why the aristocracy of scholarship is also an oligarchy; but rather to study the college graduate, and to ask concerning him the questions "*unde quoque*," and to consider the function of the college in his equipment.

When a student is enrolled as a freshman, the college inquires chiefly into his record in the high school or academy. In that school, after mastering the elements of the common branches, he is trained in algebra and geometry; in some branch of natural science, like physics or botany; in a course in Latin extending through three or four years; in a two- or three-years course in Greek; and in the best schools the student is instructed also in the use of the English language, in English literature, and in elocution. Many colleges require some knowledge of French or German before admission to the freshman class, while some colleges accept these modern languages instead of Greek, even from candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts. In all this preparatory work, where the student is introduced to so many new branches of study, and while his mind is as yet immature, he requires a great deal of supervision and direction on the part of his teachers, and his success in his college course depends largely upon the force of character and wisdom of the teachers who influence him during this specially formative period. There should be no bungling here, where there is the greatest danger that a mind naturally healthful,

gifted with imagination, curiosity, and enthusiasm, will be dwarfed and cramped. If the truth were known, it would be found that only now and then one of the applicants for admission to the freshman class has been aroused intellectually. There is a vagueness of knowledge on the most elementary and fundamental principles, a lack of mental vigor, an indifference in entering upon the courses offered, ignorance of the meaning of study and the value of application, a slovenliness in the attitude toward mental exertion, a low ideal of attainment in scholarship, which indicate either absence of mental power or failure to arouse it to action.

The blame for all this does not rest with the teachers of primary and secondary schools alone; perhaps not chiefly with them; it rests with parents. Two or three years ago Dr. E. C. Ray, then President of the Kansas Academy of Language and Literature, read a paper before the Academy, in which he pointed out certain prevalent defects in pronunciation. In every instance the remedy which he suggested was early education, meaning home education. Now in many families the plans for the education of children are left to accident. Parents do not decide whether to send a son to college until they see whether he has an inclination, while if they value a college education for any boy, it is their duty to see to it that their boy has an inclination towards it. If they do, he will thank them for it. We hear a great deal about the time required for a college course, and yet the first steps towards preparing a boy to enter college are often not taken until he is old enough to graduate from college. The result is that he graduates at twenty-five instead of at eighteen or twenty as he might have done if his education had been intelligently planned when he was a baby, or before.

Of course there are students who bring to the college bright minds well trained, and the college does much for those who come to its doors late and poorly prepared; but the results would be more satisfactory if parents showed the wisdom of the

poet Horace's father, who, although himself a freedman with no social standing, took his son to Rome in boyhood, secured for him the same advantages as those enjoyed by sons of knights and senators, and accompanied him personally in his attendance upon his teachers. He did not fear that anyone would criticize him for fitting his son for a life above his own station, and Horace says that he would not have complained of his education even if his subsequent career had been in the lowest walks of life, but since it had enabled him to gain distinction as a poet, the greater praise and gratitude was due to the father whose wise planning had made his success possible.

What is the purpose of the college graduate as he leaves the commencement stage? The natural thing for him to do is to continue his studies in a graduate course in some university or technical or professional school. This is becoming more and more a necessity if the college graduate would take a leading position in literary or scientific pursuits. The extraordinary growth of great universities in the United States within a comparatively few years, and the opening of graduate courses of study in the larger colleges, furnish in this country opportunities for advanced study which formerly had to be sought abroad. The number of college graduates pursuing graduate courses is steadily increasing. The reasons for this extension of the period of study beyond the college may easily be discovered. The requirements for admission into the professions are more exacting than ever before. Lawyers, physicians, and clergymen are supposed to have taken the professional course in law, medicine, or theology, besides the regular college course, although some of the professional schools admit certain classes of students who have no college degree. It is a curious fact that the occupation of teachers, the only professional men called professors, should so late be included among the learned professions. The college graduate who intends to enter this profession *par excellence* finds his special preparation in a graduate course in some college or university. He does not become a Doctor of Pedagogy,

but a Doctor of Philosophy, a degree which signifies that he is capable of giving instruction in the one branch of knowledge to which he has given his attention during his graduate course. The most desirable positions in the profession of teaching are open, as a rule, only to those who have had this special preparation. The successful teacher, as well as the successful scientist, must be a specialist.

Another reason for the multiplication of graduate courses lies in the fact that the social problems of the day are becoming more complicated than ever before, and there is a growing feeling that it is the educated man, rather than the politician, who will find the wise and true solution. The prominence which is given to sociological questions in college and graduate courses indicates a great awakening of thought on these subjects, and gives promise of a generation of practically educated politicians capable of leading the national mind to the right settlement of many of the vexatious questions of national life.

It is not to be expected, of course, that all college graduates will find their way into these fields of advanced thought and investigation. Many of them will enter the various occupations of life, making business and the trades more liberal and dignified by bringing into them from the college trained minds and lofty aspirations.

What does the college do to prepare its graduates for success in these various lines of activity? First, the degree conferred at the end of the college course is a certificate of ability to enter upon a graduate course in any university. The degree of Bachelor of Arts means that the student has spent four years in study under the direction of a college faculty. It does not mean precisely the same thing in all colleges, nor to all graduates of the same college. The elective system now in operation in all the best colleges provides a greater number of courses than could possibly be taken by any one student. The term "electives" is often misunderstood. It does not mean unrestricted freedom in the choice of studies. If the courses are well arranged, each

student is required at some part of his course to do work in studies which are regarded as essential and fundamental. He is also required to study a sufficient variety of subjects to prevent him from becoming narrow or one-sided. The required studies are placed in the first part of the course when the student is least able to choose for himself, or a certain part of the work of the whole course of four years is prescribed and the student is free in his selection of the remainder. He is assisted in this choice by what is known as the "group system" and by the advice of the members of the college faculty, so that he is helped by all the wisdom and experience available to select such subjects and courses as meet most fully his individual needs. Early in his course he is urged to select some one or two subjects in which to carry his studies as far as opportunity is given. The direction of this special study will depend partly upon individual inclination and taste, partly upon the character and reputation of the professors by whom the work is conducted, and partly upon the student's professional aim. In Harvard University, the undergraduates who intend to study after graduation in one of the professional or technical schools are advised to seek the advice of the teachers in those schools before deciding upon their elective studies for the college course.

The advantages of the elective system when wisely administered are obvious. It recognizes the needs of individuals, and develops in the student himself a feeling of responsibility as to the results of his education. The idea of the old system was "*ne quid nimis*," and its advocates are afraid that the colleges under the new plan will turn out specialists. They prefer a smattering of knowledge on many subjects rather than profound knowledge on a few. The days of "a little Latin and less Greek" have gone by, and the new system, without withholding sufficient general culture, enables a student to go far enough in the study of a few subjects to become familiar with the true method of study and investigation. It is not satisfied with giving a few facts simply; it goes further; it puts the student in possession of enough facts determined by others to en-

able him to begin to be an independent and original investigator. It thus awakens enthusiasm in research and develops scholars. The stimulus which has been given to college students and teachers by the opening of elective courses can hardly be understood except by those who are closely acquainted with college work. There is a change in the mental attitude on the part of students and teachers. Under the old prescribed system there was the task and the master; now the fields of language, literature, art, philosophy, science, history, sociology, are opened, and teachers and students together enter enthusiastically upon their exploration.

The opening of graduate courses following so closely upon the adoption of the elective system shows the effect of this system. It shows that there is a new interest in study. The college graduate proposes to go to the bottom of things; he intends to become an expert, an authority, a Doctor of Philosophy, learned in wisdom—not an abstract, useless wisdom, but a wisdom which is intensely practical, and which deals with the problem of life in all its phases.

Besides this intellectual awakening, there is an indefinable something in the life and spirit of a real college that gives a young man or woman the very best preparation for active life. In the preparatory school there is more or less restraint; in the college there is independence and freedom. The college student is a member of a democracy, and in his relations with his fellow-students his strong and manly qualities are sure to be appealed to and brought out. The college needs leaders of opinion, reformers, philanthropists, heroes, Christians, and all these are found in the college community among those who will be leaders, reformers, philanthropists, heroes, Christians, in the world by and by, when they get a chance.

The college graduate has never been a more interesting person than he is to-day; never has his training been more thorough and practical; never has more been expected of him, and never have his devotion and enthusiasm given promise of better things.

L. D. WHITTEMORE.

THOUGHTS ON SOCIOLOGY.

THE trend of modern thought is toward sociological investigations. And certainly this "stream of tendency" is widening and deepening in its onward flow. With much fine thinking, there has, of course, been a great deal just the reverse. But this is not to be wondered at, when we consider the limitations of the human mind, the vastness of the subject, and the multiplicity of problems the solution of which must deeply and permanently affect the welfare of mankind. It is a fascinating theme, and the more we study it, the more it grows upon us, the more it attracts us, nay, enchants us by the grand thoughts suggested in the contemplation, and by glimpses through the vista of coming years, when the idea of sociology shall be realized in the social perfection of humanity.

The fact that the term *sociology* is so frequently used in a vague sense, or with no sense at all unless it be purely *materialistic*, which renders it entirely unfit for the designation of a department of science which has to do with "a rational, that is, a free moral society," for these and other reasons there ought to be a critical and somewhat extended examination of the nature and complex structure of human society. But this is impossible in this brief article. A "bird's-eye view" must suffice, and may answer the purpose of the writer, which is to suggest rather than elaborate thought, and indicate the comprehensiveness of the subject, which includes within its sweep every social element in every circle of civilization. The thinker does not want the truth to be so minutely developed as to require nothing of him but to accept it as offered. We propose to do what the old Covenanter lady, who was very deaf, asked Norman Macleod to do when he was making her a pastoral visit. Beckoning him to a seat beside her, and putting up her ear-trumpet, she told him to "*gang ower the fundamentals*." Exactly this, so far as space will allow, is our aim, believing that a recur-

rence to first principles is always the most helpful to a wise handling of involved questions, and the most conducive to intelligence in their practical application to specific cases.

A glance at the genesis and development of sociological ideas with some critical analysis, may illuminate the pathway of discussion and give us a firmer grasp and a clearer conception of the basal principles of social science. The French philosopher, Auguste Comte, introduced the word sociology into literature. He invented it to designate what he terms "Social Physics," as its equivalent, and it is significant, as it suggests his materialistic theory of man. For according to his teachings, the higher nature of man is simply the result of a more highly organized brain, and the psychical and social phenomena of humanity depend solely on the quality and conditions of cerebral activity. Biology and cerebral psychology explain and mould the agencies which affect man's social status and progress. In his "Positive Philosophy," which is to supersede all theology and metaphysics, there is no room for spiritual forces or influences in shaping the affairs of men. It is a narrow, atheistic system, denying all personality and freedom to both man and God. The logical outcome of this theory is, that the science of the phenomena of man in society is a mere branch of *physics*. Comte, in fact, uses sociology, social science, and social physics, as synonymous terms. It is evident that we can find no adequate definition in this school of philosophy. Is it to be found in the profound dialectics of John Stuart Mill, who, while he adopts in general, the views of Comte, claims that he has modified them, and so introduced improvements, by his acceptance of the "relations involved in causation and consciousness"? These modifications, however, though *apparently* considerable, are *really* nullified by his doctrine of necessity, and, of course, his denial of freedom and responsibility in human actions. On one point, though somewhat inconsistently, he takes one step in advance of the father of Positivism, in denying the possibility of *prevision* as an essential element in social science. He insists very justly

that "though the science of man cannot enable us, like astronomy, to foresee and predict future sociological events with entire accuracy, it can yet with the greatest advantage acquaint us with the *tendencies* that enter into social phenomena, and so enable us in some measure to explain, to control and direct them." We assent to this. It is a mere truism; for there can be no *definite, absolute prevision* in any science, unless we except those sciences involving mathematical operations. The aim of science is not prevision, but to *explain* and to *systematize*. The true scientist begins and prosecutes his studies with an appreciation of the limitations of our knowledge. This special view is well stated by Mr. Mill; but it is still true that his "logic of sociology" is defective, dwarfed by his loveless and sapless philosophy.

Shall we turn to Herbert Spencer, regarded by many as the great Corypheus in this department of investigation? He has doubtless done more than any other modern thinker to bring this whole subject into prominence. For a time his influence seemed all-pervasive, percolating through the veins of literature, moulding scientific thought, educational theories, and even theologic systems. But there is evidently a reaction, a reflux of the tide. Discriminating thinkers separate the true from the false, and the grains of gold are gathered from the mountain of dust. Herbert Spencer, though great in erudition and in philosophic speculation, is not an infallible oracle. Like Mill, he is very largely indebted to Comte for many of his views. He has simply superadded to the "positive philosophy," in its application to sociology, the doctrine of organic development, or growth after the analogy of a living being. Accordingly, his views of social phenomena are modified by this addition. But even this is not the *discovery* of a *new truth*; it is rather the *rehabilitation* of an *old truth*—as old as Plato, who conceived the state as a "spiritually organized unity," and Aristotle, whose conception is stated in more accurate and scientific language—nay, as old as Moses, who gave to this principle "a local habitation and

a name" in the establishment of the theocracy, which adumbrates the "divine order of human society." And as they represent the doctrine, it is free from those vicious elements of a watery, mechanical philosophy that would degrade the conceptions proper to the organic and the spiritual to a hybrid materialism. The doctrine of "social organism" is a true and grand conception, but does not necessarily carry with it materialistic evolutionism, anti-theistic agnosticism, ethics—"a mere permutation of non-moral forces"; all human reason, thought, conscience, feeling—all the phenomena of man, whether individual or social, the *outcome* of attraction and repulsion of original molecules or star-dust, with the great "*unknown, unknowable personality*," like an omnipotent automaton, moving the machinery of the universe. One might ask, "What or who moves this automaton, this primal law or aboriginal force?" But Spencer clears this *yawning chasm* by flying leaps, and by "natural selection," alighting upon that structure which we call society! And men are astonished at this feat of gymnastics—and well they might be. In very truth, his voluminous works on sociology are a disappointment. From beginning to end, as has been well said, "whatever the subject-matter may be, the argumentation is occupied with the confirmation of the truth of naturalistic *evolution* through its application to sociology, rather than with the illustration of sociology by means of this evolution."

Organization is the fundamental principle of social science, and Herbert Spencer, notwithstanding his intellectual vagaries and aberrations, deserves credit for restoring this vital truth to its normal place in the philosophy of human life and society. This principle, with its coördinate and subordinate elements, announced, implicitly or explicitly, by seers, prophets, apostles, and the Peerless Man of Nazareth, had been virtually forgotten—at least its supreme importance unrecognized. Extreme egoistic theories of individualism on the one hand, and abnormal altruistic schemes of socialism and communism on the other, were in

the ascendancy. But now the best minds of the age are studying social problems. Maurice, Kingsley, Davies, of Great Britain, Carey, Thompson, Ely, of this country, Stuckenberg, of Berlin—these and scores of other scientists, sound, laborious, and advanced thinkers, are laying deep and broad foundations upon which to build and so establish a science of social life which will endure. We trust the solid rock has been struck upon which to erect a sanctuary for all humanity. It is not a “new sociology” that is wanted, but the instauration of the old sociology, clearly understood, enlarged, and developed, with the progress of investigation. The new thing that is especially demanded is, that its moral and spiritual forces shall be rigidly, faithfully and fearlessly applied, and put in operation for the solution of problems constantly springing out of new social environments. Thus the evolution of society onward and upward to higher stages would forestall the necessity of sporadic revolutions. Moreover, the sudden abolishment of the whole social system, and the reconstruction of society upon a new basis, in order to secure a riddance of the present evils, could only result in bringing other and greater calamities. The cure is worse than the disease. It is “throwing out the baby with the bath.” Or it is to be as wise as the bear was when “he smashed the fly on his sleeping master’s forehead with a big stone.” The fly escaped, but the man perished!

The basis and principles that underlie the normal social structure are, in their nature, eternal and unchangeable, because rooted in the constitution of man. It is our business to discover them, rightly interpret them, and then deduce practical rules for the amelioration and uplifting of the million. That is, sociology must, *first of all*, be made a science, and *then* an art. Only when society is understood can correct and safe rules for its government be deduced. If the process is reversed, as in the case of many so-called reformers in church and state, it will be unnatural and necessarily superficial, and we have a gang of sociolists instead of an academy of scientists.

In this brief paper it remains to give a meager statement, or syllabus, of the status of this great theme, which would require volumes for its proper elucidation and expansion. In its etymological sense, *sociology* is a discourse on society, or the science of society. It is the philosophy of human association, and embraces everything that pertains to man as a social being. When the science is made perfect it will be a complete analysis of society, giving all the principles, laws and aims of human association. The scientific ideal is very comprehensive—a grand circle including within its sweep innumerable circles, all held in correlation by a central principle of unity and life. The *science of society*, as a general definition, will be accepted by both positivist and Christian philosopher. But in order that this definition may be intelligible, we must know what is meant by *society*, of which sociology is the science. The word *society* comes to us from the Latin words, *socio*, *socius*, and *societas*. The thought running through all these words is that of connection, or association. It is especially applicable to human beings, denoting all relationships among men, more or less intimate, bound together by natural, conventional, artificial, educational, ecclesiastical and national ligaments. In a word, it includes the whole complex machinery of modern civilization—"wheels within wheels"—all, when in a perfect condition, revolving in their appointed place by "the great law of reciprocity between man and man." Nay more, the whole race or family of man is a society held together by unity of nature and aspiration. *Sociology, therefore, is the science of man in his associated capacity.* It is, so to speak, a grand generalization arrived at by the induction of all the facts in social phenomena furnished by history, anthropology, and revelation, whence deductions are drawn, rules formulated and operated for the advancement of society. The goal is the perfection of humanity. Of course it does not lie in the power of any one mind to fill out this vast scheme, or by a single view take in this majestic panorama, for as the German poet sings, "Art ist lange, und kurtz ist unser Leben."

The conception of society as an organic structure is illustrated and confirmed by analogies drawn from the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and from physiological processes in the human body. In fact, this analogy is so complete and obvious that it has always been recognized, until it has become so familiar that the "*social organism*" seems hardly to involve a figure of speech. As already indicated, modern thinkers have re-emphasized, with voluminous reiteration, the importance of this fundamental idea; but beyond all comparison, the most significant and splendid exhibition of the organic structure of society and of the relations and duties of the different members of the organism, that has ever been given in any age or language, is from the pen of St. Paul. And all within a few hundred words. It is a gem of literary beauty, with scientific as well as moral value (*vide*, I. Cor. xii: 12-27). In this connection we are reminded of the sublime ministry of the Divine Social Philosopher of Nazareth. His discourses, especially the Sermon on the Mount; His parables, miracles of teaching, are permeated through and through with this great principle, and are replete with germinal truths which only need to be developed and translated into the life to change the face of society. A great deal is said now-a-days about the necessity of a Christocentric theology. Is not a *Christocentric sociology* a desideratum? This is evidently the Pauline idea in the beautiful passage above noted. And here let me say, parenthetically, that the Bible—even the parts cut out with the jackknife of the so-called "higher criticism" (?)—from Genesis to the Apocalypse, is essentially a sociological book. We would recommend all to study it, especially the clergy! It is a thesaurus of facts, rules and principles applicable to all the forces and forms of social life. Its "social ethics" transformed into "social dynamics" in the characters of men, is the prime factor in the solution of social, industrial and economic problems.

A word or two more may be added to indicate what is involved in the organic structure of society. Every organism must have life, and so must have *organs* to carry out the pur-

poses of growth and evolution. Accordingly, the organism of society has its organs variously classified and designated by different writers on social science. They may be naturally and logically divided into two classes, which may be characterized as *biological* or *vital*, and *teleological* or *causative*. The former are the living persons, the vital elements which constitute society one grand totality. The latter are the institutions, the organized agencies by means of which the general aims of society are realized. As in the *human organism* there are various members or organs performing different functions, and yet, amidst this diversity of operations they are all co-adapted to each other, working to one end and under one law of life, so in the *social organism* we see a manifestation of the same phenomena. There are no two persons exactly alike. These personal differences are partly explained by the laws of heredity, and they are certainly intensified by the influence of environment. In the most highly organized societies, that is to say, the highest types of civilization, the number of employments and pursuits, with their branches and subdivisions—to say nothing of the interchange of ideas, sympathies, affections and services—are virtually countless and endless. Hence the higher the social organism, the greater the complexity and differentiation among the living organs; or as Spencer expresses it: "All organic development is a change from a state of homogeneity to a state of heterogeneity." But all these diverse elements in society are counterparts and complements of each other, and thus societary attraction is the result. In Spencerian phrase, "the processes of differentiation lead to the highest forms of integration." Or we might illustrate by a beautiful analogue in the inorganic world. "You bring together unlike particles, say atoms of oxygen and hydrogen, under proper conditions, and they rush into each other's embrace—into chemical combination."

But the finest illustration of this law of societary attraction is furnished by wedlock, founded, as it is, on counterpart differences, physical, intellectual, and spiritual. Though tempted to

enlarge on this typical form of human association, we pass to state that this societary cohesion through complemental diversities applies to all nations and generations of men in their relations to each other, so that the whole human race becomes one vast organism.

The principle of organization also comprehends the relation of society to its members. For just as the organs exist for the organism, and by it are controlled and kept in vigorous operation, so the individual is made for society, which, as a social organism, is invested with authority over its members, and bound to equip them for effective work and service in their "several places and relations." This deduction is a truth of tremendous import. It cuts down into the very roots of things, and if recognized and faithfully carried out, would sweep away many pernicious theories and practices that now afflict humanity.

Sociology especially concerns itself with the three normal forms of society—the *family*, the *state*, and the *church*. These were instituted and designed by the Creator to realize the comprehensive object of society. They are therefore called the *teleological organs*, because they embody and represent the "final cause" or end of society; and in and through their agency this grand purpose is to be accomplished. These are the three archetypal divisions of society by whose combined forces the human race, age after age, is lifted to a higher plane of civilization. Of course there are many other institutions and divisions, and society might be classified according to their number; but this would be artificial and unscientific; hence the most eminent sociologists to-day recognize this three-fold division—the differentiation of society into the family, the nation, and the church—as the most philosophic classification, based, as it is, on the manifest purpose of God, the demands of human nature, and the law of evolution, in the spiritual as well as the natural world; the development of the nation out of the family, and of the church out of the nation.

The all-comprehending purpose of society is *human welfare*;

and human welfare is secured by the attainment of this object. But this general purpose may be resolved into a number of *aims* which are to be realized by means of the three institutional agencies above mentioned, and which have been neatly and aptly defined by an able writer as “the *Institute of the Affections*, the *Institute of Rights*, and the *Institute of Humanity*.”

This branch of our theme would require more extended treatment and considerable analysis in order to be clearly and fully apprehended; but the space already occupied and the patience of the reader suggest a *finis*.

In a future number of the magazine we may attempt an exposition of this trinity of institutional forces.

WILLIAM BISHOP.

“IF YOU GO AWAY.”

ROUNDEL.

“If you go away, a wild Woe will weep o’er the place
Where you sit; she will stretch her stark arms out and sobbingly pray
That Death cool the slow-throbbing pain in her empty embrace—
If you go away.

“Perhaps it is better to go ere you tire of the play—
Ere the hulls of your hopes are torn open to leave bitter trace
Of the worm—when your hopes are first blushing and ere they decay.

“I know it is hard to be still and look Death in the face;
With lips sweet and dewy from Life’s morning kisses to say:
‘I am ready.’ But God! ’t will be harder to keep in the race—
If you go away.”

WILLIAM A. WHITE.

THE PASSING OF STOVER AND HOVEY.

IN the early days in Kansas not many State officers were able to secure a second term; a renomination by the Republican party in the decade following the organization of Kansas was unusual, rather than the rule, as it has been in the past ten years. The first Governor of Kansas, Charles Robinson, and the second Governor, Thomas Carney, served but one term. Of the eleven Lieutenant Governors of Kansas, only five have been two-term officers. Joseph P. Root, Thomas A. Osborn, Nehemiah Green, C. V. Eskridge, P. P. Elder and E. S. Stover held the Lieutenant Governorship one term each, and were not renominated. Three Secretaries of State, viz., John W. Robinson, W. H. H. Lawrence, and Thomas Moonlight, and three State Treasurers, viz., Hartwin R. Dutton, Martin Anderson, and George Graham, were one-term officers. Five Attorney Generals of Kansas, viz., W. W. Guthrie, J. D. Brumbaugh, George H. Hoyt, Addison Danford, and A. M. F. Randolph, served the State but a single term. The occupants of the office of State Auditor and State Superintendent of Public Instruction have been more fortunate; only one Auditor—Asa Hairgrove—and one State Superintendent—John Fraser—have been deprived of the second term, which it seems to have been the rule to accord to these officials without controversy. A number of the officers in the above list were not candidates for renomination, but the records of the Republican State conventions for the past twenty-five years show almost a score of instances when public officials elected by the Republican party were refused a second term by their own party. In 1866, James McGrew, a candidate before the Republican convention for renomination for Lieutenant Governor, was defeated by Nehemiah Green; and in the same convention, J. D. Brumbaugh, who had served one term as Attorney General, was defeated by George H. Hoyt. In 1868, Thomas Carney wanted the Republicans to

give him a second term as Governor, but the convention nominated James M. Harvey. In the same year, Lawrence D. Bailey, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, was refused a renomination; and Martin Anderson, who had made an excellent State Treasurer, was defeated for renomination at the same time. In 1870, Thomas Moonlight, who served one term as Secretary of State, failed to receive a renomination from the Republicans; and George Graham, a second-term candidate for State Treasurer, was beaten by Josiah E. Hayes. In 1876, the Republican party declined to give a second term to A. M. F. Randolph, Attorney General, and John Fraser, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, because the Lappin bond steals had occurred during their administrations. No one accused them of complicity in the fraud, but it was charged that they were negligent in duty. Coming down to a more recent date, George T. Anthony, regarded by many as the ablest chief executive this State ever had, was denied a renomination by the convention of 1878, notwithstanding the friends of Mr. Anthony made one of the most determined fights for a second term that is recorded in Kansas political history.

So it will be seen that the late Republican State convention, in refusing to renominate S. G. Stover for State Treasurer and Charles M. Hovey for State Auditor, did not act without precedent. In declining to accord to faithful public officials the indorsement implied by a renomination, this convention violated what has been regarded for the past fourteen years the established rule of the party; nevertheless it did no more than many other Republican State conventions in Kansas have done. But why were Stover and Hovey defeated? In voting with the other members of the Board of Railway Assessors to reduce the assessed valuation of the railroad property of Kansas from \$57,866,232 to \$50,865,825, they brought upon themselves the censure of a large number of tax-payers. No imputation of corruption in office was made by anyone, but it was claimed by members of the Republican party, as well as by members of the

People's and Democratic parties, that the action of the Board of Railway Assessors was in the interest of railway corporations rather than of the State. In my opinion, a careful investigation of the facts will convince any fair-minded person that the assessors were justified in making the reduction. The law under which this tax levy was made requires the board to assess railroad property at its actual value in money. Unquestionably the railroad property of Kansas for the five years previous to the reduction had been assessed in some instances above its actual value. In 1891, after the reduction complained of had been made, the railroads of this State paid \$196 per mile in taxes, which is \$25 above the average rate for the entire country in 1889, and higher than the average rate in any State west of New York at the present time. It is fair to assume that in the past ten years the material that entered into the construction of the track and the buildings, the machinery, and a large part of the rolling-stock of the companies, has decreased in value from 10 to 25 per cent.; and yet the original bills and other evidences of the cost of this property, submitted by the railroads, showed that much of the rolling-stock and machinery was assessed at a figure higher than its cost when new. The assessors represent that it was shown to them beyond any question of a doubt that the railroad property of the State had been assessed at more than its actual value. Believing that the property of railroads, no more than the possessions of other corporations and individuals, should not be assessed at a figure higher than its actual value, they resolved, as the law commands them, to levy a tax upon a basis that is equitable and just. It was an unpopular act. It cost Stover and Hovey their positions. In no State in the Union is the prejudice against railroads so strong as in Kansas, and the public official who favors a railroad, even though as in this case he may believe he is right, must surely bring down upon himself condemnation from all quarters. Thousands of people in Kansas believe Stover and Hovey were wrong in reducing the taxes of the railroads, and will continue to believe it. They are not

in the Alliance party alone. As a matter of fact, the first objections to the action of the railway assessors came from Republican sources. While the late Republican convention, in declining to renominate Stover and Hovey, may have been influenced to some extent by the action of the Wichita convention, which refused to renominate Attorney General Ives, it cannot be said the Republicans were governed to any considerable degree by that convention. The fight against Stover and Hovey on account of the railroad assessment was inaugurated by a number of Republicans long before the convention of either party was called. At least a dozen Republican newspapers had for three months openly opposed their renomination. When the Republican convention assembled, more than two-thirds of the delegates said that it would be unwise to place Stover and Hovey on the Republican ticket. It was maintained in the convention, by some of the ablest men of the party, that to pander to the popular clamor against railroads by refusing a second term to these two worthy officials was cowardly and unjust. No one was disposed to charge them with having been corruptly influenced by the railroads, but it was argued with telling effect by a number of the best talkers in the convention, that in voting to reduce the railroad assessment Stover and Hovey made a mistake in judgment for which the Republican party of the State should not be held responsible. It was admitted by the friends of the two officials that if again placed on the ticket they would lose votes—whether 1,000 or 20,000, of course no one could say. It was asserted by many influential Republicans that Stover and Hovey would be a load to the ticket; that in a contest as close and as fiercely combatted as this one will be, the party could not afford to take risks. Mr. Stover presented to the convention a manly letter, withdrawing his name. "I do this because the welfare of the Republican party is the first consideration," he said in the letter, "and not as an admission that the action of the board was wrong. The act was just, fair, and right; but it is claimed the public mind is

poisoned against me, and it is thought by some this renders me not an available candidate. I am especially anxious to serve, and not burden, the party."

The defeat of the two candidates for a second term leaves no hard feeling in any quarter. Mr. Hovey and Mr. Stover and their friends accept the will of the overwhelming majority of the convention. The nominees for Auditor and Treasurer will have the loyal support of all Republicans, and will be elected.

ARTHUR CAPPER.

AN EDUCATIONAL LINK.

OUR educational system is constantly improving. The common schools of to-day offer advantages far superior to those of a few years ago. The city high schools with their present facilities are of recent date. Normal schools, colleges and universities have kept step with the ever-onward progress of civilization, and to-day they offer many inducements and opportunities to young men and women which they could not have offered a quarter of a century ago. But with all our advance and with all our boasted system of education, there are many imperfections still, and educators everywhere are asking for changes and improvements. They are demanding a more closely connected system, one which shall be complete, a chain whose every link is a connecting link, definitely defined and located, so that every pupil or student shall know in just what link and in just what part of this educational chain he stands. Such has not been the case heretofore; but is it asking too much when we ask that it shall be the case in the near future?

There has ever been a great gap between the district schools and the higher institutions of learning. In the cities this gap has been closed by a very efficient system of city high schools. These usually prepare students for college, and as they become more efficient so will the number of young men and women whom they send to our higher institutions of learning be increased. But while the city high school has formed the connecting link for the cities, the chasm between the district schools and the colleges has remained unbridged. Educators have recognized the need of some plan whereby this vacancy might be filled, but they have not all agreed as to what that plan should be. Some have advocated very enthusiastically a system of township schools which should answer to some extent this purpose by providing for a more thorough training than it is practicable to give in the common schools. These have been tried

in some places with fairly good success, but for many reasons they cannot give a thorough preparation for college, and so it is found necessary to add another and higher in order to give this training. Now to fill this gap between the common schools and higher institutions, shall we inaugurate a system of township schools whose work shall be to prepare pupils for central high schools which shall fit them for college, or shall we put in the one link, viz., the county high school, which shall cover the whole ground? The latter for several reasons seems to be the best plan, and the Legislature acted very wisely when, at its session in 1886, it enacted a law authorizing any county in the State, having a population of six thousand inhabitants or more, to establish and maintain a county high school for the purpose of affording better educational facilities for pupils more advanced than those attending the district schools, and for persons who desire to fit themselves for the vocation of teaching.

This law provides that whenever one-third of the electors of the county shall petition the board of county commissioners requesting that a county high school be established in their county at a place in said petition named, or whenever the said county commissioners shall at their discretion think proper, they shall give twenty days' notice previous to the next general election, or previous to a special election called for that purpose, that they will submit the question to the electors of said county whether such county high school shall be established. The management of the school is placed in the hands of a board of six trustees, of whom the county superintendent is *ex officio* chairman. This board shall certify to the county commissioners the rate of tax necessary for the maintenance of the school. Said tax shall be levied and collected in the same manner as are other county taxes.

The law further provides for three courses of instruction, each requiring three years for completion—a general course, a normal course, and a collegiate course. The collegiate course fully prepares students for the freshman class of the State University

or any other institution of higher learning in the State. Those graduating from the normal course are entitled to teachers' second-grade certificates, and are admitted to the first year of professional work at the State Normal without further examination.

Several counties have voted on the proposition of establishing a county high school under this law, but so far Dickinson and Atchison are the only ones that have succeeded. The election in which the proposition was submitted to the voters of Dickinson county was a very exciting one, and the high-school proposition played no inconsiderable part. Many felt that the county could not afford to try an experiment which would involve so much expense. There was a great deal of opposition to the establishment of the school, even after the election. Many objected to erecting a building, but better counsel prevailed, and the contract was let for a good building. This building was completed in June, 1889, and in the following September the school opened with an enrollment of sixty-seven students, three-fourths of whom would not have gone to school but for the influence of the county high school. The majority, in fact nearly all of these students, were from the farms and country districts of the county; they had enjoyed no better opportunities than the common school afforded, and their preparation for the duties of life would have ceased with these schools if the high school had not been opened; but now many of these young people, after having enjoyed the advantages of a high-school training, will enter and complete the college and university courses. Their high-school work has not only given them a thorough knowledge of the branches studied, but it has inspired them to a thorough college training. Many of their parents, though abundantly able to do so, could not have been induced a few years ago to send their boys and girls to college; they sent them to the high school because it was near home and would cost but a trifle; but now, having seen the results of the high-school training, they are not only willing but anxious to help

them to higher institutions of learning, and thus many of these young people will have the advantages of a college education who would not have gone to anything higher than a country school. Who would attempt to measure the influence of these trained minds? What a blessing they may be! Besides those who will complete their course in college, is it not safe to say that many who every year would step out on the broad plane of manhood and womanhood, to assume the responsibilities of the same, with only such meager education as the common schools can furnish, will receive a very much more thorough training in these higher schools? Some will take a year's work, some two, and some will take the entire course.

It has not been my privilege to see the school at Effingham, Atchison county, but I have very encouraging reports from it, and have no doubt but it is doing good work. It opened in September, 1891, and reached an enrollment of one hundred and fifty-eight during the year. A letter from the principal says: "Success attended us upon every side, and our people are much pleased."

It has been my privilege to know something of the work of the school in Dickinson county. The school is no longer looked upon as an experiment. All opposition has melted away, and every part of the county is in hearty sympathy with it. The enrollment for the first year reached 137 and the average attendance was 100. Of this enrollment 119 were from the country districts and 18 from the towns of the county. Only 11 lived in Chapman, where the school is located. The enrollment at the beginning of the second year was 85, at the close 170, and the average attendance was 120. School began the third year with 120 students and closed with 180. The whole number of students from outside the county for the three years has been but 15. These are charged a small tuition fee, but to all who live in the county the school is free. Twenty-three of the 24 townships of the county have been represented, and the exception has a good city high school.

There are many who would like to be in the school, but are unable to pass the examination for admission. The examinations are given every year in different parts of the county, usually in about ten places, under direction of committees appointed for that purpose. Similar safeguards are thrown around them as those which attend the county teachers' examinations. The questions are prepared and sent sealed to the chairman of each committee, to be opened on the morning of the examination in the presence of the committee and the applicants. All who make an average of 80 per cent. are given certificates of admission. About 50 per cent. usually fail.

The influence of the county high school upon the country schools has been most excellent. They have been stimulated to better work. The pupils in these schools look forward to the time when they shall complete their course in the common school and receive their certificate of admission to the high school. This very thing has kept many of them in school. It has been an incentive to more regular attendance and better work. On the other hand, the high school has taken from the common school the responsibility and the necessity of teaching the higher branches. A few years ago it was no uncommon thing to go into a school of 30 or 40 pupils and find two or three pupils taking up about one-third of the teacher's time. They were studying physical geography, algebra, &c. This work has now been transferred to the high school, and instead of the teacher giving one-third of his time, or about two months out of six, to the few pupils who are studying the higher branches, he gives this extra time to the grades where it rightfully belongs, thus doing very much more thorough and better work for the great bulk of his pupils. I believe that nothing could have been done in Dickinson county which would have helped the common schools more than the establishment of the county high school. Some might think that with the extra tax for the high school, districts would be inclined to lighten their tax by shortening the terms of their district schools, or by cutting down the teachers'

wages. Not at all. On the contrary, we find that they have done just the opposite. The school terms have lengthened and the average salary for teaching has increased every year. The high school seems to create a general enthusiasm over the county in favor of education. The work done in our schools is very much better, and will continue to get better.

However much we may deplore the fact, it is nevertheless true that many of the common schools are filled with teachers who have never received any training except in the district schools. These young men and women, perhaps I ought to say boys and girls, anxiously looked forward to the time when they should be able to get a certificate to teach school. This was all the preparation they thought of making. The high school will in a large measure do away with this. The young people in Dickinson county already begin to realize that it will be quite difficult for them to step out of the common school into the common school. They must have more than this, and so they think now not of the time when they shall go from the country school into the teacher's profession, but of the time when they shall be able to step into the county high school. If this system of county high schools is properly encouraged, the day will come when it will be just as uncommon for a person with no more than a common-school education to be found teaching in the district schools as it is now for persons to be taken from the grades in our cities and made permanent teachers in these city schools. If the high school is instrumental in bringing about such a change as this, it will have accomplished a great work.

Many of the counties of the State have good city high schools which they think sufficient to meet all the wants of the county. There are many reasons why the city high school, although excellent, cannot take the place of the county high school. The city high school must charge tuition to outside pupils. We need a school which is the property of all and free to all in the county. The city school, however worthy, cannot reach the young peo-

ple as can the county high school, which belongs to the county and must draw its support from the people in general. What we need is some influence which shall so take hold of parents and pupils as to get these young people into school. The county high school is that influence.

Perhaps some one asks why the work of the high school cannot be done in the preparatory course of the college. We answer that many who could be brought into the high school would not go to college. Parents would not send them because it would be much more expensive, and they would have to send away from home. The high school is near them; they can reach it in a few hours. Many of the students spend their Sundays at home; they are more directly under the care of their parents than if they were at college. Again, the school belongs to the county; the people of the county support it; they look upon it as theirs, and they take a great deal more interest in it because of that fact, and send their children to it when they would not send them anywhere else. The expense in sending to this school is quite trifling. Many of the students take a great deal of their provision from home. Some have gone a year for twenty dollars. The average expense has not exceeded forty dollars in any year. After sending to this school for a few years the interest in education is so aroused that these parents are willing to send to the higher institutions of learning, and to create such an interest is one of the objects of the school. The teachers of the high school constantly hold up to their classes the idea that the high-school course means simply a preparation for a higher institution, and that they cannot afford to stop until they have taken the complete college or university course. I have no doubt that if half of the counties of the State had good county high schools the number of students in our State University and other State schools would be double what it is at present.

The interest which the people of the county take in their county high school was demonstrated in some measure by the

interest in the commencement exercises on the 10th of June. They were there from every part of the county. The people of Chapman very kindly stayed away from the graduating exercises in order to make room for those who had come from a distance. The auditorium of the high-school building was packed, the Lutheran church was crowded with an overflow meeting in which the class repeated their orations, and many were unable to get into either building. It is thought that nine hundred persons, nearly all of whom lived outside of Chapman, listened to the graduating class. These went away full of enthusiasm for their school and proud of its success. There were twenty-four graduates, twenty-two of whom, having completed the normal course, were given certificates to teach in the county.

One of the principal difficulties in the way of establishing county high schools is the financial part. Taxes are usually thought to be high, and people feel that they cannot afford to take upon themselves this extra expense. They imagine that the school will cause their taxes to be much higher. In some cases where the matter was before the people for their decision those who were opposed to the establishment of the school, often from selfish motives, have magnified the expense that would be imposed on the tax-payers of the county. In many cases they have managed to defeat the proposition on this very question of finance; for when they strike a man's pocket-book, they have conclusive argument. The expense of this school is not nearly so burdensome as some people are inclined to represent. There is no tax in Dickinson county which is paid more willingly than the county high-school tax. To be sure, it costs something to furnish educational facilities. It takes money to support our common schools; it requires money, and a great deal of it, to make a good college; it also takes money to maintain a good county high school, but this burden is so distributed among the tax-payers that it is scarcely felt at all. It would be a very easy matter for the church to sustain good Christian colleges if all the members would take hold and help;

but this they do not do, and as a result a comparatively few must bear the burden; but Uncle Sam has a very happy way of so distributing these things among the people that they are not burdensome to any. So it is with the county high school: if a few had to pay all the expense, it would be very burdensome; but not so now. The high-school tax is but a very small per cent. of the tax paid.

To show something of the expense, let us look at the cost of the school in Dickinson county for the three years during which it has been in operation. The total cost of the grounds, buildings, fixtures, etc., in round numbers, to date, is \$15,700. These are all now the property of the county, and worth as much and perhaps even more than they cost. The grounds, of course, have been improved with grass, shade trees, etc. The total current expenses for the three years amount to \$13,300. This is an average in round numbers of \$4,400 per year. The assessed valuation of this county is about \$5,000,000. This means that a little less than one-mill levy on the assessed value of the property of this county meets the current expenses of the school for one year. In many of the district schools of the county the school-district tax is twenty mills; the county high-school tax is but one-twentieth as much.

But let us see what this means. The assessed value of the property in Dickinson county is not to exceed one-fourth of the actual value. Now a man whose assessment is \$500 has wealth worth at least \$2,000, and yet this man pays but 50 cents a year to the county high school. In twenty years this man, worth \$2,000, will have paid to the high school \$10; and yet in that time he may have seen three or four of his children grow up and graduate from this same institution. Would anyone but the most unscrupulous call this burdensome? Certainly not.

But take the whole expense for the three years and we find that the grounds, buildings, furniture, apparatus, library of nine hundred excellent volumes, musical instruments (three good pianos and an organ), have cost this man with his two thousand

dollars' worth of wealth the sum of one dollar and fifty cents. Add to this one dollar and fifty cents more for current expenses, and we find that he has paid three dollars towards establishing and maintaining this institution almost at his own door for three years. How insignificant the cost ! How great the advantage ! Who would not gladly pay the few cents extra tax in order that he might enjoy the influence of such an institution as this in his county ?

Now if Dickinson and Atchison counties can support schools upon such a very small tax, why should not every county in the State open to its young men and women an avenue whereby they can step out upon higher planes of usefulness thoroughly equipped for the duties and responsibilities of life ?

May we not hope—have we not reason to believe—that in the county high school we have found “an educational link” which is to enthuse new life into our educational system, inspire our young men and women to a more thorough preparation for the duties of manhood and womanhood, and give us all higher and nobler aspirations to make the most and best of life ?

J. S. FORD.

"THE KANSAS CONFLICT."

THE KANSAS CONFLICT. Gov. Charles Robinson. Harper & Brothers, New York. 1892.

IT is recorded of the wonderful and "perfect" man of the land of Uz, that in his deep tribulation, when beset by reproachful and hypocritical comforters, he, in bitterness of spirit, exclaimed: "Oh, that mine adversary had written a book." Such a book as the pessimistic Job longed for is before us. Could the soul of old John Brown pause for a moment in its immortal march to dip into these pages, or the "Grim Chieftain" appear from his bloody grave to ponder over this record, compiled by a compatriot in a noble struggle, after a quarter of a century of political indigestion, and offered to the public very properly as a "Kansas Conflict," unshorn of partisan spleen and unpurged of bitterness, either might be tempted to exclaim: "How long will ye vex my soul and break me in pieces with words?"

There be histories and histories. Some of them posterity will never read, and there are others, should Mr. Posterity venture on, his temerity will carry with it an appropriate punishment. The writer of "The Kansas Conflict," we believe, in his preface does not claim it to be a history, and therefore it will not be necessary to demonstrate that it is not one. But for certain structural and radical defects too obvious to need enumeration, the book we are reviewing might come under the general head "Biography." Biography, however, is supposed to be devoted to the life of some particular person, but while this book starts out in quite a legitimate autobiographical way, initiating us into the early career of a distinguished person, it unhappily loses both its temper and the thread of its narrative by expatiating on the eccentricities of other two very distinguished gentlemen. The author may be said to "take the lives of three subjects at once," which is rather more than the canons allow, and inflicts a real grievance on the reader. Just as the latter is getting interested in the career of Gov. Robinson, the writer goes off at a

tangent on the exceeding vileness of John Brown and Jim Lane, and unhappily never gets back to his original and legitimate subject.

This is the more to be regretted, as a well-written life of the Governor, whether prepared by himself or somebody else, would be quite an addition to our literature. His career even before he came to Kansas was unique, distinguished and interesting. He gives us a little of it in this book, leaving us to regret that it is so little. Another source of regret is, that it is, in its details, largely made up of extracts. His publishers were certainly entitled to a twenty-five per cent. deduction, or tare, for paste and padding. His quotations from others as to what he said and did may have been dictated by extreme modesty and an unnecessary reverence for the opinions of men who did not know half as much about it as he did, and who wrote too long after the events occurred to be very authentic. We therefore regret the absence of the personal narrative. What a romance in literature to have followed this young enthusiast, a "non-resistant and Abolitionist," a sympathizer at least with Wm. Lloyd Garrison; a land reformer, in his early journey from Worcester and the shadows of Bunker Hill to the Golden Gate. Only once he drops in a little of this personal which might have been so fascinating when he mentions buying in 1849 a cream-colored horse and a clarionet in St. Louis. The cream-colored horse, we believe, perished in the Sacramento riot, and the clarionet was probably neither heard, nor heard from. At all events, when greatness dawned on him, and he becomes a national character, the clarionet is missing. How inspiring it might have been in the Wakarusa war, or soothing amidst the dry proceedings of the Topeka Convention. We have one consoling reflection, however: his vigorous subsequent career demonstrates that he was not like the unhappy piper who "blew out his brains with a clarionet."

We have intimated that the Doctor, in his young youth, was one of the early "only land reformers." If not a disciple of

General Jones, of Philadelphia, he was at least an admirer. "The land should not be bought, and the land should not be sold," but be like the air we breathe, or the water we drink, the property of all the people. Compared with such a theory, the vaticinations of Henry George and his "single-tax theory" dwindle into insignificance. Another even more modern set of land reformers are willing to admit a certain limited ownership coupled with use, so as to encourage improvements and provide easy transfers, but our enthusiastic reformer began life on what may be styled the broader Jones platform, that the earth should not be bought and sold, but be like the air, the water, and public speeches, which are for everybody.

The arrival of such a philosopher at Sacramento was opportune. The squatters who clustered around Sutter's mill were not theorists. They knew little, and cared less about the doctrine of Mexican land grants, or the laws and treaties on which they were founded. They sought to build the city of Sacramento without reference to those who might claim a prior possessory right, and set up their shanties in sublime defiance of Sutter and those who had secured conveyances from him of portions of what he claimed. It was the old, oft-repeated story of "monopolists," with legal and technical rights under the law, and "squatters" who followed

———"the simple plan,
That he might take who had the will,
And he may keep who can."

When our hero appeared in this much-mixed crowd, he grasped the situation and submitted a "whereas" and a "resolution" to the effect that the squatters would protect a man in the possession of one city lot and 160 acres. The doctrine was immensely popular, and he became one of the leading men, and indeed the directing spirit of the hour. They adopted his theories, and he so far renounced his "peace principles" as to ornament himself shortly after with a "Colt's six-shooter rifle." When the sheriff at length proceeded to drive out the squatters, a squatter army

was formed to resist, composed, as he informs us, of fifteen men. This merely demonstrates that there are a great many persons who will vote for a principle, but who will not fight for it. It was little more than half the size of the army with which John Brown invaded Virginia, and yet the latter, we are told, caused the mother of presidents to "tremble through and through." The Sacramento army fared little better, however. It is true the mayor and the auditor were killed, and finally the sheriff; but Captain Maloney, the military leader, was killed, and Director General Robinson left for dead on the field.

Discouraging though this might appear, it was the beginning of the great political career of the author and hero of this book. While lying wounded in the prison-ship he was elected to the Legislature, taking part in the proceedings of the famous "Water Lot Legislature" of California, assisting also to elect to the Senate of the United States John O. Fremont. We wish he had filled more than half the book with the rest of this story. It would have been instructive and fascinating. We know far too little about California, anyway. Occasionally we hear of the Lick Observatory, and Senator Stanford, and the Bank of California, and that institution's great appanages, the Pacific railroads, and its little appanage, the State of Nevada, but California itself remains a land of political mirages and dim uncertainties.

Our hero's achievements did not perish in Sacramento. On his return to the East he had a public reception in Philadelphia, and Gen. Jones introduced him in a glowing tribute in which he declared that he was the "first man who shed blood in the cause of land reform." It is, we think, fair to assume that up to that period he was a faithful and zealous land reformer. We do not think he had accumulated any real estate, not even the one lot and the 160 acres which he had declared in Sacramento to be the measure of human right, and for which he had so heroically fought and bled.

Great events were about to transpire. The slave-property in-

terest, which practically controlled the government, eager to extend and perpetuate its power, secured the repeal of the Missouri compromise and opened the Territory of Kansas to a struggle between freedom and slavery. One of the elements designed to strengthen the Free-State interest was the Emigrant Aid Company. It was a scheme half benevolent and half speculative. Its two chief financial agents were our late lamented Senator Pomeroy and Gov. Robinson. It is quite natural that the Governor should think that this organization was mainly instrumental in making Kansas a free State. The most careless reader of his book will see that to demonstrate this is evidently one of the purposes for which it was written. We do not intend to deny it a fair share, but everybody at all familiar with Kansas history knows that four-fifths of those who struggled to make Kansas a free State had no connection with, or interest in, the Emigrant Aid Company. The Free-State defenders came from all the States, some of them from slave States. Individual enterprise brought them. We are grateful to the Emigrant Aid Company for sending a good infusion of noble New England blood to Kansas. Heroic men and women who came from the freedom-breeding nursery at Plymouth Rock, and the shadow of the Old South Church, to preach freedom, pure government, temperance, and the rights of all mankind; and we are doubly grateful for the fact that very few of them apostatized from their early faith. The Emigrant Aid Company could not unaided, and therefore did not, make Kansas a free State. As a business enterprise it was an utter failure. Had the money, or that part of it invested in aiding the building of towns, been judiciously expended, it ought to have multiplied ten fold, but everybody knows that Emigrant Aid scrip has no value beyond that which it possesses as a curiosity.

The chapter on the Topeka Constitution is a sad failure. The very little that is said about it treats it as a mere means of rallying the people round something. Yet the constitution was formed by all the parties to it with the deliberate intention of

its being the organic law of a State. It began to suffer only when the nominating conventions left three-fourths of the ambitious aspirants for place out in the cold. The Governor's present view of it is evidently an afterthought. He was the head and front of it, and should not have forsaken it. No part of his own record is brighter than his share in the convention that made it and its organization. He stood as the representative of radical Republicanism, honest administration, and economical government. It is, therefore, deeply to be regretted that his chapter on that important event in Kansas history is merely made the vehicle for an assault on the personal and private character of Lane, his rival there, and that, too, twenty-five years after Lane had been placed in his grave.

From the jealousies of the Topeka convention we are carried to the jealousies of the Wakarusa war. What mattered it to this popular Governor, who sat in his upper chamber, so long as this Mordecai Lane drilled the Free-State army towards the south end of Massachusetts street? The border ruffians on the Wakarusa bottom trembled, as their reinforcements had not arrived, and their outpost at Franklin looked over the prairie towards the earthworks, and the drilling companies, in disgust and alarm. Looking back at it from this period of time, it almost appears as if Governor Shannon's mission was not so much to save Lawrence as to let the border-ruffian invaders down easy.

Then we have the Governor's description of the sack of Lawrence. It was a sad occurrence. A disgraceful occurrence for the actors, but not a heroic one for anybody. It seems to be the Governor's notion that if a horde of half-civilized frontiersmen, professing to be a posse, enter a respectable and quiet town, that the proper thing to do is for the citizens to lie supinely on their backs and permit the invaders to bombard, burn, plunder, and insult, and then merely appeal to the moral sense of other towns and cities; pass resolutions, and send round the hat. That plan of non-resistant "suffering long" may not be without its

merits, but our author must not be surprised if there should have been another class who hold that the men of a city or State, who are at all able, should in a more manly way resist such outrages, and defend the homes and the helpless women and children in their care. John Brown was one of that kind; probably Lane was; it is quite certain that a majority of the boys of the Free-State army were, as witness their denunciations of the "safety valve" and their wrath when the "possuming" policy prevailed. Robinson's own policy in Sacramento was certainly not of that kind. We would, therefore, mildly suggest to him that it is a little late in the day for the "non-resistants" to stigmatize the resistants as a lawless, revolutionary gang of murderers. There are two sides to that question. It has even been assumed that no people deserved freedom or safety who dared not defend them. If, then, it is the purpose of this book to deify the pusillanimous, and denounce men of spirit as "revolutionists," we are afraid Governor Robinson's indictment will cover more people than he can well look in the face.

Next comes the attack on John Brown. Instead of the moral hero the people of the United States thought him to be, he was, according to the writer of this book, a hoary-headed, cruel and treacherous murderer. He seems to have a nervous phrensy for tearing the laurels from John Brown. "He was of no use to the Free-State cause." Brown's worst pro-slavery enemy never spoke half so vilely of him as the Governor. Governor Wise, while he hung, yet measured his qualities with respect. Now, what did Brown do?—that is if he did it, for that question is not fairly settled yet. Admitting that he did, four days after the sack and bombardment of Lawrence—he and a handful of men slew some five pro-slavery men on Pottawatomie creek. One of these was a legislator who helped to enact the Draconian code, and another was on the grand jury that furnished the excuse for destroying the Free-State town of Lawrence by indicting hotels, bridges, printing-offices, and other inert and unconscious criminals. Grant that the circumstances were startling and peculiar—the provocation was great. That it struck terror

into the hearts of the pro-slavery aggressors, no one denies. No, Governor, we propose to measure the Sacramento riot and the Pottawatomie affair in a more charitable spirit. When Robinson and fourteen others marched up with firearms through Sacramento to “paint the town red” and overawe the authorities, the courts had already decided the case at issue against the squatters. The part of government held most sacred was against them, and when, defying all these, they proceeded to violence, and the mayor, the auditor and the sheriff were slain in trying to maintain law and order, uncharitable people might say it was cold-blooded murder; and yet the people of Sacramento thought differently. The indictments for murder and revolution were not pressed, and while recovering from his wounds Robinson was elected to the Legislature from the prison-ship. Thus we accept the verdict of the people of Sacramento. And so, Pottawatomie has to be measured with a due regard for all the attendant circumstances. Had it stood alone, humanity might have shuddered. As one of many incidents on both sides, we do not need to look on it as the Governor would have us. We would say to him, moreover, “You cannot rewrite history.” The shadow cannot again go back on the dial-plate of Ahaz. The people of the United States fully understand John Brown. They comprehend his unselfishness, his sternness, his intrepid courage, his protest against the great national sin of slavery, for which he freely gave his life. In an age when a prostituted religion and a false philosophy confronted us, trying to bolster it up, it was consoling to know that we had more than a dozen men willing to file a caveat against that crime of crimes, written in their blood.

In still worse taste is the bitter attack of Robinson on the Lane Brigade during the civil war. Every one knows who was responsible for the attempt to carry Missouri out of the Union. That grand patriot and brave soldier, General Lyon, comprehended the situation and met it. When Governor Jackson had burned the bridges between Jefferson City and St. Louis, and thought himself safe until his scheme of secession was fully

hatched, Lyon, instead of waiting for reinforcements, dashed up the Missouri river in two swift steamboats, drove Jackson from Jefferson City, followed on to Boonville, and scattered the fragments of the rebel army into southwest Missouri and Arkansas. Then the bloody battle of Springfield was fought, and once more the rebel forces started north towards the Missouri river. It was not until then that the "Lane Brigade" took the field. Hating and fearing the military power of Lane, Robinson wrote to Fremont to "take away the Lane Brigade" from the border and he would guarantee that General Price would not molest Kansas. At that moment General Price was marching on Fort Scott, and part of McCulloch's forces were starting to burn and sack Humboldt. The War of the Rebellion in the southwest cannot be treated in this fragmentary manner, however. Before he writes more, let the Governor carefully ponder over the public records of the Rebellion. It would have been better for him had he said less against the brave Kansas troops; but their record can take care of itself.

The closing chapter is a rehash of various things—not much history, but a good deal of "conflict." Then we have a little dab about prohibition and resubmission. That should have been by all means left out. The Governor is a natural-born rigid temperance man, and the livery of resubmission hangs on him like a bad set of harness. If we are to believe him, he is a modern resubmission Democrat. There are varieties of Democrats. Thomas Jefferson, who declared that God made all men equal, would turn up his nose at the "modern Democrat." We doubt if even General Jackson would recognize him. When you come to manufacture them out of men who have been Garrisonian abolitionists, non-resistants, temperance fanatics, etc., the human mind stands aghast at the transmogrification. The development theory of Darwin pales before it, and the metamorphoses of modern scientists are dwarfed when compared with that wonderful creation of our own times, the modern Democrat, calculated for the last decade of the nineteenth century.

WM. A. PHILLIPS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is very gratifying to be able to present to THE AGORA's readers an excellent portrait of the late Mrs. Eugenia Chapman Gillett. It will be treasured in many households, now that the hope of seeing that kindly face is gone. She died at "The Red Rocks," her beautiful home in Emporia, on the 21st ult., of heart failure; aged 50 years. Eugenia Chapman was born at Troy, Ohio, and educated at Glendale College, in Cincinnati. She moved with her parents to Madison, Wisconsin, and there married Hon. Almerin Gillett, who has since become eminent in the West. She came to Emporia a bride in 1868, and resided there ever after. That part of her life which was not given to the home was devoted to the study and practice of literature. The published work from her pen is not voluminous, yet there is enough to have given her an established reputation in literary ways. Above all, she was a patron of good literature. No pain was too severe or duty too great to prevent a kind word of commendation and encouragement to those who needed it. When the news of her death came, I gathered all her letters to me during the past two years and read them over. A balmy odor comes from them now. When they came there was healing in their wings—soothing and strengthening. In one she sent a sonnet—the first she had ever put on paper, signed, and acknowledged. She wrote, "I send it

to you," and I had thought never to publish it, but I cannot refrain from giving it to the world now, in memory of her. The opening page contains it. It is not a great sonnet—first ones are seldom great—but it is good in theme and thought and form. I never saw Mrs. Gillett—all that tells me of her lies before me now, but from that I know that the passing of such a woman through this life leaves a lingering fragrance that is very lasting and very sweet.

It is strange that none of our Kansas poets has yet given us an inspired breath from the prairies. Many have felt it, yet none has caught it. There is beauty on every side this summertime, and it is to be hoped that in the contemplation of it some poet has received a thought from God, and will tell us of it in a new song. The memory of it may be the inspiration. In truth, it ought to be, for then the setting would give the gem an added luster. Keats sang of the nightingale far from its haunts, and Lanier wept over the marshes long after he had become too weak to embrace the live-oaks that grew by them. And so, perhaps, some of our singers who have gone over the sea will bring back in form the memory of home, which we know they are cherishing. It is very noticeable that many of the verse-writers of Kansas are beginning to realize what poetry is, or at least what it is like, and the

result is becoming very apparent. Even if we are not getting more good verse—which is not true—we are certainly burdened with less doggerel. “Prairie songs” which are not prairie songs are fewer, and, as they say of the crops, the outlook is encouraging. In the study of the great poets, one cannot help imagining which would have been most inspired by the beauty which surrounds us. It is said that Keats would stand for hours on a hill watching the waving fields, utterly oblivious of all companions and surroundings. What elevation of soul must he have attained could he have seen what we have looked upon in that way! Yet Keats did not tell us of it. Perhaps he would have done so had he found the time and strength to disclose half that was in his heart.

THIS brings Shelley to mind, and the fact that about the time this note is being read the world will be paying tribute to his memory by celebrating the hundredth anniversary of his birth. There is much in Kansas that would have found a responsive chord in his breast, and to every response he would have given expression. In poetry he would have sung to more winds than one, and in politics he would have reveled in the St. Louis platform. His politics, though, would have been practical in its method of expression, at least. He would have done more than write political theses to show his sympathy for the poor; he would have sold all that he had and given the money to them. It was that kind of evidence of sincerity in Shelley that made the world forget a multitude of sins. With the people who have been foremost in the so-called reform movement of to-day he would have

found little sympathy. Shelley was a gentleman. He was not afraid of contamination from the oppressed, but he respected them too much to put dirt on himself in order to be like them. It is not for his wild schemes, though, that we do him honor. All that he wrote and did in his efforts to revolutionize religion, the home, Ireland, and the relations between the rich and the poor, would not have saved his name from oblivion. But he found a better way to elevate his fellow-men. He climbed far up among the clouds toward the summit of Parnassus, and mankind has found inspiration in endeavoring to reach him. He who has failed to make the effort has missed much in literature.

If the prohibitory amendment were to be resubmitted to a vote to-morrow it is probable that it would be expunged from the constitution. There is nothing more despicable than an unenforced law. If crime cannot be prevented, then it ought to be regulated. A majority of the citizens of this State has concluded that the law does not prevent the sale of liquor, and hence desires to see it regulated. Every honest man knows that whisky is harmful, and ought not to be sold for a beverage; he knows that the law preventing its sale can be enforced; he also knows that the reason for its non-enforcement lies wholly with the officers. Notwithstanding he knows all this, in some way he has become more disgusted with the law than with its officers, and consequently is clamoring for high license. Prohibition may not be a political issue, but just so long as mayors will violate their oaths, police judges drag what little

ermine they wear in the filth, and public prosecutors become corrupt, it must enter into the election of these officers. Voters have been blinded with trumped-up issues about bonds and improvements and everything else, until the liquor men have got into power all over the State. Here comes in the careless voting. Men are thoughtless; they have stayed away from the polls until now the amendment is in danger. The true remedy for this state of affairs is very evident, but there is very little probability of its being applied. The third-party Prohibitionists will go on making themselves disgusting to mankind generally, until some day we shall wake up to the fact that Kansas has tried to do something and failed. In the meantime, let us be thankful for the Keeley cure.

THE latest addition to Kansas bibliography is "LETTERS," by Hon. Chas. F. Scott, the same being "a plain record of the impressions made by foreign and famous scenes upon the mind of one Kansas born and bred," the preface says. Those parts of the book which are what the preface says they are, charm the reader. The other parts were just as charming when we first heard them, but the time has now come when it is not necessary for a man to go to Europe to tell us that Westminster Abbey contains the bones of John Milton, and the British Museum exhibits *Magna Charta*. The first foreign letter is about London, and it is very discouraging, but fortunately there are no other letters like it. The more you read the more you will want to read, and therein is the best evidence of the book's value. There are many delightful bits of per-

sonal effect, tenderly expressed, which make one feel that Mr. Scott is the kind of a man to know intimately. The preface cuts off all criticism on the literary form of the work. Taking the book as a whole, it is a credit to Kansas. There are many people in Kansas who ought to buy it and read it, but few will do so. Kansas people do not buy Kansas books. Most of us think we are prominent enough to get the book for nothing, and if we do not, why, then, we get cross because we are not appreciated.

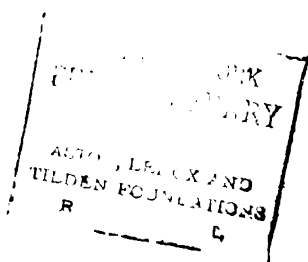
THE most respectable publication that has ever come from a Kansas press is *The Kansas University Quarterly*, the first number of which appears this month under the auspices of a committee of publication from the faculty. It will be maintained by the University as a medium for the publication of the results of original research by its members. The articles must contain, in some degree, positive contributions to knowledge. A glance at the table of contents has a tendency to take a layman's breath away. However, every Kansan should be proud of the State's ability to put forth a publication of that kind. The present number contains KANSAS PTERODACTYLS, PART I, (*S. W. Williston*); KANSAS MOSASAURS, PART I, (*S. W. Williston and E. C. Case*); NOTES AND DESCRIPTIONS OF SYRPHIDÆ, (*W. A. Snow*); NOTES ON MELITERA DENTATA GROTE, (*V. L. Kellogg*); and DIPTERA BRASILIANA, PART II, (*S. W. Williston*).

If there is anything on earth that has a tendency to make a man get red in the face and use expletives, it is to

receive a book and with it a note from the author, saying, "The book and author are both Kansas productions, which may account for some of the defects." Since when has it become true that Kansas is responsible for bad books and bad men? It is getting about time for some people in this State to realize that whatever is good in Kansas is good in Massachusetts, and whatever is bad in Massachusetts is bad in Kansas, whether it be a book, or a man, or a horse, or a cow. This shifting the responsibility for a book on the State is cowardly, and if a man born in Kansas is liable to be defective, then proper precautions ought to be taken. The book in question is "The Jayhawkers; A Tale of the Border War. Kansas in the Early Days." The author is Mr. T. B. Ferguson. In the last chapter (XXXIII, p. 413) the author says: "This effort, commenced without a defined purpose, and perhaps ended without results, is now over. We are aware of but one thing, and that is that we had a good story to tell, but if it has been badly told, it is our misfortune, and not our fault." The story has been badly told. There can be no doubt about that. If it be not the author's fault, then the blame must be cast upon the man who told him he could write a book.

THE next number of THE AGORA will contain an article by Hon. John Guthrie on Governor Green—one of a series of his "Recollections of the Legislature of 1868." Governor Green is an important figure in the political and religious history of Kansas. His memory is revered by all Kansas Methodists, and to them these remi-

niscences will be invaluable. It is hoped that Judge Guthrie will find the health and time to write a history of the State. He has stored away in his office and mind much rare material, most of which has never been published, and some that has been long forgotten. The State needs a history—not a "herd-book" nor a political thesis, but a true statement of facts. But for fear we may not get the history complete, the Judge has kindly consented to give the readers of THE AGORA a part of it. He was a member of the Legislature of 1868. This Legislature was distinguished for the number of its strong men. Samuel J. Crawford was Governor; Nehemiah Green was Lieut. Governor; Samuel A. Kingman was Chief Justice; L. D. Bailey and Jacob Safford were Associate Justices; Rev. Peter McVicar, D. D., now President of Washburn College, was then State Superintendent of Public Instruction; James M. Harvey, B. F. Simpson, John M. Price and P. P. Elder were State Senators; Preston B. Plumb, George W. Glick, George Graham, Harrison Kelley, J. B. Johnson, Col. Jennison, J. D. Snoddy, Samuel D. Lecompte, Isaac Sharp, John K. Wright, W. H. Smallwood, and other prominent men were members of the House of Representatives; John M. Price, S. A. Riggs and James McCahon were the commissioners appointed to prepare and report the code of laws for the State. These are the men who have done most toward making a State, and the story of their doings a quarter of a century ago cannot fail to be interesting. Dr. Lippincott will furnish an extended note in connection with the article on Governor Green.





GOVERNOR GREEN,

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RECOLLECTIONS OF THE KANSAS LEGISLATURE OF 1868.

I.—LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR NEHEMIAH GREEN.

NEHEMIAH GREEN, the subject of this sketch, was born at Grassy Point, Hardin county, Ohio, March 8, 1837, where he lived in his father's family on a farm till 1855. In that year, a lad of 18, he came to Kansas with his two brothers, William F. Green, now of Nashville, Tenn., and Hon. Louis F. Green, of Baldwin City, and engaged in the conflict between the pro-slavery propagandists and the Free-State party. After a year's residence in the State of his adoption he returned to Ohio, in 1856, and immediately entered the Ohio Wesleyan University, located at Delaware. He entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1860, as a member of the Ohio Conference, and September 9th of the same year, at Oxford, Ohio, was ordained deacon by Bishop Matthew Simpson. He received elders' orders September 11, 1864, at Greenfield, Ohio, at the hands of the venerable Bishop T. A. Morris. Mr. Green enlisted in the Eighty-ninth Ohio Regiment of Volunteer Infantry in 1862, and was commissioned a first lieutenant of Company B of that regiment. He served in the campaign in Kentucky, in the fall of 1862, against Gen. Kirby Smith, but on account of hemorrhage of the lungs and failing health he was compelled to leave the army. In 1863 he partially recovered his health and re-entered the service in the One Hundred and Fifty-third Ohio Regiment of Volunteer Infantry, and remained in the service till the close of the war.

The civil war ended, Mr. Green immediately returned to Kansas, and entered at once into the effective duties of his church, as pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, at Manhattan. At the November election, however, of 1866, he was elected Lieutenant-Governor of the State, and in this capacity he presided over the Senate during the session of 1868, while his brother, Louis F., was a Senator from Douglas county.

The popularity of Governor Green, and the amazing rapidity with which settlers flocked to the new State of Kansas in the years immediately following the war, are shown in the following facts. The whole number of votes polled for Lieutenant-Governor in 1866 was 27,556, and of these votes Green received 19,579, while James R. McClure, his competitor, received but 7,977. At the November election in 1890 there were 294,345 votes cast for Lieutenant-Governor, or an increase in twenty-four years of more than one thousand and seventy-five per cent.

Governor Green was a man of medium stature, with heavy auburn hair, full beard, and was a fluent, eloquent and convincing speaker. His political addresses were interspersed with anecdotes and sparkled with wit and humor; but in the performance of all his duties, as soldier, citizen, or ecclesiastic, he was candid, sincere, generous, and faithful. As President of the Senate he was just, amiable, and courteous, and presided with dignity and ability. On one occasion, however, there was a bill before the Senate, on its third reading, that interested the church people of the State. The ministers generally were interested in the passage of the bill, for it was believed to be in the interest of good morals. Some of the Senators concluded that they might indulge a joke at the expense of the Lieutenant-Governor, by voting against the bill. The Senate was composed of twenty-four members, and the constitution required the votes of thirteen Senators to pass a bill. When the bill was read by the Secretary for final passage and he commenced to call the roll, the friends of the Lieutenant-Governor commenced voting against the bill, and the bill only received seven affirma-

tive votes, and fifteen Senators had voted in the negative; but from the conduct of the Senators, he divined that they were voting against the bill at his expense. When the roll was completed, with characteristic wit, and a smile lighting up his face, he declared that seven Methodists having voted for the bill, and fifteen Senators having voted against it, the bill passed. The Senators immediately changed their votes from the negative to the affirmative.

In the summer and fall of 1868, the Indians went on the war-path, and invaded the State. They killed and outraged peaceful citizens, destroyed their crops, burned their cabins, and carried away their stock. Col. George A. Forsythe, of the U. S. Army, had an engagement with the Indians September 17th, on the north fork of the Republican. The engagement lasted eight days, and among the killed were Lieut. F. H. Beecher and Surgeon John H. Moore, of the regular army. Four citizens were killed, one wounded, and two women were carried away into captivity by the Indians. From the Republican to the Arkansas river, the wild Cheyennes and Arapahoes of the Indian country adjoining the State on the south were killing the white settlers and pillaging central and western portions of the State. The war department authorized Gen. P. H. Sheridan, then commanding at Fort Hays, to call on Gov. Samuel J. Crawford for a regiment of volunteer cavalry for six months' service, and on Oct. 10, 1868, Gov. Crawford issued his proclamation for a regiment to serve six months against the Indians, under Gen. Sheridan. Crawford's regiment of cavalry was mustered into the service of the United States at Topeka, November 4th, and Crawford resigned the office of Governor, and thereupon Gov. Green took upon himself the oath as chief magistrate of the State. Governor Green appointed Crawford Colonel, H. L. Moore of Lawrence Lieutenant-Colonel, William C. Jones of Iola, R. W. Jenkins of Vienna, and Charles Dimon of Fort Scott, Majors of the Nineteenth Kansas Regiment, and Crawford and his command struck their tents at Topeka and marched away to

join Sheridan in the Indian country south of Kansas, and engaged in that memorable campaign that ever after secured peace to the State and safety against predatory Indian raids. Governor Green faithfully and ably served the State as its chief executive until January 12, 1869, when he was succeeded by Governor James M. Harvey.

Governor Green was of the best type of manly men. When the sanguinary strife between the friends of freedom and slavery in Kansas was engaging the attention of the civilized world, he left a peaceful, Christian home in Ohio, a mere boy, and came to the scenes of strife and conflict for the purpose of contending for freedom and justice. While his life was tempered with liberal sentiments and enlarged views for the political and religious opinions of all others, he was inspired by the courage of his convictions to contend for and defend his own convictions of right and justice. Like the followers of Cromwell, Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, and the pilgrim fathers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, he was ready to contend for the right and his convictions as he saw them, with the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other. As out of the austerities of the middle ages came the renaissance and the heroic struggle between Charles I and his chivalrous followers and the parliamentary party led by Cromwell and the Puritans—a struggle for liberty of conscience—so out of the cruelties of human slavery came the struggle between slave-owners and freedom. Montgomery, Brown and the Free-State settlers, with whom was associated Green, like the Puritans of the seventeenth century, had the courage of their convictions. King Charles stifled the conscience of his subjects and destroyed freedom of thought. Parliament, under the lead of Cromwell, fought for religious liberty, and the sequel was that Charles lost his head in 1649. The slaveholders of America contended for the ownership of the labor and control of the liberty and conscience of millions of human beings. The intelligence, virtue and conscience of the nineteenth century could not be enslaved or stifled by the

special pleading or subtle reasoning of that school of statesmen led by Calhoun, Toombs, and Davis, and it came to pass that the first shot fired by the slaveholders at Fort Sumter was the signal of that storm that stripped the shackles from every human slave in America.

"If I could only hang a Bible to the equipment of my troopers, I could do with them all that Cromwell did with his ironsides," was the language of one of the great soldiers engaged in leading the struggle for German ideal. Two centuries earlier, such were the sentiments of the legions led by Gustavus Adolphus, who fought his battles with Bibles at the saddle-bow. Among the German-speaking people, Luther is perpetuated in Handel, and technically his "Feste Burg" is the first note of the "Inspirate," in "I know that my Redeemer liveth." With the German the idea is the fact. Professor Levi Bruhl, in his exhaustive and philosophical examination of the rise of the German empire, traces its creation to German thought. The leaders of German thought unchained the idea from the bondage where it had been for centuries, and by the valor of their arms set it free. They reinstated the past, even to its legendary sources, and evoked the memory of heroic ages and which had still to inspire the present, and recreate what had once so splendidly lived. This life is, in truth, the German idea in its utmost truth. It was life and power that these men wanted, the life born in them, from the earliest hour, and kept sacred through all time by their poetry, their song and their native tongue.

With Green and others of his type, the idea, "Whence comes the fact?" marked the line of duty and action. With him the only question was, "Where does duty lead?"—whether as citizen or soldier. When the line of duty was determined, all other considerations were beyond the dominion of debate or doubt. His patriotic and Christian convictions led him wherever duty called, without stopping to count the cost. But for the exposure and hardships he endured in the army, it is within the range of probabilities that he would have been spared to his family and church and enjoyed the fruits of a ripe age.

Governor Green never recovered from the disease he contracted in the army, in the line of duty. When he left the executive office at the capitol, he retired from political life, and devoted his few remaining years to his family and the church. At the meridian of his manhood he was an incurable invalid, and his life ebbed rapidly away. During three years preceding his death he was confined to his house, full of hope, but resigned to his fate, patiently awaiting the final summons. March 6, 1889, when his conference was holding its annual session at Lawrence, he wrote to his Bishop and the members of his conference the letter that expressed the faith, hopes and convictions of his short, active life.

Rev. J. A. Lippincott, D.D., LL.D., formerly Chancellor of the State University and now pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church at Topeka, at the request of the writer kindly prepared the scriptural notes to this last epistle of Governor Green.

On Sunday, January 12, 1890, at his home in Manhattan, surrounded by his family and Christian friends, while a severe snow storm was prevailing, about the hour of eleven in the forenoon, God's finger touched him, and he who had suffered so long and endured so much from 1862 to 1890, was at rest. The weary Christian soldier was at last free from pain and suffering. On an eastern sunny slope in the cemetery west of Manhattan, he was buried by his kindred and neighbors, January 13, 1890, with the flag he had followed through Kentucky and up the Kanawha, wrapped about him.

Gov. Green left surviving him his widow, Mary S. Green, daughter of Josiah and Hannah W. Sturtevant, and Glenzen S., Effie H., Alice M., Bet W., and Ned M., his children; and William F. Green of Nashville, Tenn., Louis F. Green of Baldwin City, and George S. Green of Manhattan, his brothers.

In the constellation of young men of the commonwealth of Kansas, Gov. Green was a conspicuous soldier, statesman, and citizen, devoted to the new civilization of the West and the glory

of the young State of his adoption. The present generation is too near the stormy times and tragic struggles in which he and others were the actors to appreciate his merit or worth to the world. Many of his comrades and compeers engaged in the great struggle of the centuries for a better civilization and human rights, have joined him in the undiscovered country. But this entire generation of men must be gathered to their fathers before the world will do him or them justice, or understand the great sacrifice that was made or the magnitude of the struggle and the hardships endured and the benefits secured to the human race. Washington and his citizen soldiers were maligned and characterized as land-grabbers, corruptionists and mendicants by the generation that followed the American independence. The motives and patriotism of Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, Franklin and other statesmen whose wisdom, statesmanship and patriotism created and produced the Federal constitution, were challenged by their ambitious and envious countrymen. The British soldiers commanded by British officers were accorded more respect from many American citizens than Washington's patriotic soldiers, and so strong was this sentiment that for years after the treaty of peace between Great Britain and the American Congress had been concluded and exchanged, the British army continued to occupy American garrisons and refused to withdraw from American soil.* Afterward the smouldering sentiments in favor of the British crown and against the fruits of the great struggle of seven years for American independence, found expression in various political schemes and conspiracies for many years.

More than a quarter of a century has elapsed since Lee's army surrendered to Grant at Appomattox, and in the light of

*As late as February, 1786, three years after the treaty of peace between Great Britain and the American Congress had been concluded and exchanged, at the request of merchants and fur traders the garrison of Oswego and others continued to be occupied by British troops in violation of the treaty rights of the American States. (Bancroft's History of the Constitution of the United States, p. 151.)

the events of the greatest struggle of all the centuries and the social and political benefits secured to the world, the fruit of the struggle is not yet appreciated. While the world accepted the final arbitrament of arms, it cannot be said that the soldiers who followed Lincoln and Grant into the jaws of death are more respected and honored by the American people than the soldiers of Lee and Johnson. The surviving actors on both sides of the struggle and their friends, whether sincere or acting from impure motives, are yet in the forum of debate.*

The citizen soldiers who answered the call of Lincoln for volunteers and to arms for the purpose of preserving the integrity of the Union of the States are in their old age characterized as mendicants and public plunderers, as the soldiers who followed the fortunes of Washington were characterized for more than a generation succeeding the treaty of peace between the British crown and the Continental Congress. The political enemies of John Brown, James Montgomery and James H. Lane continue to empty the vials of wrath upon their dust, and bring reproach upon their memories.† But in this year of grace there is perhaps no American who would care to have his ancestry traced back to the wealthy Tory families in New England of 1776; and so will time hide from public view the memory of the men who with arms in their hands sought to destroy the life of the nation by civil war, 1861-65. As the world now admires and cherishes the struggles and virtues of Leonidas and his band of heroes at the passage of Thermopylæ, and Washington's patriotic army marching over frozen ground with bleeding feet in

*The political party led by Senator W. A. Peffer and Congressmen Otis, Clover, Simpson and Baker, 1892, for the purpose of emphasizing the fact that that party venerates and respects the rebel citizen soldier equally as well as the Federal soldier, put in nomination for Congressman-at-large in Kansas, W. A. Harris, an officer in the Confederate army, as the competitor of ex-Gov. Geo. T. Anthony, a gallant Union soldier during the late civil war. Anthony was first nominated by the Republican party for Congressman-at-large, and the People's party, for the purpose of matching him afterward, placed Harris in nomination as their standard-bearer, while he was in Europe.

† "The Kansas Conflict." — Gov. CHARLES ROBINSON.

the struggle for American independence and human rights, so will the unborn generations of the coming centuries admire and revere the citizen soldiers who obeyed the call of Lincoln and followed Grant and Sherman and Sheridan and Logan through the fortunes of war for the preservation of the nation. And in this commonwealth, at least, through the mist of receding years the name of Green will be seen as a bright star in the horizon, and the sweet incense of his virtues and noble character will come down and remain a legacy to the State and to coming generations.

JOHN GUTHRIE.

To the Presiding Bishop and Members of the Kansas Annual Conference, in session at Lawrence, March, 1889 :

DEAR BRETHREN—I am surely entering the Valley of the Shadow of Death (a), and I send back, almost from the borders of an eternal world, this greeting to my brethren in the ministry. Say to Bishop Ninde, I rejoice in his renewed strength. I have been apprehensive on account of his health; I pray that he may be long spared to the church. Give him my best benediction and farewell.

Tell the brethren of the conference that I have fathomed all the depths of suffering; but the long and unequal struggle will soon be over, and I shall lay down as weary a head as ever rested on the bosom of Divine compassion. I shall soon know more of the mysteries of death and destiny, and whether it is the folding of wings or the pluming of pinions for a loftier flight. Tell them in my affliction I have been wonderfully sustained by Divine grace and constantly cheered with the "hope of home and heaven o'er yonder sky." Like the prophet, when he stood with the captives down by the side of the river Chebar, "The heavens were opened and I saw visions of God" (b). Tell them not to be weary in well-doing, for in due season they shall reap if they faint not (c); to quit themselves like men and be strong (d) and brave. Tell them to sigh not beneath the juniper shade (e), but to sow beside all waters (f), to push on the conquests of Calvary to the ends of the earth, looking for their reward when the angel reapers (g) shall come to shout home the harvest of seed sown in tears and watered in sorrow (h). Tell them to lift up in all lands that standard (i) which is gathering the veneration and hopes of the tossed and toiling millions of the earth. Tell them a better day is coming.

It seems to me, as I stand amid the solemnities of a receding world, the fruition of many promises is about to be realized. The watchman seems to whisper, "The morning cometh" (j), and the dawn of a new day is breaking in the east. The handful of corn has been sown on the mountain-top (k), and its fruitage begins to wave in all lands like the forests of Lebanon. The little stone cut out of the mountain without hands (l) will yet fill the whole earth. The kingdoms of this world (m) will surely become the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ. The great potential agency in the accomplishment of this

work is the church of God and His ordained ministry. Tell them to lift their eyes, look on the whitened fields (*n*), and then to dare and do until death. And I will wait and watch for them over the river. Ask them to continue me in the superannuated relation until I am made effective in the church triumphant. Give them my last, my long and loving farewell, until we meet beyond the realm of suffering and sorrow.

N. GREEN.

MANHATTAN, KANSAS, March 6, 1889.

NOTES.

(*a*) "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."—Psalms 23:4.

(*b*) "Now it came to pass in the thirtieth year, in the fourth month, in the fifth day of the month, as I was among the captives by the river of Chebar, that the heavens were opened, and I saw visions of God."—Ezek. 1:1.

(*c*) "And let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."—Gal. 6:9.

(*d*) "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong."—I Cor. 16:13.

(*e*) "But he himself went a day's journey into the wilderness, and came and sat down under a juniper tree; and he requested for himself that he might die, and said: It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life; for I am not better than my fathers were."—I Kings 19:4.

(*f*) "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters."—Isaiah 32:30.

(*g*) "The harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels."—Matt. 13:39.

(*h*) "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—Psa. 126:6.

(*i*) "Lift up a standard for the people."—Isa. 62:10.

(*j*) "He calleth to me out of Seir, Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night: if ye will inquire, inquire ye: return: come."—Isa. 21:11, 12.

(*k*) "There shall be a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon; and they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth."—Psa. 72:16.

(*l*) "Thou sawest till that a stone was cut out without hands, which smote the image upon his feet that were of iron and clay, and brake them to pieces. . . . And in the days of these things shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed, and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand forever. Forasmuch as thou sawest that the stone was cut out of the mountain without hands, and that it brake in pieces the iron, the brass, the clay, the silver, and the gold; the great God hath made known to the king what shall come to pass hereafter."—Dan. 2:34, 44, 45.

(*m*) "And the seventh angel sounded; and there were great voices in heaven saying, The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign forever and ever."—Rev. 11:15.

(*n*) "Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."—John 4:35.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF GOVERNOR GREEN.

GOVERNOR GREEN spent most of his Kansas life in Manhattan. He was here as pastor of the M. E. Church, then kept his residence here while Lieutenant-Governor and Governor, and afterwards when presiding elder of the district. He was noted for his keen wit, his readiness at retort, and general brightness and quickness of intellect. The community is filled with the impression as to his powers of repartee and sharpness of criticism and as to his playful humor, and yet it is hard to gather up definite statements. We can give a few of the many stories that illustrate his character. While pastor of the Manhattan church he purchased some town lots, and it was reported that he made a good deal of money, and some of the church supporters were slow in paying their subscriptions. When conference came the presiding elder asked him if his salary had been paid, and he replied that everything was square. The elder was afterward told by Judge Pipher, the leading layman of the church, that the congregation was back some \$200 in the salary. Mr. Green was then asked to explain his statement, and the elder asked him if the people had paid him the money, and his reply was: "What was lacking in cash had been largely made up in good advice."

While he was pastor a somewhat noted local character, of unsavory reputation, who had some political aspiration, told Mr. Green that he had about decided to join the church, and he had selected the Methodist as the one that would suit him best. The minister said with all due solemnity: "Mr. W——, there is no vacancy in the Methodist Church. When there is one I will inform you."

Another man ambitious for political honors called upon him one day, and after discussing the situation, said: "Mr. Green, it now looks as if things had so shaped themselves that either

you or I will have to be a candidate for the State Senate." Mr. Green answered, "Do you mean to say that it is necessary that one of us must announce himself as a candidate?" "Yes, sir." "Well, then," Mr. Green said in his shrill tone and with characteristic twinkle of the eye, "I will be a candidate." This was hardly the programme of the visitor, but he could only accept the situation.

The Governor was very keen in seeing how things could be made to appear ludicrous. He told his friends that he had to make a constant struggle to keep from saying things that might be interpreted wrongly, and said that his joking habit had lost him a good many friends.

At a Methodist conference a temperance meeting was held. Governor St. John was invited to speak, and told the story that when a citizen of Illinois he had violated the fugitive slave law by feeding and lodging a runaway slave. When he was arrested, he plead guilty, but was discharged by the court.

Governor Green was the next speaker. He told of a police judge of Manhattan. A man was arrested for selling whisky, and brought before him, and plead guilty, and the judge discharged him. One of the citizens asked him to explain how he could discharge such an offender when he plead guilty, and he answered that the man was such an infernal liar that he could believe nothing that he said even when he plead guilty.

When he was Governor, Rev. D. P. Mitchell was chaplain of the penitentiary. He came to Topeka with a good many complaints about affairs at the State prison. After hearing his statement, he said: "Well, Brother Mitchell, the law gives the Governor but little jurisdiction over this institution, but one thing I *can* do—I can *pardon you out!*"

One time, at least, the people had a chance to enjoy a laugh at the Governor's expense. A religious revival was in progress in Manhattan. At one of the meetings the Governor's son, a very small boy, said that he would like to ask their prayers for his father, and said: "I don't think he exactly swears, but he sometimes does use some awful big words."

Some years ago the Manhattan jail was full of prisoners, most of them noted horse-thieves and robbers. The leader of the gang was a Cherokee Indian named Salteska. He was a powerful man, and one evening when the jailer brought the prisoners' supper the Indian knocked him down and the whole party escaped. The whole town was excited. Governor Green was at that time in broken health, and was sitting on his porch and saw Salteska going by. Without hesitation he ran after him, and grasped him by the coat collar and called him to stop. The Indian without much effort freed himself from his coat and ran on. When people reached the Governor he was standing panting for breath in the street, and said: "It has come to a pretty pass that I am compelled to hold a thief's coat while he runs away."

At one of the elections for county officers, the reports that first came in indicated the defeat of one of them. The wife of this candidate came and reported to the Governor that her husband was defeated, and expressed her bitter disappointment over the result. The Governor questioned her closely as to the news; and found the returns were in from the neighborhoods her husband had visited and of which he had made a careful canvass. He said, "Cheer up; the votes are yet to be given from the places your husband did not visit—they may show a different result"; and sure enough, they elected him.

During Governor Green's long illness there were times when he would lie on a couch near the front door of his home. One day in response to a knock, he called for the visitor to come in, and found that he was a book agent, one of the persistent kind. The man spent some time in expressing sympathy for the sick man, and finally asked him what was the matter. Mr. Green replied, "You have heard that the small-pox is around," and drew up his sleeve and showed an eruption on his arm, and added, "The doctors have not decided that I have the small-pox, but what do you think of that?" Before he got his question fairly out of his mouth his visitor was frantically rushing out of the house and yard in the most unceremonious way.

During the Governor's service in the Kansas Legislature he had a sharp controversy with the redoubtable James T. Legate, in which the latter with a sense that he was worsted shouted out, "Go to h—l!" Mr. Green with great dignity replied: "The gentleman increases in magnanimity as he increases in age. This is the first time in my life he has ever invited me to go to his home with him."

It was the writer's privilege to visit Governor Green many times during the last three or four years of his life. During all this time he was expecting death. He retained his brightness and cheerfulness to the last. He maintained a wide interest in the events of the day, and was remarkably posted on current affairs. No event of importance in the religious or political world seemed to escape his notice, and everything was discussed with the greatest keenness. He had large and hopeful views of the future of our country and the triumph of our free institutions. Not very long before his death he said to his brother, "George, I want a flag placed where I can see it." His brother procured a large National flag and it was festooned on the wall opposite his bed. He was much affected, and made an apostrophe to it, saying, "Old Flag, I have followed you!" and then enumerated battles where, as a soldier, he had stood by the banner of the Nation.

He directed the attention of all of his visitors to the flag, and had many things to say, suggested by its presence, of the affairs of our country.

Death seemed a long time coming to one so ready and willing to meet him. He said one day to Judge Spilman: "I have heard that when men are ready and willing to die, and think they are going to die, that death comes; but for some time this has been the case with me. I am no longer of use in the world, and yet I cannot go." We are told that Charles the Second asked his attendants to excuse him because he was such an unconscionable time dying. Governor Green, while not treating death lightly, made the death-chamber a place of

brightness. One day he asked Rev. Mr. Embree to feel his pulse and then asked, "Is that not a very strong pulse to go and leave?"

His last message to the members of the Methodist conference was a triumphant confession of his faith and hopes in full view of the end of this life, and in daily expectance of putting off the clay tabernacle.

D. C. MILNER.

WILL A SERVICE PENSION DEGRADE THE VETERAN IN PUBLIC ESTEEM?

I.

OUR system of pensions is calculated to make beneficiaries of three classes of veterans. First, the recipient of wounds received in the line of duty. Second, such as contracted disease in the service. Third, those suffering from disability, regardless of cause, save their own vicious habits.

The question here propounded contemplates a fourth class, presumably the veterans who were neither stricken by the hand of disease, nor the fleet-winged messenger of lead. The living examples of men who occupy standing-room on the ground floor of this fourth classification are multitudinous. Amongst them will be found heroes of every battle-field from Phillippi to Appomattox. Likewise some whose perfections of physical manhood withstood even the destroying influences of prison life in Andersonville. Here will be found men of culture, of brain as well as brawn, statesmen, scientists, veritable sons of Mars, serving their country to-day; and last but not least, quiet, unpretentious men, who see their comrades of the other three classes, none of whom, perhaps, did better service for his country than they, receiving benefits from the government from which they are barred. Why should their readmission to the ranks of their former comrades who have their names on the pay-roll be denied them? Solely I answer, for economic reasons, and not through a policy of discrimination. If this conclusion is correct, the justice of passing a service-pension act will not be questioned, nor should the acceptance of its benefits tend in the least degree to degrade the veteran in public esteem. That abuses in the pension system of to-day exist, no one will deny, but the unfriendly criticisms indulged in by an indiscriminating

public, at the expense of the old soldier who draws a pension, is more the result of ignorance, I trust, than a disposition to show disrespect to the Nation's defenders. How many who sneeringly allude to pensioners as "coffee-coolers," as a "horde of hungry mendicants feeding at the public table," are cognizant of the fact that 93,410 of the men who enlisted in the Union army died from wounds, that 210,926 died from sickness, that 285,545 were discharged for disability, and that 371,541 were non-fatally wounded, making, as stated by Surgeon Crawford, a "grand total of 961,420 killed, wounded, and disabled, or over four-ninths of the total number of men in the army." A casualty list such as this, is simply appalling in retrospect; but suppose it were prospective and inevitable, how many of those who are inclined to belittle the great struggle, and the dangers and hardships which men encountered, would be willing to subject their own precious lives to this test, even under the alluring promises held out of \$13 per month, paid in depreciated currency, and a "service pension" to survivors at the expiration of thirty years?

It is asserted by the opponents of our beneficiary system, that the wholesale pensioning of the ex-Union soldiers, and even the partial pensioning as it exists to-day, induces pauperism, and they dwell with unction on the evidence of their observation, that thousands have abandoned all effort at self-support, relying upon the government to supply their bodily wants. Well, to some extent this is true; but it must be borne in mind that the volunteer army of the United States was collected with a dragnet, and all was not fish that came to the surface. That a large per cent. of pensioners have abandoned personal effort to maintain themselves and families *because* they receive a pension, I emphatically deny. An expert has computed the average age of the surviving veteran at 56 years. The hospital records show that 254,738 cases were treated for rheumatism alone during the war period. For diseases of the digestive organs, 563,289. For diseases of the respiratory organs, 448,823; and for scurvy,

30,714. From that "scourge of armies," acute diarrhea, there is a record of 1,269,027 cases, and 1,150,141 cases of malarial fever; and this does not half tell the tale.

Is it any wonder, then, that a considerable number of veterans ranging in years from 50 to 70, physical wrecks many of them, have given up work and are leading a life of "innocuous desuetude"? A sad, painful life it may be, whose last days are sweetened by the consciousness that the government's "reward of merit" is a recompense that stands between them and the pathway that leads "over the hill to the poor-house."

The charge that our American pension laws are so liberal as in effect to open the flood-gates to pauperism and fasten it for many generations on the country, is scarcely tenable in the light of history. Nor the twin assertion so glibly enunciated from the pulpit beneath the shades of classic Cambridge, "that it strikes the most cruel blow at patriotism, which that noble sentiment ever received."

The survivors of all our wars prior to the rebellion have been pensioned. Their progeny inhabit the earth at this time. They, themselves, save here and there one, are gone and mostly forgotten, but in all my acquaintance with men I have never been able to discover a pauper, who had pauper blood injected into his veins through the operation of a pension granted to the paternal side of his house. Let me ask if the pensions granted to the veterans of three former wars were a dampener on patriotism? Did it bring disaster to the country, and did the rising generation look with distrust and contempt upon the old pensioner? Did the wholesale pensioning of the soldiers of the war of 1812 "produce paupers, obliterate patriotism and destroy respect for the defenders of the nation"? As Dogberry would remark, "on the contrary, quite the reverse."

"Will a service pension degrade the veteran in public esteem?" The answer to this depends somewhat on the *locality* whence the public may give its opinion. If it were in South Carolina, my answer would be that the beneficiary would be universally

degraded in public esteem unless it included "equal rights" to Confederate soldiers. If it were in Indiana or Kansas, public esteem would chuckle at the increased circulation in their midst of the coin of the realm, and public esteem founded on justice would applaud the act that equalized and evened up things, wiping out the degradation that attaches, like the smell of fire in a garment, to the disability act.

A grateful country should remove any and all barriers that tend to degrade her defenders either in the public esteem or the pensioner's own consciousness. To this end the present system of liquidation should be revolutionized. When a pension is granted, the Government becomes debtor to the grantee. Applying modern business methods, then, to the payment of this debt, the pensioner should merely be required to go into any bank of exchange and make a draft upon the treasury at Washington for his quarterly allowance. The banks would throw around the transaction all the safeguards necessary to protect themselves, and the Government could well and profitably dispense with the services of salaried middlemen. The pensioner could receive his money at once, and the humiliating spectacle witnessed on each pension day of the lame, blind and halt congregating in the presence of an officer competent to administer an oath, could just as well be obviated as not.

Assuming that we are slowly but surely treading in a path-way that will ultimately lead to the wholesale pensioning of ex-Union soldiers and sailors, it were well to divest oneself of the shadow of an idea that a pension is a public charity. It has not been so considered in the past, neither should it be in the future. The passage of a bill by Congress granting unearned salaries to the widows of ex-Presidents and ex-members of Congress, to say nothing of special pensions to ex-generals and their widows, is as much an act of charity as the granting of a pension to a soldier or his widow. When the one is condemned by public opinion it will be time to draw the line at disability qualifications.

MILTON STEWART.

II.

It seems reasonable to assume that the sentiment of one community in Kansas upon any matter of common knowledge and interest may be considered a fair criterion by which to judge the sentiment of all the other communities that make up the State. It would seem reasonable also, to assume that the sentiment of Kansas may measure with substantial accuracy the sentiment of other Northern States. If these assumptions are reasonable, then the query which gives title to this article can be answered with a decided negative, for I think I know thoroughly the sentiment of one Kansas community. "There is no better place on earth to keep one's finger on the public pulse," Senator Plumb once said, "than in the office of a country newspaper." The reason of it is that the "common people"—who are really the originators of most of our political ideas and who are certainly the court of final appeal—are daily visitors in the country newspaper office, and they talk freely and frankly. The man who listens to them may be pretty sure that he has his ear "close to the prairie grass." In ten years of such listening I have never heard an intimation that a service pension would be more than simple justice to the men who would receive it.

With the exception of an occasional diatribe from the South—and I take it for granted that the States which made up the late Confederacy are to be left out of the account in this discussion—there has been no criticism of the Fifty-first Congress for passing, nor of the veterans for accepting, the present disability pension law; and yet from a business, and even from a sentimental standpoint, it is vastly more objectionable than a service bill would be. The disability law gives a uniform pension to all old soldiers who are now incapacitated, from whatever cause, for earning a living by manual labor. It makes no distinction between the tardy recruit who was mustered in at the last hour of the mighty struggle, and the scarred veteran who had followed the guns from Bull Run to Appomattox. All it asks is regular enlistment and honorable discharge. The

service bill, on the other hand, proportions its bounty to the time served, counting rigidly the days between enlistment and discharge, and measuring out its rewards with mathematical justness. It would give some men a small amount more than the disability act allows them, but it would give a great many more men considerably less. There can hardly be any question that the service bill would have cost the country less than the disability bill will cost it, and hence would have been less objectionable from a business point of view; while from a sentimental standpoint it would certainly seem more nearly just to proportion the reward to the term of service than to make no distinction whatever between "ninety days" and "during the war." The sentiment of the average, untutored citizen would pay more wages to the laborer who had borne the burden and the heat of the day than to him who had loitered into the vineyard at the eleventh hour. As a matter of fact, I do not believe that there will be any further demand for a service pension, for the reason that the present law will place all but an insignificant percentage of the veterans on the pension rolls; but the public opinion that has approved the disability act could assuredly not fail to approve a service bill, which, while little less generous, is much more discriminating.

The demagogues are not all dead yet, and so many of them have been going about the country these twenty years past proclaiming their unspeakable and undying love for the old soldiers, and demanding so much more for them than they would have ever dreamed of demanding for themselves, that men who are not demagogues have been slow to express their real feelings. If it had been possible to degrade the veterans in public esteem, these "friends" would have done it with their sickening adulation and their unmeasured demands. But it was not and it is not, possible. I believe that the regard and veneration for the old soldier, for the real soldiers who served in the bullet brigade, is growing every year stronger and deeper in the hearts of the people. All demagoguery aside, and in solemn truth, the people,

the new generation as well as the old, recognize that they owe to these men immeasurably more than mere money can ever pay. Eight dollars, or twelve dollars, or fifty dollars a month cannot compensate them for loss of time, loss of education, loss of health, loss of limb, loss of sight, for the torture of famine and fever, or the agony of wounds. But these few dollars every month may remind them that the country they served is not ungrateful, and may keep them from actual want.

And so the pension bills will be passed, and public sentiment will sustain them. The veterans are secure in the esteem of the country they saved.

CHAS. F. SCOTT.

III.

"Will a service pension degrade the veterans in public esteem," is a question the opinion of one of the sixty-five million people of the United States will not settle. It is a question of sentiment, that cannot be controlled or directed by one or more persons, or one or more thousands. For one, I do not believe that it would degrade the veterans in public esteem, nor in the esteem of any person who could truthfully lay claim to the proud distinction of being an American citizen—who could exclaim: This is my country, my home and my people; of them I am one, and to my children will I bequeath this priceless legacy.

I do not think the pension laws now in force have degraded the veterans in public esteem, and accepting this as a fact, do not see how the proposed law could or would discredit them more than the present laws do. The invalid-pension law will in a few years be practically a service-pension law; or rather, all the old soldiers who need assistance in maintaining themselves in reasonable comfort would be pensioners, and a service pension would only discount the future a short time.

I look upon the veteran of the late war as an honored guest, and one whom it is my delight to treat with distinguished

courtesy. As my guest he is not degraded in my esteem by accepting my warmest welcome, accepting the cosiest corner at my fireside, the easiest and broadest rocker, or receiving the best fruits of the garden, farm and orchard that I can offer him.

Doubtless my opinion would not be taken as a guide in some portions of this country by persons who feel that the veterans while becoming such, threw down and crushed some of their most cherished institutions, but the sons and daughters of these people realize that in performing their duty then, they gave to them an heritage—one flag and one country—that will not be taken from them. They will not look upon the veterans as did their sires.

The younger generation, that which has come upon the stage of life since the veteran secured that honorable title, look upon him as a legacy of honor left for them to cherish and protect. We feel that to us is left the pleasant task of filling his declining years as full of peace and happiness as possible by providing him with such comforts as money will purchase, and his necessities require. We feel that he performed services for us that cannot be adequately measured in the currency of the country, but must be supplemented and emphasized by special kindness of word and deed and other evidences of grateful appreciation.

A mere service-pension law would only act as a comparative measure of the obligations the country is under to the recipient. It would simply be measuring out esteem by dollars and cents in proportion to the time expended in saving the life of the nation. It should go further than this, and provide the means of purchasing reasonable comforts for the veteran without regard to the number of days he served his country.

The American is not so extremely commercial in his instincts that he measures everything by the one standard—gold—but he of all others is pleased to express his feelings and sympathies by that method. He however reserves the right to supplement the gold with whatever other thing he imagines would give the object of his gratitude pleasure. He wants to pay his debt in

full and then throw in something to boot. This peculiarity of our people in my opinion would prevent the veterans being degraded in public esteem by a service pension or by any other class of pensions. They look upon it as a debt of honor, and one against which the statute of limitation does not run.

It does not degrade your faithful servant in your esteem to receive dollars from you for services rendered. It does not degrade in your esteem the man who has extended financial aid or performed a valuable service for you, if he accepts from you in liquidation of your indebtedness the coin of the country in payment, nor will it degrade the veteran in your esteem to give him that which is not only due him as a citizen but as a benefactor.

The new generation is the debtor of veterans to a far greater extent than it can pay, and so long as one of them remains with us I feel that I am doing not only a duty in contributing to his support, but that I am simply trying to express my appreciation of his great service to me and mine in a tangible form; that this pittance is only an earnest of what I would do for him had I but the power.

I speak upon this subject from the standpoint of one who has no personal or pecuniary interest in such pensions nor in any other kind of pensions. Those of my relatives who would have been beneficiaries of such legislation have gone into camp on the other shore years ago. The opinions I hold are but those of the citizen who realizes that through the services of the veterans he is permitted to enjoy life, liberty, and all the good things of the country he can honestly earn by reasonable hours of labor.

TELL W. WALTON.

IV.

I can only briefly say, that in my opinion the time has not come when a service-pension bill should be considered. The present law is better for every soldier who is disabled, or who

may become disabled, or who may be unable to support himself, than any service-pension bill that can or will be passed. In my opinion a general service-pension bill would work a hardship to very many worthy soldiers, who will receive aid under the present liberal law as they need it. Public sentiment of this country will favor a service pension when the proper time comes. The people of this country are not ungrateful, as they have shown by the present liberal law.

C. HOOD.

MIZPAH.

HOW shall I live, beloved, since the space
That lies between two worlds divides us twain,
Since I am left on earth with every stain,
And thou art pure enough to see God's face?
How can I linger on in this dark place,
Borne down with all this heavy load of pain,
When thou canst never come to me again,
Or still my yearning through thy tender grace?

But one thing yet remains for me to do:
Through sorrow I shall grow so near to thee
That God upon my spirit too will smile,
And to thy blessed leading prove so true
That I shall come in his good time to see
How he hath watched between us all the while.

FLORENCE L. SNOW.

THE TEACHER'S CRITICS.

THERE are three criticisms frequently passed upon the great body of teachers, which are annoying and unjust; and which are particularly annoying because particularly unjust. They emanate, generally, from people who know little or nothing of the modern teacher and his work, and who know still less about the real philosophy of pedagogy. There is enough seeming truth in them to attract attention and secure acceptance among the captious and the unthinking—possibly an unnecessary classification, as the captious are generally the unthinking. They are an excellent illustration of the “quaker” guns of the enemies of education, and of the clap-trap with which every demagogue always makes some votes—not many, let us be thankful, in the long run.

One of the criticisms is that teaching in this country is not a profession, but is simply a stepping-stone to the professions. It is said that the great mass of young men play the pedagogue just long enough to secure the means by which they may study law or medicine, or prepare for the ministry, or for some other vocation; while the young women follow this work only so far as will insure them a decent trousseau for their wedding-day. That there is some truth in this statement cannot be denied. Many of the strongest men and women in this country have gone through this experience. They are certainly none the worse for it. Nor can it be truly said that education has been the loser. The simple fact is that work must be well done if it is to prove a stepping-stone. One who, seeking advancement, plants his foot on a stone covered with the moss of inactivity and the slime of negligence will find it a slipping-stone rather than a stepping-stone. If he lays the ground-work so firmly and well that he may safely reach from it to something higher, he must serve the community well in so doing. A lawyer who

neglects his justice's cases because they are elementary or petty will never have occasion to appear in the Supreme Court. A physician who treats his country patients with careless indifference will never be able to confine himself to city practice. The beginnings of things tell on the entire career, and one can rarely run away from his early record. If it be true, then, that teaching is a stepping-stone for many, and is but a temporary occupation, it is by no means true that this fact entails a loss upon the community. The work will be carelessly done by the careless, as is true in all professions; but sincerity of purpose and intelligence in execution will be the rule. That this is true in a large proportion of cases, goes without saying.

Again—what are the conditions which make any work “professional”? What are the peculiar characteristics of a profession? Four, chiefly. A reasonable assurance of employment, a reasonable assurance of fair compensation, a reasonable assurance of tenure—by which acquaintance and confidence, the chief capital of professional life, may be acquired; and a reasonable assurance of advancement and promotion. Any fair-minded person, looking out over the educational world, will admit that these conditions are in a large part wanting. The first is possibly as clearly present as in any other professions—but the other three are conspicuous by their lamentable absence, or are lamentably conspicuous by their absence—as you please. If teaching is not a profession, therefore; or, as far as it is not a profession; the cause lies in the, shall we say negligence and indifference? of the people—and not with the teachers or the profession. The criticism, then, is unjust even if the statement be true.

Why should we complain of men and women who seek advancement and preferment in a legitimate way? Who turn from the less to the greater remuneration, in honorable callings? Who abandon a more restricted field for that in which all their powers, or their special power, may have freer scope and may secure larger results? If we do not wish such changes to occur, it may

be well to ask what we are doing, either as individuals or as communities, to secure greater stability. It is not necessary to dwell upon the instability, the partiality, the short-sightedness, the parsimony, of school boards. They are but human, and neither worse nor better than the communities which elect them. Let the critics, however, take the facts as they are—and distribute the blame, and honestly seek a remedy.

A second criticism often heard is that there are so many "failures" among teachers. Well, ninety per cent. of men who enter business fail once, eighty per cent. fail twice, and seventy per cent. fail three times and go out of business altogether. There are five hundred lawyers in an adjoining city, and less than one hundred do all the business. There are a thousand newspapers in Kansas. How many of them can be called successful? One may easily call the roll of vocations and callings with the same general results. The question is not, Are there failures among teachers? but, Are there more failures among teachers than among other wage-earners? Will they not average as successful as the masons and carpenters and blacksmiths and tanners—to say nothing of the professions? Are they not really more successful than these? The simple fact is that there is better timber in the teaching force of this country, man for man, than in any other; more intelligence, more loyalty, more unselfishness, more downright devotion to a chosen work. Of course this is "mere assertion"—so is the criticism!

The third criticism is that "there are no first-class teachers." Conceptions of "first-class" differ somewhat. The writer has heard a board in a city of eight thousand people boast of having secured a first-class superintendent—for nine hundred dollars! Not long since, the president of a board in a certain city detailed the qualities and characteristics for which he would be willing to pay twelve hundred dollars per annum. Chauncey Depew and Seth Low rolled together could not fill the bill! A town which does not contain a first-class doctor, or lawyer, or preacher, or business-man—a town in which a first-class man would die

of sheer lonesomeness in a week—this town is sure to harp about a first-class teacher. It is the second- or third-class man, generally, who puts up a first-class cry about the low grade of teachers. Of course, the very obvious fact is that there are few first-class men in any vocation—and the educational world is no exception. But there is another fact quite as obvious to all who are not willfully blind—and that is, that compared with the work intrusted to them, and taking into account all the conditions of tenure, reward and recognition established by society, American teachers are well up to grade; that they grade as high as the members of any profession or calling. The average teacher is really more intelligent, better prepared for his work, and with the same opportunities secures better results, than does the average man in the community that employs him.

It is not the purpose of this article to triumphantly maintain a proposition, nor to shut the mouths of lions. It will be quite sufficient if a single member of an unjustly criticised profession takes heart because of these few words of appreciation and justice, and finds even one more return arrow fitted to his string.

JAMES H. CANFIELD.

WHAT GOVERNMENT IS FOR.

IT is not to be supposed that the object of government can be stated in the form of an aphorism. No process of inductive generalization from the phenomena of its history and present workings enables us to express its intent in the terms of a scientific formula. Neither is the apprehension of its moral purpose involved in any of the definitions of its being. If it be described in the words of a recent able writer as "the aggregate of the powers to which the exercise of effective sovereignty belongs," no hint is given why sovereignty should be exercised. Whether it be defined as the exercise of the executive power of a jural or of an economic society, the inquiry as to the design of its being is in no-wise advanced: it is shifted merely from the agent to the principal, and the question becomes, To what end are such societies? We may conceive the nation as Dr. Mulford does, to be a moral organism, but a concept of such organism gives no view of the purpose of its germination and growth. That a definition inclusive of the design as well as being of government may be framed, is not of course denied; it is submitted that so far none have been elaborated comprehensive of its rational purpose. The progress of political thought would seem to have led us no farther than to an analysis of its personality and attributes, and to have halted short of a justification of its authority.

Government exists, is made up of parts, exercises sovereignty — and there we have stopped. The reason for this lapse in continuity of investigation is the failure to follow subjective lines of thought. Government has been viewed as an objective force, and not as a personal or communal possession. It has been thought of as something apart from the governed; as a jural entity separable from and independent of its subjects; as something with an existence of its own, with vital continuity,

and a self-determining purpose, dissociated from the existence and excepted from the destiny of those who were subject to its sway. It was conceived of as a something set off against society, with inherent prerogatives to be enjoyed, rather than administered. In other words, government was an antagonistic and overawing personality, self-existent, self-conscious, self-sufficient, and undying, with a life and purpose of its own as distinguished from its people, either individually or collectively.

When men thought or talked about their government, they had in mind a something of which they were not a part, in whose creation they had no hand, and in the exercise of whose powers they had no voice, but they thought and talked of a something which had been stood up against them — in opposition to them; a something adapted only to its own ends, living for nothing but itself, and gifted withal with the boon of perpetual life.

Even the human agencies through which the powers of this composite of self-existence sovereignty and immortality were exerted, were lost sight of in the larger reality of its being, much as the managerial staff of a modern corporation are overlooked in the magnitude and potency of its operations.

The mental abstraction in which its varied and autocratic prerogatives were embodied stood between the people and the puppets who played its parts as exhibitions of automatic power and divinity of right.

The idea of the government being in reality the people composing it, having an existence identical with that of the governed, was slow to enter the human mind. In fact, it has no complete lodgment there yet. The declaration that to secure the rights of life, liberty and happiness, governments are instituted, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, or, as it is elsewhere expressed, "All political power is inherent in the people, all free governments are founded upon their authority, and are instituted for their equal protection and benefit," implies the existence of that conception of

municipal authority just indicated. It would have been unnecessary to declare that governments were instituted to secure rights, that they are founded upon the authority of the people, and for the benefit and protection of the people, and that their powers are inherent in the people, if the idea of their self-existence and self-sufficiency apart from, independent of, and in opposition to the people, had not colored our political thought.

When upon this impalpable but potential entity, existing for itself, apart from all individuals and institutions, working to ends of its own, admitting no relations of mutuality and acknowledging no responsibility to things outside itself, were conferred powers of superiority and control, it was easy indeed for it to assume an attitude of antagonism to the elements thus differentiated from it; to become in the exercise of its self-assertion the oppressor as well as ruler of the social units against whom it had not only been set off, but over whom it had been granted dominion. Government became and continued the enemy of the individual. Given an existence separate from man and a control over him, keyed to its own ends and not to his, it could not become otherwise than alien in sympathy and autocratic in habit, a taskmaster and tyrant, against whom it was righteous for states to rebel, and whom it was righteous for individuals to dwarf and minimize in prerogative power. That government which was supposed to be of, and by, and for itself, rather than of, and by, and for the people, must needs produce a friction which was, or was thought to be, tyranny.

This conception of government as an arbitrary and tyrannical master necessarily followed its conception as an exterior institution of social life. It is its corollary.

The existence of government as a sovereign objective force, was made to interpret its character as a hostile and coercive authority.

The apprehension of sovereignty of power as a thing of the people, is the creation purely of subjective thought. That microcosm of coördinated elements which discovers within itself

either the functional activity or the germ of everything outside, (and certainly the mutuality and harmonious interaction of all physical and social membership,) resolves for us the problem of life under law, and exposes to view the purpose and end of government. It can be no other than the equality of human brotherhood.

Not to pause here to dwell upon evidences furnished by an analysis of the interior life, but leaving the point suggested rather than demonstrated, it is to be observed that this purpose is discovered as well by an examination of the historical progress of the race. The civilized part of mankind is known to have undergone changes from a bestial, unsocial, perpetually fighting state of savagery, into a partially peaceable and comparatively humane and social state.

Conjectural history involves it in even more anarchic life and ceaselessly competitive strife. This change has been marked by the merger of clans into tribes, the building-up of tribes into nations, a decadence of feudal theory, a tendency toward the equalizing of conditions, a communism of political right, the rise of the altruistic sentiment, and a challenge to the conscience of all exclusiveness of individual claim. Under the influence of widening experience the dynamical conception of social life has come to stay, and that conception, taking shape from the phenomena of past development, is an absolute negation of all differences of individual state. The barren fact of selfhood alone remains.

Nor is this tendency to the elimination of divergency of human interest, and the coördination of the social units, an exceptional phase of progress. It has its analogies and counterparts in the physical world. It comes simply within the terms of the universal formula of evolution.

From homogeneity to heterogeneity, and thence to integration, is as much the law of the outward universe as it is of man. As Prof. Fiske says: "Integration is as much a feature of development as differentiation; the change is not simply from a structureless whole into parts, but is from a structureless whole

into an organized whole, with a consensus or different but interdependent functions—and that is what we call an organism”; and elsewhere, following Mr. Spencer, he identifies the phenomena of social life as given off in this play of dynamic action.

The conception of government as a force from without, belongs to the second stage of evolutionary progress, when differentiation was assumed to be independence, and divergencies took on the appearance of antagonisms, and before the law of integration discovered their parity and harmony of relationship.

Evolution from a “structureless whole” to interdependent parts is nowhere more clearly illustrated than in the accepted account of creation. The earth was without form, and void; and light and heat and air and water and dry land were made to emerge; and out of them countless differentiations of physical element and animal and other life, each bound, to those of its kind and to all, by the laws of association and concord—not in every case cognizable, it is true, by the superficial sense; but in that profounder knowledge which relates things to their ultimate, all seeming antagonisms are known to be the phenomena merely of uncompleted growth, and not of final being.

However, should claimed analogies not be clear, or should they fail, the history of man cannot but demonstrate that a law of progress, from the moment of his birth, has been projecting him towards the end of all frictional contact with his fellows.

It would be important, if space permitted this article to be more than simply suggestive, to pause at this point and dwell upon the evidences of the fact that the forces of natural selection have been exercised solely to the end of making man; that they are not now objective powers controlling his development and shaping his destiny, but that they have accomplished the supreme labor, and have vitalized him with capabilities to be exerted by methods of co-ordinated action to the mastery of the very nature which gave him birth.

Evolution teaches nothing if not that man is not *in* its processes, but is the *end* of them.

“When humanity began to be evolved, an entirely new

chapter in the history of the universe was opened. Henceforth the process of zoölogical change had come to an end, and a process of psychological change was to take its place, and the life of the nascent soul came to be first in importance. Along this supreme line of generation, there was to be no evolution of new species, but one particular species was to be indefinitely perfected. Henceforth, in short, the dominant aspect of evolution was not to be the genesis of new species, but the progress of civilization."

Man, no longer involved in the demiurgic strife of creative energy, of which the barbarous antagonisms attending his present state are slowly passing adumbrations, emerges into conditions of freedom and self-determining purpose. Through interacting and harmonious effort, (the very opposite of the elemental travail which gave him birth,) he moves to the realization of the larger life. To that end he organizes fit institutions of social conduct—the church, education, marriage, government. Can it be denied that the solidarity and fraternity of the race is the ultimate purpose of each of these? To what other end can they be allowed to work; but if only *towards* and not *to* that end, how fast and how far shall they be allowed to speed? Laggard and conservative instincts may embarrass the pace, and seek to limit the goal, but the eternal truth that every existent thing is keyed to a purpose of creation, and is moved by the law of its being to a point where it must empty itself, as it were, into its destiny, will not permit.

Can it be that government is the guarantee only of political right, and that the regulation of its subjects in their immediate personal and business relations is without its plan? If so, it can well be asserted that no vital social aspiration is satisfied with such perfunctory and conventional device. In the profound thought, and in part in the eloquent words of Dr. Mulford, there is in such conception of the office of government the apprehension of no moral relationship. It pictures the destination of no powers immanent in humanity. In its last analysis it apprehends its subjects only as elector and officer. The long

result of human development it represents in the institution of a political convention, and the close of history in a scramble for the spoils of office. It withdraws the invisible sanctions of conscience from the personal relations of men, makes law the contrivance of legislators, and society only the scheme of politicians. Can it be that it has its ground-work in the passing fact of commercial strife; that the bond by which it attaches its citizenship is in production and exchange, and that in its course it merely provides security for material accumulations? If so, it bottoms all human motive upon a selfish principle, and involves rather than extricates its subjects in the brutal and anarchic frenzy of their pre-natal strife. It can postulate no theory of altruism, claim no unity of action, and command no loyalty of support, since the principle it assumes is the very root of all selfishness and division.

It lies without the design of the speculative thought thus far indulged, to attempt a practical application of these generalities of reflection to the current questions of politics. It is believed, however, that they do not lie altogether apart from the indicated theme, but are sufficiently suggestive at least, to aid in its consideration.

That they are radically divergent from the views of most, is quite readily admitted, but to the ignorant, unable to comprehend an universal law of life, and to the vicious, who, comprehending, yet rebel against its gracious sway, it may be said, that truth cannot be outblown by a clamor of dissent, or stigmatized into silence by odium and reproach.

To the timorous who may be startled by the prophecy of that ultimate solidarity of humanity, which leaves no room for the play of individual action to individual ends, the reassuring words of Bryant may be spoken :

Gently, so have good men taught,
Gently and without pain, the old shall glide
Into the new; The eternal flow of things,
Like a bright river of the fields of Heaven,
Shall journey onward in perpetual peace.

F. DOSTER.

HOW WE TOOK TITUS.

August 16th, 1856.

IN the mists of the morning we broke up our camp
Where the bluff pierced the valley,
And the prairie resounded with rythmical tramp
Of the Northerners' rally.

For the hunted had turned,—we had suffered too long
Their rank insolence growing;
Our cup of submission to outrage and wrong
Had been filled to o'erflowing.

To rob us of ballot, of government—laws
They had rushed o'er the border,
And now masqueraded as chiefs in the cause,
Of "law" and of "order."

"For 'Free' State or 'Slave' ye may vote in due time,"
Was the fair and false promise;
Now, through fraud and through murder, all manner of
crime,
They had stolen law from us.

And we said: "While forever we shrink and we yield,
We grow weaker—not stronger—
If as freemen we'd live, we must now take the field;
We'll endure it no longer!"

So we whipped them at Franklin, their cannon to gain,
("Sacramento," the "talker,")
And on to Fort Saunders, where Hoyt they had slain,
We had followed Sam Walker.

Where should lightning next strike? red flame blast and
burn?

What strongest blow right us?
Th' insulter of freemen must now bide his turn—
We would take Colonel Titus!

So we broke up our camp, in the mists of the morn,
In the might of our rally;
With no blast of bugle, or sounding of horn,
We marched out of the valley.

With silence of song-bird the daylight had broke,
Lacking carol or chorus;
As a child in its sleep Nature smiled, then awoke,
And the day was before us.

So in silence we press, noting rustle nor stir
Of scared partridge from cover;
We stay not for shot "on the wing" at the whirl
Of wild grouse or of plover.

We pressed up the slope of the prairie's long swell;
But our horse had plunged faster,
And charging too madly the stronghold pellmell,
They had met sore disaster.

Ere the crest of the last ridge we fairly might gain
We could hear the sharp rattle;
Our comrades were wounded, brave Shombré was slain
In first onslaught of battle.

Then baffled we paused, looking downward that morn
On foe safe and undaunted,
Whose solid log walls laughed our bullets to scorn;
And we raged and we taunted:

“From the shield of your covert you ’ve slain our true men,
O chivalrous Titus!

Now, wolf of the prairie, come out from your den,
Come out, now, and fight us!”

Still sullen and silent as though they ’d ne’er heard,
The foe kept their cover,
While like bloodhounds in leash, our men chafed for the
word
To bid them charge over.

But blue-eyed Sam Walker dashed up on the run,
Crying “Steady, boys, steady!
‘Sacramento’ will talk — just unlimber that gun,
Here ’s Tom Bickerton ready!”

And that old Yankee sea-dog, prone to his fun,
All the time he was sighting,
Grimly pointed his jests as he pointed his gun,
“Now our wrongs shall have righting!

“Our town you beat down, and our presses you broke —
Then flung in the river;
Free speech you had stifled through flame and through
smoke —
You thought ’t was forever!

“For your burnings, in turn, we would fain make it warm
For your party this morning;
And I ’ll send you some type in a different form —
’Tis the type of your scorning.

“Some fonts for our gun I had gathered of late,
For I thought you might need ’em,
Here ’s the issue upon you of ‘Kansas Free State,’
A new ‘Herald of Freedom.’”

Puff! bang! and the issue straightforward went forth
To the thick walls imbedded;
Or scattered their shingles, then plowed up the earth—
For that type was well “leaded”!

Another—that dropped through the roof of their fort
Sending timbers a-flying,
Cries of anguish and fear told the tale of its hurt—
They were wounded or dying.

At the peak of their roof, lo, there flutters a rag!
Is it truce that they tender?
No!—they give up the fight, they fling out a flag,
The white flag of surrender!

A wild, savage shout! Our boys dash through the door,
With the “Stubbs” in the leading—
“Hoyt!” “Shombré!” their watchwords for vengeance the
more
On their foemen, pale, bleeding.

But Walker, the brave and true-hearted, cries, “Back!
You shall not kill Titus!
They are pris’ners of war whom no man shall attack,
When no longer they fight us.”

.
And now on to Lawrence! our morning’s work done,
With our captives attendant.
Thanks be it to Walker, and Bickerton’s gun,
We’re henceforth in ascendant!

Now let the South mourn for a leader o’erthrown!
Lecompte now may rave and for treason indict us!
We have hostage of mark to exchange for their own—
We have got Colonel Titus!

BRINTON W. WOODWARD.

INDEPENDENT POLITICS.

IT is the privilege—with some it is esteemed a duty—to rush in where angels fear to tread, and, without diploma or license, seek to prescribe for the body politic those nostrums of rule and patent medicines of opinion they think are the cure-alls for the ills that politics is heir to; and by politics, as it is used here, is meant the broader sense of that word: the government of the people, not the mere holding of office.

We have had offered to us as a never-failing panacea, the co-operation plan; we have had suggested as an all-healing catholicism the rule of age, or the survival of the fittest; others have urged the cataplasm of education to draw out the pus and restore health and happiness; while still others have suggested that the *ne plus ultra* of political *materi medica* is the lotion of let alone—the medicine, and not the patient, to be well shaken before taken. Like the ailing sister in the sewing-circle, we have thrust upon us, and in devious ways achieve, more recipes and formulæ for colds, sore throats, biliousness, kidney complaint, etc., etc., than would be sufficient, were they properly marshaled and aligned, to meet and vanquish the shadowy army of disease, with all its hideous reserves and supports—provided, of course, that they worked.

Each of these salutary remedies has its enthusiasts: there never was a theory of medicine, religion, or society, that has been advanced from Adam down to date, but had its supporters, and there never will be. This has encouraged your contributor to enter the lists with a theory of his own, and pitch it to you, high buck or low doe, for you to bandy with and perhaps reject.

Independence in politics is not a new religion—it is as old as political parties, and it is believed susceptible of proof that the first division of humanity in the matter of thoughts material (which is to say, politics) was in the Garden of Eden, when the dispute arose between the remotest authors of our being.

From that important event down to this day, parties have been organized, have risen, reigned and been changed by independent movements, merging into other sects until, in America, we may trace the existing parties back to the very foundation of our colonies, if not to the landing of the Mayflower.

The Whigs and Tories were the first, as recognized in political history, and the former practically absorbed the latter. Divisions occurred in the dominant Whigs, an independent movement in that party dividing it into particularists (or State Supremists) and Strong Government Whigs, and these two parties, under different names, have held sway down to this date, the former being now known as the Democrats and the latter as Republicans. Independent movements have made both parties progressive, and have forced them to adopt ways and measures in keeping with the ever-pushing, ever-enterprising National Idea.

So much for the history of independent movements. The records show that the independents have been the advance thinkers of parties, and, as in the case of the protectionists in the Republican ranks and the free-trade element in the Democratic party, they have led their parent organizations into newer and stronger declarations of principles.

It is conceded that the individual is a unit of action in parties, and if general organizations are subject to the control of independent movements, then certainly these movements are subject to individual independence, so that, practically, the principles of party and the ethics of government rest with you and me. We can make ourselves of use in the administration of affairs, or we can become mere cogs in the machinery of state, important enough in a remote way, to be sure, but having no more individuality than a tree in a forest or a blade of grass in the boundless prairies.

In advancing mere theories, it is not claimed that they are practical, and in enunciating the general proposition that the world, the government and the people would be better if each individual were independent in his political views and actions, it

is not supposed that the condition can readily be brought about. It is one of those things we may dream of and wish for, but which, like blessings to mankind, always is to be, but never is.

It is admitted, however, that everything is possible—in theory—and upon this understanding I would establish the Empire of Independence, giving to and expecting of each individual, personal independence—to the negro in the South, the Swede in the North, and the armies of foreigners and natives in all parts of the country—each individual being subject alone to his reason, his conscience and his God, and expected to discharge his election obligations with that freedom and independence born of a due regard for the eternal fitness of things contemplated by the Creator when He endowed man with reason and raised him above the other animals by empowering him to distinguish between right and wrong.

This is a simple proposition, but it is pregnant with things of the vastest importance; it seems easy enough, in this land where freedom grows upon every bush and is a part of every blossom, for a man to be independent, but the ease is an iridescent dream, and the simplicity is a shadowy, floating cloud that seems but is not.

Let us abolish political organizations, wipe away the partisan press that use such words as mugwump and half-breed, and stamp out of existence the urbane gentleman at the polls who touches a button-hole and tells you how to vote. This is not an easy thing to do, but it is just as easy as for Mr. Bellamy to make a man sleep for a hundred years, and wake him up in an earthly paradise with hand-me-down virtues warranted to fit the largest man or the smallest boy. It is essential, in working miracles of modern reform, to have the power to suspend the rules, and that is all I seek.

In this political Arcadia, each man is a man; he reads, he reasons for himself; he studies and applies problems of economy and of prudence; he reaches his conclusions as to what is best for him individually, and then he votes—the mass of individu-

alities making the laws of the country and executing them. If this could be brought about, every man would stand equal in the eyes of all, as he is now presumed to do, but does not.

Two years ago in Congress, a member introduced a bill appropriating a vast sum of money to establish schools in the South, that the voters there might be educated to a better understanding of their political enfranchisement, and the proposition met with much hearty support. If it had passed, and the schools were established, would it have made any difference to the vast herds of voters there who have been emancipated as to personality but shackled when it comes to politics? Two great parties in this country presume to own the negro, one by right of discovery, the other by right of conquest; they boldly claim his vote, and woe be unto the dusky individual who expresses an idea of independence. Would education benefit so long as these partisan feelings obtain? It would be vastly better, so far as politics is concerned, to emancipate this race from political serfdom, teach them to exercise judgment by expecting it of them, and then trust them to work out their own salvation. Schools will soon follow without national aid, and the great race problem that is now worrying and threatening this nation will be settled.

Independence in politics will do more for the benefit of our institutions than subsidized schools like these proposed. No money appropriated by Congress, no number of schools established by Federal aid, can make a business-man, who thoroughly understands enfranchisement, go to the polls and vote. He feels that his ballot is of but little consequence against the machine, while the ignorant let slip no opportunity to participate in elections. If there were general independence, each man would feel that he was of some importance, and in discharging his obligations as a citizen would improve society and government. Bad men are not elected to office so much because the ignorant vote, as because the educated refuse to vote; and the educated are indifferent about elections because their refined ideas revolt at the modern methods of politics.

But independence, like every other good thing, is subject to abuse, and under it, as under the cloak of the church, evil persons strut and spout in the service of the devil. The flag of independence is made to float and flutter above the most mercenary and the meanest of mankind, who assume a virtue they do not possess, that they may pose in public as a person above the common mortal.

By independence is not meant that each individual voter must, like Dundreary's famous bird of a feather, flock all by himself; nor is it a mark of independence to follow the example of the Irish gentlemen at Donnabrook, and hit a head every time one is seen. It is possible for voters to be independent and conscientiously support one of the old parties, and it is not an unfailing sign of independence to go chasing after strange gods, and lending assistance and comfort to every heresy that comes along, masquerading in such questionable shapes that their own mothers would not know them in the broad light of high noon.

Nor should hypocrisy be confounded with independence, as it sometimes is by people who think they are the sole, supremest monarchs of the mightiest land, gifted with that second-sight that discerns at long range just what the people want and ought to have, and who profess to own the sesame that alone can open to the world the honesty and the virtue so necessary.

It is possible to avoid all these snares and shoals, and yet be independent, though some people will be mean enough to call you a mugwump and say personal things about riding a fence. It is possible for a man to be honest, conscientious and sincere in belonging to no political party, but, holding himself aloof from organizations, determining, after each has made its nominations, which candidate he will support, and thus, as a balance of power, become in part instrumental in securing the lesser of two evils, or the least of three or four. This is the only thing probable in the line of independent politics at present; it is a growing idea in all parts of the country, and might profitably be adopted by everyone who believes in a free, independent American ballot.

In this new, home-made elysium of independence, if I could mould the masses to the ideals conceived by the scrutiny of horoscopes and the calculations of scruples, men and principles should predominate in each individual mind, and the general world would join in the poetic prayer:

“God give us MEN! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinion and a will;
Men who have honor — men who will not LIE;
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog in public duty,
and in private thinking.
For while the rabble, with their thumb-screw creeds,
Mingle with selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps.” •

HARRY W. FROST.

BIRDS OF THE MOUNTAINS.

JUST where the Roaring Fork, with the waters from the Mummy's highest peaks, cuts sharply across the cañon, the difficulties and delights of our way began. To this tangle of spreading spruce and felled pines and lush grasses the plain dusty trail came, but went no farther. It dipped into a frothy eddy of the snow-cold stream and was lost. The slashed letters on the smooth white boles of the quaking aspen told of many earlier visits, but the disfiguring marks were very few across the stream, and the lazing trout lay close under the further bank as if they knew where ran the dividing-line between their world and the summer tourist's.

So far the way and the birds and the cattle had been familiar and uninteresting. The western robins were very like their Kansas cousins; the startled gadwells on the little pond were quite as likely to have lifted from a Kansas puddle, and the soft "peet-weets" of the spotted sandpipers were familiar home-sounds. But the confining moraines of the Park had been steadily nearing each other as we tramped, and we were come now to the mouth of the cañon. The dark gash extended up and through the flank of the Range, until eight miles away it reached timber-line, and ceased to be Fall River cañon and became Fall River pass.

The Front Range of the Rockies in northern Colorado trends to the southeast. From that part of the Range between the Hague's Peak spur and the Long's Peak spur come, down the eastern slope, the Cache a la Poudre, Fall river, the Big Thompson and the St. Vrain. These streams are the affluent waters of the South Platte, which leads a half-visible, half-invisible way across the plains to the Missouri. Down the western slope of the Range falls a branch of the Grand river which finally gives up its waters to the Gulf of California. The Front Range in

this part of its course is thus the "Continental Divide," and possesses an unusual interest because of it. The peaks are of noble height and mass: Hague's, the West Mummy, Fairchild, Ypsilon, Stone's, Hallet, and Long's, the chief of the tribe, all rising far above timber-line, and each bearing a satisfying amount of the "eternal snows."

A few hoping, persistent, but probably deluded prospectors had found the Fall River cañon a more or less convenient way to certain "lava-beds" on the Range's summit, and their scattering "blazes" on the tree-trunks were sometimes helpful to us. For the most part, however, we relied upon ourselves and the burros for the finding of a way—mostly, granted, upon the four-footed guides.

The end of the day's steady tramping came not too soon to be unwelcome. In the beaver swamp at the mouth of the cañon we had splashed for an hour; we had not scaled the rough rock wall of a promontory which nearly closed the cañon without scratches and bruises; we had found most precarious footing over a great mass of loose, sharp rock-debris, sometime hurled in one crashing avalanche from the towering cliff-side; and the long, weary stretch of fallen pines beset with dense, dwarfed undergrowth had left grave doubts in our minds about the reality of the delights of mountaineering. And yet there were delights. Here in the camp in the depths of the gorge, with the reaching walls inclosing and protecting us; in the soft dusk creeping up the cañon from the east about us, while far above the glancing day still hovered; in the white banks of snow on the distant peaks still shot across and made glorious by the sun-rays; and in the steady, rhythmic plashing of the restless stream over the rounded rocks of its bed;—in all these were delights. The bit of dancing flame with its tenuous line of smoke wavering up to the spruces' tops and escaping into the chill dusk above; the energetic little coffee-pot, bubbling over with sheer delight; the redolence of the sputtering bits of bacon, vying with the piney fragrances in scenting the air about us; the stolid, munch-

ing donkeys, lazily cropping the scant vegetation, and the ghostly, leering Canada jays, silently slipping from branch to branch, intently watching us;—these incidents of a mountain camp were all delights.

These silent white and gray and ashy-leadened birds of the high mountains, known vicariously as Canada jays, (or better, Rocky Mountain jays, as this southern bird is a variety of the northern form, the typical *canadensis*,) or “camp-birds,” or “moose-birds,” or, quite absurdly, “whisky jacks,” are familiar friends. When we were encamped far up on Long’s Peak’s side, were not these ghostly birds, and one small mouse, all of animate life we saw? And did we ever roam for a day through the great Spruce Forest on Flat-top’s flank, or spend the night in those still haunts of the hermit thrush, that the gray jays did not visit us? Far to the north, on the great barrens of New Brunswick, or in the dense forests of the Northwest Territories, the Canada jay is well known to the caribou- and moose-hunters. The “ubiquitous rascal,” so one naturalist-hunter calls him, hovers about the camps of the hunter, and disputes each crumb of bread with him. Here in the Colorado mountains he is no less tame, and fluttering silently down and up between ground and branch, he makes sure work of any overlooked morsels of food. Mute birds! Not a cry or call, not a clash or rustle of wings to give them reality. They would be impudent were they not so evidently exercising a proprietary right; we should talk with them were they not so plainly mere ghosts.

All through the night there is singing; and there are odors. One lies, drowsing, and listening, and breathing fragrant, soothing balms. The spruces and the pines, and some mint-like, square-stemmed plant, and the smooth grass-leaves, and the nodding wind-flowers, the fresh, damp ground, and the fallen, dead trunks, all breathe out sweet smells. And a subtle, musty, elusive odor, which makes one dream of old days, and sad days; is it the breath of the gray, granite walls? these primal rocks, lifted from the earth’s deeps in some awful

ancient catastrophe, and since then scarred by ice and laved by waters and breathed on by the winds of ages? And through the odor-weighted air, the soft singing of the wakeful stream; telling of its snow-fountains on the dark summits of the Range, of its creeping among the alpine buttercups which cling to the very verges of the great snow-fields, of its fearful leap over some sheer *arete* to its uneven way down the cañon. And it sings of other things.

"Bubble, bubble flows the stream
Like low music through a dream."

A faint singing is high above on the side of the cañon; or is it the singing of the east wind among the aspens' leaves? It is a familiar singing, but whether of bird or leaf or wind, one cannot say. Is it, perhaps, the stars which sing, that peer so sharply into the cañon? They keep time with their twinkling to their singing. Or is it after all but the stream? It is a familiar singing.

"Bubble, bubble flows the stream
Like an old tune through a dream."

The early gray of the mountain morning was welcomed by earlier risers than we. The brisk rapping of a red-shafted flicker at the very top of a stark, branchless spruce shaft reminds one of similar tattoos often heard along the Neosho or Marais des Cygnes. In truth, this very woodpecker is not an uncommon bird species in Kansas woods. Far more common, however, is the yellow-shafted flicker, or yellow hammer, as we more often call it. Yellow-shafted and red-shafted are so closely allied that it would be no difficult matter to collect a series of specimens from Kansas to the Rockies which should show a perfect transition from one species to the other. Similarly with our charming little red-naped, downy woodpecker, or sapsucker. The mountain form of this bird is plainly distinguishable from its plains congener, but the transition forms are easily found. The most interesting, perhaps, of the mountain woodpeckers, and one which the day's tramping will likely reveal, is the curious alpine three-toed woodpecker. There are

three American species of three-toed woodpeckers, all confined to boreal or alpine habitats. This Rocky Mountain species, known to ornithologists as *Picoides americanus dorsalis*, (a name for each toe, say you?) is not so common that the sight of it should not be held in memory as a real ornithological coup. In four summers' tramping among these Front Range cañons, I have seen but five of the birds, and them all close to timber-line.

The singing little stream, in this cool dawn, is receiving the morning visits of its friends, the birds of the cañon. The querulous warbling of the mountain blue-bird, the quaint talking of the long-tailed chickadee (larger than our own black-cap), the hurried "cheep-cheep-cheep" of the brown creeper, and the low, duck-like "hank-hank" of the nuthatches, are seemingly familiar sounds, despite the fact that all the singers except the creeper are birds unknown to Kansas brooks.

A sharp rattling call, halcyon's greeting to the morning, and with rapid beating of wings, the well-known blue-and-white body sweeps up the stream. Is this then, too, the "threshold of the gods"? For it was laughing halcyon that led Maurice Thompson in his frail canoe to the very verge of the gods' freehold. "We felt no motion, so steady was our sweep, and yet we were leaving the dreamy wind behind us. Halcyon, with erect and disheveled crest, led on in an ecstasy of chirp and flutter. We were nearly opposite a grand opening in those stately trees, out of which seemed to issue the silvery line which cut the river. I leaned forward, with suspended breath, to catch a glimpse right down it as we should pass. The gods were there, I knew they were; I should see some one of them, at least, if only a sylvan, faun, or satyr, or a dryad slowly withdrawing into the heart of a tree. *Deus ecce! Deus!*"

Here, too, is the home of the water-ouzel; strange bird which has forsaken the natural element of winged life, and flies under the water. Standing on impossible footholds, resisting the resistless impact of the foaming water, this elf of the mountain

streams pertly chirps you a spray-laden "good morning." And here, also, the spotted sandpiper, cosmopolite, teetering its lissom body, as it explores a bit of the stream's edge for food.

The simple camp breakfast over, we launch at once into the day's affair; the climbing of the cliffs to the right, and the exploration of a mountain peak heretofore unclimbed by us, and perhaps—who may say?—by anyone. Not that it is so high, or so difficult of access; in fact, it is comparatively low, and is practically strolled up on its west side; but who would climb such an obscure peak, with Long's and Hague's so close at hand? We shall find some typical mountain birds, though, and that is pleasure enough.

At the very start, we find ourselves set about by a mob of clattering winged pygmies, the broad-tailed humming-birds. In Kansas there is one humming-bird, the ruby-throat; in the eastern Rocky Mountains there are at least two common species, and in all the United States about fifteen hummers are found. The broad-tail is a brilliant spark of green fire when seen in the sunlight; his back and head are golden green, his throat a "glancing lilac-red," and his breast and sides whitish glossed with delicate green. In all the mountain woods, on hillside, or in cañon, his clacking rattle is heard.

Up among the first snow-banks, among the bare brown rocks above timber-line, the mountain ptarmigan, bird of the grouse family, lives its lonely life. Exposed to the violent storms which sweep over the mountain summits, prey of the golden eagles and falcons which range the high peaks, the brown and white hen fights out for itself and young the wages of existence. With curious adaptive mimicry, the ptarmigan, in winter, when the high mountain slopes are wrapped in snow, puts on a plumage of unspotted white; but when the suns of spring sweep the brown rocks of their snow-coat, leaving only the deep and protected never-melting snow-fields scattered over the summits, the ptarmigan dons a brown-and-white habit that harmonizes with the changed appearance of its mountain-fields.

Among the jagged cliffs of the peak's east side, haunt of the big-horn and eerie home of the golden eagles, a dainty little flutterer dwells, the brown-capped lencosticle. A chocolate-brown body, with crimson tinge, and brown to dull-black crown, and bill, in winter, yellow. Lencosticle belongs to the great family of finches, or seed-eaters, and is not unsuggestive of our red-polls or pine linnets. Its nest and pure white eggs are frail enough, one thinks, for such fearsome places as these windy rock-wastes. As we stand on this cap-stone of the peak, and look far out over the foot-hills, and out over the plains where wind peacefully the waters escaped from their mountain fastnesses, lencosticle flits over the cliff's edge and drops fluttering to the little green lake a thousand feet below. If we could drop as lightly, we should be sooner home than we shall be.

VERNON L. KELLOGG.

ANGEL VISITS.

THOU art so near to me to-night, sweetheart,
Thy soul seems trembling on the brink of years—
Seems poised above these human atmospheres,
And of my being still the counterpart.
The tide of tears that made mine eyelids smart
Is stayed; new hope my spirit cheers;
The mist of doubt around me disappears;
I am so joyous to be where thou art.

Thine arms are reaching out again to me,
My loneliness and sorrow slip away,
My lips are throbbing with thy kisses dear.
Still must I bear this life away from thee?
Oh, bid the morn her rosy footsteps stay!
Sweet vision of the night, pray linger here!

EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY.

DICTION AND STYLE.

DICTION and style—that is the nut that I am set to crack in this paper. It is not precisely a nut of this year's growing. But, after all, youth is hardly more of a merit with nuts than with wine; nor, fortunately, since I have begun to deal with my subject under the figure of a nut, is dryness much of a fault in either. There are, perhaps, even nuts which, like champagne, discover a quite superior virtue when they are extra dry. Perchance this is one of them. Let us try to crack it undismayed though the kernel bid fair to be dry even to parching, so only it turn out to be neither mouldy nor worm-eaten. Let us not even be deterred by the suspicion, that you may find growing as we proceed and reminiscences of your rhetoric days start up, evoked by the conjuring words, perspicuity, elegance, propriety, harmony, and the rest, that the tree whose fruit this nut of ours is can be no other than the notorious *Castanea vulgaris*. Is not the chestnut, in spite of its present unenviable reputation, an honest and respectable nut, and highly palatable withal? Is it not even the most useful, if the least aristocratic, of all its family, not hobnobbing at the end of the feast over the wine-cups, with the rich and luxuriously bred, but giving solid companionship and sympathy to the poor peasant of the Tuscan mountains throughout the meager whole of his customary meal?

But before we can set about the cracking of our nut we must disentangle it from the prickly burr of ambiguity and varying meanings which effectually protect it from any close, hard grip. Diction and style—are they two things, or are they but one and the same? Shall we use either term indiscriminately, with the older writers on such matters, to cover the whole of the way in which a person expresses himself? Or shall we, with Mr. Genung, take diction to mean only that part of the way of ex-

pressing ourselves that has to do with the words we choose and the manner in which we combine them, and reserve for the domain of style that superior skill with which language is exquisitely shaped to the expression of a personality and the idea invested with "fitting dignity and distinction"? Or shall we agree with Mr. Earle in his monumental work on English prose, and make diction cover even this literary skill in the management of words and the whole range of literary artifices in composition, reserving to style the higher and somewhat intangible region beyond where diction ends? In this view style is, to use Mr. Earle's words, "a sort of moral physiognomy in written discourse"; it cannot be applied to anything short of a paragraph. Style, if we so understand it, does not, strictly speaking, reside in the words or in the phrases, or even in the sentence, but in that sequence of sentences which constitutes discourse, and of which the smallest adequate sample is a paragraph. Now I fancy I already hear the warning voice of the reader calling a halt upon this excursion into the vexed land of definitions, and crying out that he wants none of this hair-splitting business: that his sole wish is to get some discussion of the beauties and various excellences of the styles of different writers of the best English prose. Very well; perhaps I shall get to that by-and-by; if I do, I should like to come to it with some well-defined notion of what beauties and excellences of style are, which notion I shall hardly hope to come by without arriving at some thoughtful conclusion as to what style is. For should one go about the judging of style without this, the only outcome of it could be a series of statements of likes and dislikes which would throw no small amount of light upon the judge, but could shed practically no illumination upon the matters judged. In explaining or defending judgments there would finally be no escape from the discussion of terms. If it must come, it might as well come first as last.

Suppose, then, we ask the question at once: What do we think style is? If we grope our way back into the darkness of

the abundant ignorance which our minds have absorbed in these matters from the infinite treasures of that commodity possessed by the text-books duly approved by the collective wisdom of the school-boards up and down our fair land, we stumble against such highly unserviceable guide-boards, leading nowhither, as this: "The peculiar manner in which a writer expresses his thoughts by means of words is called Style—a word derived from the Latin *stylus*, the name of a pointed steel instrument employed by the Romans in writing on their waxen tablets." The recourse to this etymology to elucidate the word is a veritable stroke of perverse genius, and shows what Mr. Quackenbos could do in obscuring matters when he really set himself about it. And you doubtless remember, with a sense of weariness still, the long enumerations of the various peculiar manners, "called styles," in which writers express their thoughts by means of words; as if styles were like modern ready-mixed paints and came in just so many colors: if you had a job of painting to do, you selected from the card of sample colors, which the Rhetoric was always careful to append, the one best suited to your need, and proceeded to lay it on. Manufacturers of new brands tried to outstrip the established makes by offering a larger and larger list of shades and tints. At first there were but the Plain, Elegant and Grand styles. All sorts of objects demanding paint could of course not long be satisfied with three such simple and pronounced colors. The Quackenbos Company offered a much richer assortment: The Dry, the Plain, the Neat, the Elegant, the Florid, the Simple, the Labored, the Concise, the Diffuse, the Nervous, and the Feeble. It is true that the manufacturer did not venture to recommend the Dry, the Labored, and the Feeble, for general use, though he took occasion to say that several very respectable and even distinguished people, as Bishop Berkeley, for instance, had used them. But the Quackenbos Company was far surpassed in the number of hues by a Mr. Kerl, who announced a bewildering variety of new and fashionable shades, no less than thirty-seven

in number, among which the most fastidious taste in colors ought to be sure of satisfying itself. There was the Dry style, the Plain style, the Neat style, the Elegant style, the Figurative style, the Flowery style, the Florid style, the Turgid or Bombastic style, the Declamatory style, the Affected style, the Curt style, the Concise style, the Diffuse style, the Feeble style, the Nervous style, the Vehement style, the Sententious style, the Laconic style, the Logical style, the Loose style, the Compact style, the Abrupt style, the Flowing style, the Periodic style, the Colloquial style, the Grave or Solemn style, the Witty or Humorous style, the Satirical or Sarcastic style, the Simple style, the Labored style, the Learned or Classic style, the Idiomatic style, the Saxon style, the Pedantic style, the Antiquated style, the Quaint style, and the Modern style. The subtle distinctions which explain the relationship between these styles are full of that same dense obscurity that makes Mr. Quackenbos's darkness visible. The Curt style "consists chiefly of short sentences," while the Concise style is "remarkable for brevity," and the Sententious "abounds in short, pithy sentences." It is needless to point out the utter futility of these enumerations for the helpful business of teaching what style is or how it is attained. And yet that is pretty much the sort of thing, if I am not mistaken, upon which we were brought up. It is quite likely that our notion of what style is has been shaped in some degree by that way of dealing with it.

Now the conception of style upon which this sort of writing rests, apparently regards style as something in large measure external to the thought, added afterwards, put upon the body of the composition. The figure of paint under which I have been speaking of it is not unjust, I think, to this conception. Or to use another figure that has been a favorite one to express the relation of the style to the inner body of the composition, it is the dress of the thought. If we would apply this conception to the process of composition we must represent that process to ourselves somewhat like this: We have a thought ready for

expression; we have become completely conscious of it; its form and color, its emotional value, its relation to us and to others—all this is clear and fixed in our minds. It is a matured body; all that is wanting is the dress of expression, which is style. We hesitate at the last moment what sort of clothes to put on it. Shall they be grave or gay, plain or gaudy, simple or rich, bright-hued or sober? But whatever suit we choose, our thought remains the same and bears the same message to the world when it appears.

Does it not at once become apparent when we put the thing so to ourselves that such a process cannot possibly be the true one, and that the conception on which it rests must be false? How in the world is the body of our thought visible to the world but through the clothes that we have put on it? Is not this garment of words, if we may hang to our figure for a moment longer, the only outward reality that our thought has, and if our thought has assumed within us that full shape and definiteness that we have supposed, can there be more than one possible dress for it, namely, that through which its form and definite value as they are visible to us inwardly shall become visible to others? Plainly, our first figure is imperfect. Words, expression, style, are not the dress of our thought that may be changed without doing violence to the integrity of its person, but they are the materialization of it. DeQuincey reports that Wordsworth once said in his hearing that it was most unphilosophic to call style the dress of thought—it was really the incarnation of thought; and this DeQuincey calls the weightiest utterance he ever heard on the subject. Weighty it may well seem, for it makes of style a far more intimate and vital matter; it becomes a part of us and of our way of looking at things; a new and more fruitful way is opened up for the study of style and art.

But I think that the manner in which we have represented the process of composition to ourselves is not yet the real way in which the work of composition is ordinarily performed. As

a matter of fact, the times when this thought of ours gets its complete distinctness and definiteness in our heads and springs out full formed, commanding the words that alone can be its material body, are of exceeding rarity, even if they ever occur. Ordinarily, things do not go so simply and easily. The spiritual thing that craves embodiment at our hands is still most often but vaguely shaped, loosely grasped, almost unconsciously possessed, when the work of expressing it begins. We ourselves cannot come into complete and definite consciousness of it so long as it remains wholly a spiritual body. We need to fix a part of it in words before we can evolve the rest. We must have the support that the concrete body of words can give us while our mind reaches out after those members which have not yet come within its conscious circle. Thus the embodiment of a portion of our thought becomes a step in the creation of our thought. The expression reacts on that which is being expressed. So that instead of the single struggle to give adequate material form to that which we have brought into definite and final shape in our thought, we more usually have a double and highly complex struggle both to give adequate material form to something that we have brought into shape in our thought, and to bring into shape in our thought something which baffles and eludes our shaping. That is to say, our style is both the exact embodiment of our thinking, and, in the intermediate stages of composition, an aid to our thinking. But even where it has been an aid to our thinking it becomes again in the complete expression of our finished thought the incarnation of our thinking; so that in every case, whether it be arrived at simply or more laboriously, it is always determined absolutely by the nature of what we have to express. So that whatever is said of the style is true of our thinking. If we have a satirical style, it is not merely that we have a satirical way of saying things, but a satirical way of looking at things.

We can see now, I think, the reason why so many writers have shown such an unremitting solicitude about their style; a

solicitude that might seem exaggerated if we regarded it as having nothing to do with the very essence and substance of their thought. The typical example of this class of authors who wreak themselves on expression is, I suppose, the Frenchman Flaubert. The slow and painful toil of his composing, the long and anxious search for just the right word and just the satisfying cadence, are the prominent facts of his life. "There are no beautiful thoughts," he would say, "without beautiful forms, and conversely. As it is impossible to extract from a physical body the qualities which really constitute it—color, extension and the like—without reducing it to a hollow abstraction, in a word, without destroying it; just so it is impossible to detach the form from the idea, for the idea only exists by virtue of the form." So his composition was an obstinate struggle to attain the form that should be at one with the idea. "Possessed of an absolute belief that there exists but one way of expressing one thing, one word to call it by, one adjective to qualify, one verb to animate it, he gave himself to superhuman labor for the discovery, in every phrase, of that word, that verb, that epithet. In this way, he believed in some mysterious harmony of expression, and when a true word seemed to him to lack euphony still went on seeking another, with invincible patience, certain that he had not yet got hold of the unique word. A thousand preoccupations would beset him at the same moment, always with this desperate certitude fixed in his spirit: Among all the expressions in the world, all forms and turns of expression, there is but *one*—one form, one mode—to express what I want to say."

So far, then, I can see and feel the justice and force of this view of style. But a further conclusion of Flaubert and those who think like him provokes hesitation at least, if not dissent. This further conclusion is that all true and good style must be impersonal. "Styles," says an interpreter of his doctrine, "styles, as so many peculiar moulds, each of which bears the mark of a particular writer, who is to pour into it the whole

content of his ideas, were no part of his theory. What he believed in was *style*: that is to say, a certain absolute and unique manner of expressing a thing, in all its intensity and color. For him the form was the work itself. As in living creatures, the blood, nourishing the body, determines its very contour and external aspect, just so to his mind, the matter, the basis, in a work of art, imposed, necessarily, the unique, the just expression, the measure, the rythm — the form in all its characteristics."

But what, in a work of art, is this matter, this basis? Surely, as we have said, it is nothing else but an idea. It is nothing having already an existence aside from a thinking and imagining person, but always, as Mr. Pater puts it in his admirable essay on style, our peculiar sense of some reality, some immaterial state of the consciousness of a person. Even in description of natural objects, where there is no intention of doing anything but fixing the whole appearance of a material thing in words, it is after all not the object, but always our peculiar sense of the object, that we translate into expression. Let different persons describe the same thing and it becomes at once apparent how much this means, how widely the sense one person may have of even a simple object may differ from that possessed by another. The different degrees of our powers of observation, the varying nicety of our discrimination of tints, motions, shapes, sizes, the point of view from which we look, the influence of old associations, the extent of familiarity or strangeness of the object, all these are so many sources of divergence between the several representations that we make to ourselves of everything we see; and these sources are multiplied and their operation intensified in proportion as our interest in the thing we are to describe is great. Its relation to ourselves becomes then a very essential part of our sense of it. And if this is true of our sense of things, how much more personal must be our sense of immaterial objects, ideas, emotions, conduct, character, all those human interests with

which serious writing chiefly concerns itself. The thing in us that craves expression is something bearing the stamp of our personality, whatever that is. That peculiar thing that we call our personality and which we never deny, whether it be weak or strong, ordinary or unusual, is a sort of acid in the mind from whose reaction no single substance that enters there can be protected. The products of our minds that come to be boxed up by our composition for the world's commerce are never elementary substances, but invariably our salts.

It is true, then, it seems to me, that in the oft-quoted words of Buffon, the style is the man, and always a personal, not an impersonal man, for I don't think that *he* has yet been evolved. Conceiving of it in this way, we should expect style to be a far more individual matter than if it were simply the dress and ornament of our ideas. The conclusion is natural and almost necessary, that there must be as many styles as there are men, and that just as we are in no danger of mistaking one of our friends for another, so we should have no trouble in distinguishing one style from another and indeed from every other. This quality of individuality has, in fact, always been accorded to style, even by those who spoke of it as a mere external vesture of the thought. Johnson's style, Macaulay's style, Carlyle's style, Emerson's style, Addison's style, Newman's style, Ruskin's style, are supposed to be as easily recognizable as their names. Mr. Earle, in the book already alluded to, even compares the style to the face. "The essence of style is individuality," he says. "In a million faces no two are quite alike. There may be many cases of resemblance, but never one so complete as to obliterate the individual character of each. So, and with at least equal force of variety, does mind differ from mind. Of the same nature is style, where there is a true style, that is to say, where it is naturally and fully developed. Among styles that are genuine there is no sameness; every style has its own individuality, and therefore it has in itself a fund of novelty.

"We may learn to know styles as we learn to know faces, and

if we think the matter worth the trouble of a little attention we may advance so far in it that there is hardly any limit to possible progress. With a very moderate amount of study, we may recognize the prose of such characteristic writers as Hooker, Clarendon, Milton, Jeremy Taylor, Defoe, Bunyan, L'Estrange, Dryden, Johnson, Gibbon, De Quincey, Carlyle, Macaulay, Liddon, J. R. Green, Maine, Freeman."

Though we may not go so far as this, I presume we all are agreed as to the truth of its general tenor. When we read these writers, we recognize something in the manner of the thing that each one has for himself. We say to ourselves, that no one but Macaulay, no one but Emerson, no one but Carlyle, could have put things just in that way. But can any one of us say what it is precisely that makes up the sum of that characteristic and forever ineradicable difference? Is it a Roman nose that distinguishes Carlyle from Macaulay, or the fashion of his beard, or a mole on his chin, or a strawberry mark on his left arm? What are the salient features of this thing we call style? If style is the man, ought we not to be able to get its photograph? We recognize, in reading, the individual traits of the author; but do we analyze them with such clearness that we can be sure to know them again at any time, should we meet them unannounced by any title-page? Suppose we make the attempt. Let a friend read to us some unfamiliar paragraphs of two or three of our masters of English prose, and see whether we at once know them.

Whether we are able to call these styles by name, or not, there will be no question about their difference. Is it true that the same differences exist between the writings of any and all who write? Do the contributors to our daily press have, all of them, such individuality that their styles differ as their faces? Is the instructor at the university able to tell from the style of the sophomore's theme who is its author? To ask the question is to answer it: in the vast majority of cases, what strikes us about these compositions is their sameness, and not their indi-

viduality. Does not that go against our close identification of style with the man?

No, I think not. There are several reasons for this. But that which lies at the center of all these reasons is the fact that the embodiment of the thought in words is not an unconscious process that accomplishes itself, and that the material substance in which the idea must be incarnate is not in a fluid state ready to run into our mould and fill it. The material, language, is a stubborn and refractory one. Both power and skill are needed by him who attempts to compel it to utter just the thing, nothing more nor less, that he has created within him. It is to the literary workman—and we are all and must be literary workmen the moment we begin to write anything—what his tubes of colors are to the painter. The painter sees before that inward eye “which is the bliss of solitude” a shape, a figure, a scene; he sees it in a scheme of light and shade and color; but each tint in his vision is not labeled with the commercial name of the pigment which he must use to reproduce it outwardly—here Burnt Sienna, there Chrome Yellow, Cobalt Blue, Rose Madder; he must learn by long study and observation the value of all those colors; he must penetrate into the mysteries of the gradations resulting from their combination; and he must work long and carefully to secure the skill which can produce at will from these materials of color any of the effects of which they are capable. In precisely the same way the writer sees that idea which he is concerned to utter, but unlabeled by the words that shall make it visible to another. Before he can select unerringly the words that will adequately render his meaning he must learn the value of words and the infinite gradations produced by their combinations. Here is a knowledge and a skill far more extensive, more complex, and more profound, than that required of the painter, and it would be folly to think that its acquirement is more of an intuitive process and less of a laborious and persevering toil than the acquirement of the art of painting. Of all things words are the most difficult to fathom,

to know through and through. The bewildering possibilities of a single color are as nothing compared with the endless capacities of meaning that reside in the most insignificant monosyllable and that may be evoked by the one who thoroughly knows that word and other words.

There are two peculiarities of words that make it so difficult to master their capabilities. A figure or a number has a very definite and accurately circumscribed value—though perhaps in the higher refinements of mathematics they take on more powers of suggestion. But there are two aspects of a word that keep its meaning and value always overflowing and exceeding the hard and fast boundaries fixed by precise definition: these are its associations, and its figurative color.

The associations of words have been derived from the regions of life or thought where they have come to be especially at home. Some words are recognized as unfitted for polite society. There are many which are usually thought unserviceable in poetry, and there are not a few others which would certainly seem out of place in prose. A horse, a charger, a palfrey, a steed, are all the same animal, but it would not be at all a matter of indifference which one of them should be used in a given case. Indeed it can be laid down as a general rule that it is never a matter of indifference which of two so-called synonyms is chosen, if for no other reason because the two will have different associations and so carry with them different suggestions, and the part of suggestion in the work of composition is one of the most effective.

But the figurative color of words is still more important than their associations. Perhaps we may say that we will not use figures, but our words will contain them in spite of ourselves. There is hardly a word we use but has come to its present sense through a series of changes and adaptations the memory of which still lingers about it. The words that we use for operations of the mind are taken at first from gross material operations, and drag always after them a trail of suggestion. We say

a stone *flies* through the air, the sun *climbs* up the sky, we are *intent* upon our work, we *extract* the meaning of the page we are reading. Always, down at the bottom of the thought the word expresses, is the suggestion of the physical action out of which the common meaning has risen. Our language, sophisticated and conventionalized as it is, is still to no small degree a picture language, a kind of hieroglyphic. All this figurative color hovers about our words, and makes us weigh many things before we can be sure that a word we have chosen is just the right one. This complicates indefinitely the work of composition, but it also in turn enlarges immensely the range of language as an instrument of expression. It expands the part of suggestion in composition, and puts within our reach a delicate precision and a rich treasure of meaning in a single word which we might otherwise have to spend sentences upon, and even then without hitting it so perfectly.

And then there is the power of the mere sound of words—the value of the word as a vocal thing; for it is unmistakable that words do have such a value. It is a necessity that the ear is either pleased or offended, or at least wearied, by certain sounds and successions of sounds—and this quite aside from the imitative quality of some words. This value is more conspicuous, perhaps, in poetry than in prose; but it is sufficiently conspicuous in prose to cause a writer who is in earnest about the delicate and exact expression of what is in his mind to take it into account.

But sound comes in to complicate the process still further. Poetry is built up in considerable measure upon the careful regard of certain matters of mere sound—accent, stress, and cadence. But these things enter into prose too. There must be a certain degree of harmony about our sentences if we expect to get them listened to without any loss of effect from friction and irritation on the part of the hearer—or of the reader either, for even to the one who reads only with the eye, the vocal value of what he is reading is not wholly lost. He would notice it

quickly with displeasure should the sentences sin flagrantly against the canons of the ear. And every displeasure of this kind, every irritation, is a positive loss of economy and force in our expression.

I have named over these various aspects of the material in which all embodiment of our thoughts in writing must be, not in any way to enumerate exhaustively the elements of expression, but to emphasize the difficulty of the process, which might seem so simple, of translating our thoughts into just those words which can alone express them. That serves to explain how so few really reach a style, because so few really master the use of that material of expression which mastery alone will mould and fit to our ideas. Most people probably remain content with a rudely approximate expression of themselves. "The style is the man," and for each man there is but one style, except as he himself develops and changes. But the man does not always, perhaps we may say that he rarely, expresses himself with sufficient adequacy to allow us to detect his personality.

ARTHUR G. CANFIELD.

HISTORY AND THE HISTORICAL NOVEL.

WHETHER a historian should be simply a narrator of past events, or whether he should besides seek to give a philosophical explanation of those events, and indicate their bearing upon the present and their probable influence upon the future, is a question upon which historians themselves are widely at variance. The party which maintains the former of these views has undoubtedly the authority of immemorial example upon its side. The idea of a science of history is of late growth in the development of thought. The first writers of history were chiefly anxious to tell an interesting story in an interesting way. Far from dreaming that history was one day to be looked upon as "philosophy teaching by example," Herodotus and the rest of the early writers on history did not think of themselves as teachers at all, but wrote their half-historical, half-fictitious narratives merely to satisfy that innate longing which men have to know something about other ages and other races than their own.

Since the dawn of modern science, however, historians may be said to have been divided into two great and widely-differing schools. One of these schools maintains that history is as properly a subject for scientific investigation as any of the physical sciences. It declares that the historian's highest task is, by his investigations of the past, to discover and unfold the laws which govern human conduct, and to point out their relative influence in determining the customs, the institutions, and the general character of a people or of an age. The historian can do this, but he alone can, because he alone possesses a sufficient knowledge of historical facts to make his conclusions in some degree trustworthy. Good examples of this school are the historians Buckle and Lecky, in whose great works individuals and events are wholly subordinate to the philosophical explanations

which the authors seek to give of some of the most striking phenomena displayed in the development of the human race.

To the other school belong such historians as Carlyle and Froude, who are proud to declare themselves, in theory at least, the modern successors of Plutarch and Herodotus, assigning quite as important a place in history to great men as did the former, while striving to be more accurate and not less interesting than the latter. They deride the idea that there can be such a thing as a science of history, and declare it impossible to prove that human conduct is governed by any such invariable laws as those which obtain in the physical world.

Such, briefly stated, are the two widely divergent views as to what history should aim to be and do. A fairer view would seem to be that history of both kinds is good, and even indispensable, to those who wish their ideas about the past to be vivid, accurate, comprehensive, and arranged in such a way as to be of real service to them in shaping their conduct. Mr. Froude, in his lecture on the "Science of History," declares that "history can tell us little of the past and nothing of the future." So utterly false is this statement, that the science of political economy may be said to rest almost entirely upon deductions from historical facts; and the same may be said of many other sciences, such as sociology, law in its various branches, and the rise and growth of institutions. But when all has been said that there is to say in defense of the philosophic or scientific historian, it may still be admitted that history must at times descend from the high regions of philosophy and be content to tell the story of the past as simply, but also as pleasantly and entertainingly, as possible. Herbert Spencer, indeed, in his work on education, speaks slightly of that kind of history which consists chiefly of accounts of the lives and adventures of kings, descriptions of battles, and the like; but for all that, literature and life would be poorer in a thousand ways if all record of these things had perished from the earth. The story of the Roman Horatius, of Leonidas and his

Spartans, or of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, may be of no importance whatever in the philosophy of history, and may shed not the faintest ray of light on the political duty of the men of our day, when all the conditions of life are so wholly changed from those amid which these heroes lived and died. Yet what could induce us to give up these stories forever? Not all the achievements of science and philosophy, great and splendid though they are, could compensate us for their loss. We may truly say, in Mr. Froude's phraseology, that history, in preserving such stories as these, has been "a voice forever sounding across the centuries" the inspiring record of those old heroic deeds which have thrilled all generations with admiration and wonder, and made even the pessimist and the misanthropist hesitate to pronounce the human race wholly mean and vile.

It is idle to ask why everybody should feel so deep an interest in the personalities of men and women, some of whom have been dead thousands of years, and whose real influence upon the world was forgotten almost as soon as the lips of those who had loved them in life had ceased to mention their names with fondness and regret; while the study of the growth of institutions and of the silent forces that have moulded history should interest none save people of scholarly instincts and educated tastes. Why do most people feel a deeper interest in the doings of their humblest neighbor than in any abstract question whatever? Why is it so hard to keep a political campaign from degenerating into a rancorous contest over the personalities of the candidates, when political leaders have resolved that it shall be a campaign in which principles, not men, shall be discussed? No answer to these questions can be given, further than a mere statement of the fact that ordinary people are more interested in one another than in anything else. From this it follows that the history which appeals most strongly to men is the narrative rather than the philosophical history. Philosophical history is indeed the higher and more deserving of study;

but it is history of the narrative sort that must not only explain, enforce and justify the conclusions of philosophical history, but also serve the yet more important purpose of giving body, reality and vitality to our conceptions of the past.

Now, at last, we are prepared to understand the relation of historical fiction to history proper, and to appreciate the causes which have made it, perhaps, the most popular kind of fiction in existence. It, more than any other kind of literature, has the power to call the great dead to life again and make them pass, in glory or in shame, before our gaze, looking and acting as they did in life, only, perhaps, rendered a little brighter and more interesting by the long sleep from which the novelist has awakened them. Narrative history, in so far as it is not severely accurate and truthful in its statement of facts, ceases to be history, in the strict sense of the word, and becomes historical fiction. The necessity under which the conscientious historian lies of putting nothing into his narrative which he has not strong reason for thinking strictly and literally true, is undoubtedly a limitation which prevents that narrative from being as dramatic, effective, and powerful, as it might be if he were permitted to embellish, complete, and round it out by the aid of his historical imagination when facts failed him. How often, when the historian has worked up our interest in a character, or a situation, to the highest pitch, is he compelled to lay aside his pen and sadly confess that here the evidence is hopelessly conflicting, or, worse yet, that facts of any kind are wholly wanting. It is inevitable, however, that this should be so, even in the case of men whose fame filled the world during their lifetime and for ages afterwards. Private secretaries, Boswellian friends, even his own correspondence, can preserve but a little of the interesting things which a great man says and does; and even of the few which are preserved the greater part is often quite inaccessible to the historian.

Thus we see that there are certain limitations on history. Alone, it cannot, if it would, reproduce with complete fidelity

and with the semblance of complete reality, the character and daily life of even the great and famous men of other times, to say nothing of those of the common people. It can, indeed, make us bow with reverent admiration before its praise of heroic deeds performed by men and women long since dead, or can make us turn with loathing from the contemplation of humanity in some hour of infinite degradation and baseness. In a word, it can reproduce extremes, because the record of extremes is likely to have been preserved in tolerable completeness. But to make the past really live again, something more than this is needed, and that something is supplied by the historical novel.

As to what constitutes a good historical novel, it may be said in general that it is quite as much an art product as ordinary fiction is, and must conform to most of the artistic requirements which govern the latter. It, as well as ordinary fiction, must avoid the marvelous and the improbable, and must in all respects be consistent with the facts of life. Moreover, it is not sufficient that its characters and incidents should seem natural and probable. If it be a historical novel in the truest sense, some of its leading incidents must have actually occurred, some of its leading characters have actually existed.

Here we come to a limitation upon the writer of a historical novel which makes his task more difficult, perhaps, than that of the writer of any other kind of fiction. The writer of ordinary fiction has only to take care that the conditions by which he surrounds his characters and the circumstances in which he places them shall be such as human experience does not pronounce impossible or at least improbable, and that their actions shall be more or less explicable by some of the known principles of human nature. Within these bounds he can make his characters do anything he wishes to have them do. He can cause them to undergo any metamorphosis he chooses, or can make all their actions tend consistently in one direction from the beginning to the end. He can give his hero success and failure in any proportions he pleases; can make him brilliant but unsuccessful, or

stupid yet fortunate in all he undertakes; and can, at the last, make him end his days happy and at peace with all mankind; or, on the contrary, can send him to his last account deserted and unloved, the victim of a fate "as sad and deep and dark as can be woven from the warp and woof of mystery and death." All this the ordinary novelist can do, and in it all life will bear witness that he tells but the simple truth, and that she has seen it all enacted over and over again unnumbered millions of times. The historical novelist, on the other hand, must have strict regard to the truth of history in constructing and in disposing of such of his characters as have an historical basis for their existence. He may, and indeed in most cases he must, supplement by his imagination the often scanty information which history can give him about these people. But he will not, if he is honest, and wishes to give the world a really valuable historical novel, try to make them either better or worse, either wiser or more foolish, than history declares them to have been.

It must suffice to mention one more peculiarity of the historical novel; a peculiarity which is, perhaps, in the nature of a limitation on its power to hold the reader's attention stretched to the highest degree of intensity. In the ordinary novel the fate of the principal characters usually remains in doubt until the end is reached. The story may, indeed, be so told that the reader may fancy he sees the inevitable conclusion long before he reaches the last chapter. Nevertheless, he is always more or less conscious that the conclusion he anticipates is not really inevitable, and feels that he may after all be mistaken. But in the historical novel it is not so. There, in most cases, we know the end from the beginning; or at least an important part of it. For example, from the moment Savonarola makes his first appearance in "*Romola*" the thought is always before us that he is to die at the stake, and that all his dreams of a free Florence are to come to nothing. Similarly, in the well-known German novel, "*Ein Kampf um Rom*," we know that Cethegos will fail in his efforts to restore the Eternal City to her old supremacy

over the world, with himself as her chief magistrate; for our knowledge of the history of that period tells us that no such restoration took place. Perhaps, though, after all, the disadvantages which the novelist labors under in such cases as these are often more than compensated for by the fact that in many of the characters of the historical novel we are renewing our acquaintance with old friends and are therefore interested in them from the start.

R. D. O'LEARY.

EVENING.

THE crimson light grows fainter in the west,
I see Day's distant torches flare and fade;
Across the purple twilight's deepening shade
A homeward bird fares toward its waiting nest.

In this still hour no sound of discord mars
The solitude that to the spirit lends
Its benison; while graciously descends
The tranquil benediction of the stars.

Within her realm of silence Night doth keep
The troubled world; to weary hands and eyes
From out the lofty, over-brooding skies
God gives his ever-blessed boon of sleep.

ALLEN D. GRAY.

COL. PHILLIPS AS A REVIEWER.

COL. WM. A. PHILLIPS'S "review" of the "Kansas Conflict," in *THE AGORA* for July, is a most remarkable production, both for what the Colonel says and what he left unsaid. It appears to be a grewsome attempt to be witty, facetious and funny, where people had a right to look for candor and dignity. The general disappointment is well expressed in the *Council Grove Republican*. The editor says of the "Conflict": "If attacked at all, the onslaught must come from some ardent worshipper of Lane and Brown, or both, and the attack must necessarily proceed from a personal point of view. . . . The so-called review of Col. Wm. A. Phillips in the July number of *THE AGORA*, a Kansas magazine, is an instance in point. The reviewer does not challenge the truthfulness of a single material statement in Governor Robinson's book, but with a flippancy not looked for in a gentleman of the culture, age and experience of Col. Phillips, attempts to treat the Governor's book with contemptuous railery. This will not do. The time has come when all early coloring of Kansas history is fading away. The people want the truth and will have it. If Governor Robinson's book is inaccurate in any particular, let it be pointed out. If he has 'set down aught in malice,' let it be shown. If he has traduced the character of Lane and Brown, let it appear. This is the office of the critic and reviewer. We have read the book carefully, and are much impressed with its frankness and completeness of detail, as well as its apparent intrenchment behind the cold, passionless facts of history."

Such being the character of the Colonel's review, I shall not attempt to follow it in detail. It is plain that, finding no statement of fact to criticise or deny, he has assumed that, with an air of great superiority over common mortals, he could ex-

tinguish both the book and its author with a supercilious sneer, and I will not disturb his agreeable conceit.

Before the "Kansas Conflict" was written there had been books about Kansas without number, but so far as I know not one had been written by a member of the Free-State party who approved the policy of that party in making a free State in Kansas. Nearly all writers of books have had a very imperfect knowledge of the policy adopted, while some have grossly misrepresented it and have endeavored to attribute the result to the men and their policy who directly antagonized the measures that were successful. Such being the situation, the question of writing the story of the conflict from the point of view of a member of the majority of the actors was raised, and the present book is the outcome. It makes no pretense of being a complete history in detail, but it gives an outline of the struggle, with the policy adopted, and the reasons for the same. Inasmuch as F. B. Sanborn, a citizen of Massachusetts, and an accomplice of John Brown in his Harper's Ferry raid, calls John Brown the "Liberator of Kansas" in his biography of that man, and as T. W. Higginson, the historian, attributes the success in Kansas to the "leadership of Brown, Lane, and Montgomery," care has been taken to show truthfully and without prejudice the position these men occupied and the parts they played. No truthful or proper outline could have been given otherwise. The book has been out about five months and read by hundreds of the early settlers, and so far it has been indorsed by every member of the majority of the old Free-State party, so far as known, while not a member of the opposing factions has disputed a single statement of fact. On the contrary, Col. Phillips corroborates the statements in the book as to the policy of the Free-State party of loyalty to Federal authority, and admits that a faction, to which he belonged, was disloyal. He condemns the Free-State men for inaction on the 21st of May, 1856, and justifies the assassination on the Pottawatomie by John Brown. He parallels the 21st of May with the Sacramento riot in 1850,

but he ignorantly or purposely leaves out of view the fact that in California it was one illegal body against another, while at Lawrence it would have been an illegal body against Federal authority. California had not been admitted to the Union, and her pretended laws and officers had no more legality than the resolutions and officers of a State convention. The force at Lawrence was in charge of a United States marshal, and to attack it by an organized body of men would have constituted treason. But men like Col. Phillips evidently can see no difference, or if they can see it, think it immaterial. It was well known that the Pro-Slavery men based their hopes of success on the chance of getting the Free-State men to commit treason. This was their hope at the Wakarusa war, in the fall of 1855, and at Lawrence in 1856; and had Lane and Brown had their way at the Wakarusa war, and Phillips had his way in May, 1856, their hopes would have been realized. Those who think the way to make a free State in Kansas was first to overthrow the Federal Government, will agree with Phillips, Lane, and Brown; but those who think the only way was to commit no crime and avoid conflict with Federal authority, while they "thwarted, baffled and circumvented" the enemy, will agree with the Free-State party.

Col. Phillips thinks that telling the truth about John Brown is an "attack." This cannot be helped. It was the purpose of the "Conflict" to tell the truth so far as it told anything, and if truth hurts, the fault may possibly be with the men about whom it is told and not with the truth-teller. He says the provocation for this massacre was great because of the destruction of property by the United States marshal at Lawrence. Formerly the hero-worshippers placed the provocation with the men who were killed, but this excuse seems to have been abandoned, thanks to facts recently published. He also says: "That it struck terror into the hearts of the Pro-Slavery aggressors no one will deny." Perhaps not, but it struck greater terror into the hearts of Free-State men. Even Col. Phillips, who pub-

lished his "Conquest of Kansas" about that time, claimed that it was such an outrage as only wild Indians could be guilty of. Both Pro-Slavery and Free-State men were so terror-stricken that at a meeting of men of both parties, held in the vicinity on the third day after this massacre, they talked in part as follows:

"Whereas, An outrage of the darkest and foulest nature has been committed in our midst by some midnight assassins unknown, who have taken five of our citizens at the hour of midnight from their homes and families and murdered and mangled them in an awful manner, we deem it necessary to adopt some measures for our mutual protection and to aid and assist in bringing the desperadoes to justice; . . .

Resolved, That we pledge ourselves, individually and collectively, to prevent a recurrence of a similar tragedy, and to ferret out and hand over to the criminal authorities the perpetrators for punishment."

Among the Free-State men thus terror-stricken were H. H. Williams, R. Gilpatrick, and John Blunt.

Yes, Pro-Slavery men were "terror"-stricken to such an extent that they immediately rallied from Missouri and elsewhere and butchered Free-State men as a pastime during the entire summer, and until the arrival of Gov. Geary. But this is not important. If anyone desires to know the effect of that massacre, the evidence is found in the "Conflict." I only call attention to the fact that Col. Phillips admits there were men in Kansas, of whom he was one, who approved of fighting Federal officers and murdering Pro-Slavery men and boys at midnight because the United States marshal destroyed a hotel and printing-press at Lawrence. Phillips, Lane and Brown may have been right, but their policy was not the policy of the Free-State party, which was successful. It is remarkable that men of as much intelligence as Col. Phillips seems to possess cannot recognize the general principle that must guide in all movements against oppression and wrong, and that is, that the oppression and wrong must be fought, and not the Government. Even if

the wrong has been enacted into law, or is protected by law, the remedy is to get rid of the law, and not the overthrow of the entire government. The moment this is attempted all sympathy with the oppressed ceases, and all rush to the defense of the officials. People from monarchical governments easily fall into this mistake. It was so in the Kansas struggle. There were several young enthusiasts—Phillips, Redpath, Hinton, Realf, Kagi, Leonhardt, and perhaps others, all foreigners, and all anarchists or revolutionists—who allied themselves with a monomaniac and a charlatan in revolutionary schemes. They seemed not to realize that a republican government is as firmly established on deadly war machinery as the most powerful despotism on earth.

Col. Phillips says that the Topeka constitution "was formed by all the parties to it with the deliberate intention of its being the organic law of a State." Let us see. At the convention that took the initiative, held at Lawrence Aug. 15, 1855, and which called the convention of September 19, among the objects of the new convention was to be one to consider the subject having reference to the "speedy formation of a State constitution, with an intention of an immediate application to be admitted as a State into the Union of the United States of America." At the second convention, September 19th, an election was called for members of a convention "to form a constitution, adopt a bill of rights for the people of Kansas, and take all needful measures for organizing a State government, preparatory to the admission of Kansas into the Union as a State."

In the proclamation calling for the election of delegates to the constitutional convention, it said the object was "to form a constitution, adopt a bill of rights for the people of Kansas, and take all needful measures for organizing a State government, preparatory to the admission of Kansas into the Union as a State."

Will Col. Phillips contend that "all parties" who used such language intended to make the constitution "the organic law of

a State," unless admitted by Congress? Or will he contend that it ever was admitted, or ever had, after Lane's lying and forgery, a ghost of a chance to be admitted? Really, is not the Colonel's "present view of it evidently an afterthought"?

Col. Phillips thinks I also "attack" Lane and his brigade as well as Brown. Nearly all I have said of Lane's career is quoted from generals in the army, or official and other reliable testimony. Does Col. Phillips dispute a single fact stated, or impeach the testimony presented? If so, please particularize, and if not, please transfer the "attack" from me to the witnesses quoted.

The Colonel would frighten an unsophisticated and inexperienced author by parading the "Grim Chieftain" and John Brown's "skull and crossbones," and making them exclaim: "How long will ye vex my soul and break me in pieces with words?"

This is most unkind and uncalled for. If all engaged in the anti-slavery struggle and the war for the Union are in Heaven, or will be when they leave this world, what do Lane and Brown care for what is written about them here? Oh, no! Lane and Brown are otherwise engaged, and have not yet read the "Conflict."

Col. Phillips says: "You cannot rewrite history." That may be, but history will displace fiction. Truth will in the end prevail, and no person need fear that any hero will rise above or fall below his proper level. The position of Nero, Jeffries and Attila is as firmly established as is that of Washington, Howard, and Clarkson; and Brown, Guiteau, Lane and Quantrell will have their proper places. No, never fear! neither the Colonel nor I can make one hair white or black, nor remove one of his heroes one inch from his proper position in history.

And the Kansas soldiers. The Colonel thinks I do not sufficiently venerate them. On the contrary, I have given them the highest praise. No soldier has complained of the book, and no honorable warrior ever will. If there were any dishonorable

soldiers they will not be likely to approve of any book that deals in facts.

In the absence of mistakes to point out, as the Colonel must say something, he refers to a man he calls General Jones, an agrarian as he would represent, and would apparently have his readers believe that my views were in accord with his. As there must be some relevancy to this criticism, I have been anxious to see what it is. After the Sacramento riot, I received from a General Jones a printed slip giving an account of a meeting in Philadelphia, where Wm. H. Seward was nominated for President, and Charles Robinson for Vice-President of the United States. If these men were agrarians and nominated men of their own views, then Mr. Seward was in the same boat with myself; but I cannot exactly see what connection this has with the "Kansas Conflict."

Then again, after being accused of all the absurdities and inconsistencies possible to be charged to the account of a human being, he says I must be one of the worst kind of Democrats. This is a clincher, and caps the climax of this wonderful review. Evidently the "Kansas Conflict" doesn't please Colonel Phillips, and I never supposed it would, as it demonstrates that Kansas was saved to freedom by a policy which he and his heroes opposed. Neither does it please F. B. Sanborn, and he is not to be blamed, as it demonstrates that his "liberator of Kansas," saint and hero, was a revolutionist and merciless slayer of men and boys for opinion's sake, and that he opposed the policy adopted at every step. But it is most gratifying to the writer that neither of these men can discover a single error in the book, and must devote their wonderful literary talents to such reviews as this of Col. Phillips.

Since Col. Phillips has spoken, and no error has been pointed out, it can safely be asserted there is none, and the book can now be accepted as one that will stand the test of all critics and all time; and if there are any public libraries not yet supplied with a copy, they have only to ask and they shall receive. As

the Kansas struggle was the most important of its time, resulting in the final overthrow of slavery, and as the "Conflict" gives the outlines of that struggle correctly, it should be in every public as well as private library.

C. ROBINSON.

A GROUP OF RONDEAUS.

WHEN MORNING BREAKS.

When morning breaks upon the sight,
Where are the fears that came at night,
That whispered danger and dispraise,
That with a thousand vague dismays
Our resolution put to flight?

Ah! then these aliens to the light,
As seized upon by nameless fright,
Depart without adieus, delays,
When morning breaks!

And what is life with bloom and blight,
With contest over wrong and right?
A night where fear the scepter sways,
A tyrant that prescribes and slays;
But lo! he flees, a trembling wight,
When morning breaks.

IDA A. AHLBORN.

A DAY OF GRACE.

A day of grace she 's granted me—
A day wherein I shall be free
The hurt of thoughtless words to mend
And back into her glances send
The tenderness I love to see.

Scarce can I wait the liberty
My fault to own, on bended knee,
And reap the joy that may attend
A day of grace.

When come I, humbled, with my plea
That she again my Life will be,
And with Love's wand forever end
The grief and pain that now impend,
In her proud heart may Fate decree
A day of grace.

CHARLES MOREAU HARGER.

THE TIDE IS OUT.

The tide is out, and left and right
Full many a grewsome, uncouth sight
The marshy river-flats reveal,
While here and there a venturous keel
Creeps warily through some shallow bight.

Above, the sea-gulls, gray and white
Weird-calling, wing their heavy flight,
The dripping piers despondent feel
The tide is out.

Thus in the soul erst crystal bright,
Unlovely objects come to light
When the high floods of faith and zeal
Wont with their kind waves to conceal
Our frailties, ebb, and in the night
The tide is out.

WILLIAM HERBERT CARRUTH.

MY LITTLE CHILD.

My little child looks up to me
With such a weight of destiny
Within the depths of her blue eyes,
I hold her closely as she lies
Upon my breast, half fearfully.

Striving to read the mystery,
I question what her life shall be,
But only by a smile replies
My little child !

A smile in tender ministry
Foreshadows such futurity
As my fond heart would fain surmise,
But what if this transcendent guise
Should mark an angel where I see
My little child ?

FLORENCE L. SNOW.

FROM SHELLEY'S GRAVE.

From Shelley's grave, far o'er the sea,
Dear little Leaf, thou 'rt come to me,
To tell how oft thy dewy eyes
Have looked where Adonis lies,
Yet lives—for "Death is dead, not he."
Ah, little one, and can it be
That through that lone tear-lichened tree
Though oft hast heard the west wind's sighs
From Shelley's grave?

And hath the Cloud brought shade to thee,
And told in tears the misery
That grieves "the nursling of the skies"?
And doth the joyous Skylark rise
With song of mournful melody
From Shelley's grave?

[Anon.]

THAT RED-HAIRED GIRL.

That red-haired girl with azure eye—
Just now I saw her tripping by!
What makes me start and tremble so?
'Tis not that red-haired girl, I know!
And yet, somehow, I heave a sigh.

For she is fair and tall, while I,
Alas! am dark, and thin, and dry;
What stuff is this I've writ! but oh,
That red-haired girl!

What odds to me, you say? Oh, my,
How hard it is to tell a lie

When one beholds that throat of snow—
And eyes grow dim, and pulses go!
God bless my soul's delight! Who? Why,
That red-haired girl.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

THE PRAIRIE ROSE.

This lowly flower, that silent blows
Its perfumed bloom, or petals snows
Upon the tufted grass below,
Comes all unsung. Few watch it go.
Its lonely mission here — who knows?

In God's great plan, life's full of woes,
And yet, each thorn bespeaks a rose.
It teacheth us His law to know—
This lowly flower.

O, prairie queen, thy brief reign shows
That life, though short, the brighter grows
When kissed by love's sweet sunshine. So,
Emblem of perfect life, I trow,
Is this wild rose whose pure heart glows—
This lowly flower.

W. C. CAMPBELL.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE AGORA endeavors in this issue to supplement written history by giving its readers an idea of the looks and life of the late Governor Green. His was a notable character—picturesque, unique, and much greater than men esteemed it to be. The deteriorating effect of wit upon reputation and influence is very strange. Few men are able to overcome it. Somehow we refuse to take seriously a man who is wont to make us laugh, and the result is a lamentable injustice to many a soul who has brought much of Heaven to earth. Gov. Green suffered much in this way. Kansas has now arrived at that age when she loves to talk of her childhood; and that childhood is not so far away but that it is very interesting to those of us who were not a part of it. She has much unwritten history which THE AGORA hopes to give its readers through the kindly assistance of men who made it. In an early issue Judge Humphrey will give some extended reminiscences of Gov. Walker, and none is so well equipped for it as he.

THOSE who risked their lives in actual services during the war of the Rebellion have the best right to speak on the question of service pensions. Right-minded men who saw no actual service even though enlisted, or who did not enlist for reasons however good, or who have grown up since the war, feel a delicacy in discussing the subject, and are willing to leave the matter to the sincere judgment of those

volunteers who did see actual service. If such volunteers want a service pension, let them have it—if the Government can afford it. However, the question herein before discussed is in regard to public esteem, and in forming that, every person has a part, regardless of experience and relations. In the consideration of this matter it is well to remember that the disabled veteran is out of it. He gets his pension, or ought to. Nothing can degrade him in public esteem—not even his own unworthiness, if any there be. The veteran in question is the one who came out of the war sound and healthy, and has remained so. He, equally with all, has enjoyed and is enjoying the benefits of the work he did. He lives in a free, united country, even as other tax-payers. Everywhere in the North he has enjoyed, solely by reason of his war service, greater political power and influence than his neighbor of the same ability but not a veteran. If the Government should grant him a life annuity, would not most people think the account had been settled and thereafter one man as good as another? It would not degrade him below others who were not veterans, but surely he would not be quite the hero in the public mind that he is now.

WHEN Mr. Edgar Watson Howe wrote for publication to an English compiler that he had no literary acquaintances, and lived where there were no literary people and no liter-

ary atmosphere, we pitied him in his loneliness, and supposed that he would have moved away before this; but he has remained with us, become rich, grown independent, bought a dress-suit, and now writes a long article for the *Forum* about "Provincial Peculiarities of Western Life." It was eminently proper that the *Century* last year and the *Forum* this year should choose Mr. Howe to write upon Western life. His reputation, his ability, and his literary style warranted such a selection. He is our foremost *litterateur* — the author of several worthy books, one of which has met the approval of learned critics and is now in its sixteenth edition. But was it eminently proper for Mr. Howe to write six thousand words about us and not say one good thing? When a man's literary reputation has become so great that his friends, his city and his State shine in the reflected light of it, then that man ought to be very careful in what he says about his friends, his city and his State. To Mr. Howe's name and fame and work we have pointed with pride. We have quoted his sayings and copied his style, but alas! our wooing has only worried him.

A HALF-TRUTH is a thousand times worse than a falsehood. It is more liable to deceive and consequently more dangerous. The subtle Mr. Howe has learned to put just enough truth in his philosophy to make it harmful. Its literary form is so attractive that people cannot help reading it, even when he ridicules the men, maligns the women and sneers at the churches, all of which he does most of the time. His philosophy has not the charm of

consistency, for he sacrifices sense to sound and thought to form. In one column he belittles the people who make music in the churches because they make music in the churches, and in the next says that if God speaks to the people it is through music—and he does it all in such a graceful way that one has not the heart to quarrel with him. This is unfortunate. If what he says were in a less attractive form, then it would not pass unchallenged. As it is, his work is as dangerous to society as is a good-looking person with bad inclinations. We wish he would change his ways. He ought to. He is playing the part of a disrespectful child. Yet we are proud that he is one of us, and are sorry that he regrets it.

It is now the season of the year when new literary societies are being formed and old ones resuscitated, and it is well to bear in mind the fact that about the only benefit one gets in such organizations comes from what he does rather than from what he hears. An evening or an afternoon of literary conversation with an essay or two is a delightful method of entertainment; in truth, there is none worthier in secular life; but the one who receives the great benefit is he who has prepared the essay. This fact is so often overlooked that it seems worth while to call attention to it. Too little time and attention is given to the preparation of a program. Very often not more than two weeks is given in which to prepare an essay. Now who can write anything worth reading in such time without previous thought and study? Ordinarily it takes a month to find out what ought to be read on a

given subject, another to read it, another to think about it, and another to write it out. This, of course, applies to the person of ordinary pursuits in an ordinary Kansas town where books are few. In two weeks or a month one can paraphrase a very good encyclopedia article or a short literary essay, but rather than this one would better bring the encyclopedia and the original essay. But in four months or six a man can accomplish something that will benefit himself if not others. Even if he do not work as he ought, he cannot get away from thinking about the subject, and any literary society which gets its members to thinking seriously about something worthy is doing great good.

THE death of a great man invariably results in the creation of much good literature. The contributions are chiefly to the field of criticism, which has now become a distinct form of literature. There was a time when literary essays were written and read by the few, but nowadays we get not only many new ones, but the old are given to us again in every imaginable form. The reason for it is the demand, and this is an excellent indication of the healthy tendency of literary taste. When death invades the field of letters and takes in quick succession such great lights as George William Curtis, John Greenleaf Whittier, and Alfred Tennyson, then there comes a flood of eulogy and criticism that must have a marked effect on literature. In estimating and eulogizing the character of such men, writers naturally adopt a style that resembles in some degree that of the dead. This was very noticeable in the Curtis memorials. Mr. Howells,

Mr. Warner, Mr. Winter, Mr. Stoddard and Mr. Stedman have ever written not unlike Mr. Curtis, and now the very form of what they say, not less than the thought, suggests the presence of him whom they mourn. When elegance of diction is coupled with true intensity of feeling, then there is given unto us the best that men are capable of. If there be aught in reading to give style, richer models are now before us.

IT seems to be the exception, rather than the rule, when poets live out the period allotted to man. So many have been cut off in early manhood that what they might have done has ever been a prolific subject of discussion. Tennyson and Whittier were of the exception, and have reaped its benefits. No poets of the century have reached the hearts of so many people. They had full opportunity and improved it. Tennyson had nearly sixty years more of life than Keats, over fifty more than Shelley, yet Keats, invalid boy that he was, made much of Tennyson's poetry possible—and who shall say when Shelley's fame will cease to grow? Whittier had more than twice the time of Poe to do his work, yet the latter created more. It is hard to get people to admit that a poet's worth is not estimated by the number who read his lines, and for that reason it seems now to many that Tennyson and Whittier have been the greatest poets of the present era. When, in the next century, students shall be looking for the names of those who by their work influenced most the poetry of our time, we believe that they will find the names of Keats and Poe leading all others.

SOME of the religious and educational journals of the State, as well as many individuals, have misinterpreted the remarks in the last issue about prohibition. Several have gone so far as to quote this journal as being in favor of resubmission. There is no excuse for that. Nothing of the kind was said or implied. We did say, and now reiterate, that public sentiment has greatly changed, and this change has been brought about by violations of the law, and these violations are the result of careless voting by those who ought to have known the result. The balance of power between prohibition and resubmission is in the hands of a class of people who think prohibition is a good thing when it is enforced. At the outset they looked upon it as an experiment worthy of trial; afterwards they grew to like it; then when they saw those who had fostered it neglect it and go off after false gods, they became disgusted, and many of them now are willing to try high license for a time. Probably when politics gets around into its normal condition again so that moral as well as financial issues may enter, officers who will enforce the law will be elected, and public sentiment will become settled in favor of the law. It is a lamentable state of affairs when politics gets to be of a kind that makes a man think more of it than he does of his home and his religion. It is a condition, not a theory, that confronts us:

THE only new Kansas book that has come to our notice this quarter is, "DIRECT LEGISLATION BY THE PEOPLE," by Nathan Cree, Esq., a well-known attorney of Kansas City, Kansas. It comes from the press of Messrs. A. C.

McClurg & Co., of Chicago, which fact is a guaranty of tasteful form. The purpose of the book is to advocate a radical change in legislation. The idea is that all general legislation should be done by the entire body of voters. It proposes an amendment to the constitution providing that all general laws shall originate with the people and be approved by the people before taking effect; that when a majority of the electors at any election shall demand a particular measure it shall be the duty of Congress to formulate a statute accordingly. This he calls the *initiative*. When formulated it shall again be submitted to a vote of the people for rejection or confirmation. This he calls the *referendum*. In support of this theory the author cites the history of ancient Rome, Carthage, Sparta, and Athens, where the whole people assembled for the transaction of public business, and to Switzerland, where a similar plan is said to be now in successful operation. Mr. Cree will probably have few readers and fewer disciples. It is neither possible nor necessary that the people of this age and country should meet *en masse* for the purpose of direct legislation. All public questions of importance are discussed by the press and from the rostrum, from every conceivable standpoint; the people not only listen but read, and it is safe to say that by these means they are much better informed in regard to public affairs than they ever were by the knowledge gained in the forums of the ancient free cities, and that their determinations are governed by a sounder judgment, and less likely to be influenced by sudden storms of passion and prejudice. All great political questions originate with, and are first discussed

by the people to-day, as in the time of Pericles, and by our representative legislation we have a better system for crystallizing mature public sentiment into laws. In a great country like this, embracing such differences in climate, products, and pursuits, much necessary legislation would be impos-

sible under the plan proposed by Mr. Cree. Would we improve any harbors or rivers, would we construct fortifications or battle-ships, and would it be possible for human ingenuity or divine wisdom to formulate a general tariff law which would stand the test of the *referendum*?



Edwards.

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KARMYL.



ON the eastern shore of Kansas,
Half a million years or so
Back among the jeweled eons,
Did I love the Princess Karmyl,
Long ago.

Bluer were her eyes than Autumn
Mists of morning, and her hair
Was as wavy and as yellow
As the sunbeams of the morning
August air.

'Mid the parks around the palace
And the tree-ferns did we stray,
Laughing at the tame dinornis
And the petted pterodactyls'
Awkward play.

'Neath the palm trees by the ocean
Did we watch the summer gales,
Watch the ships from far Atlantis,
And the Uxmal galleys with their
Linen sails.

By the inland Kansas ocean
Half a million years or so,
Back among the silver cycles,
Did I love the Princess Karmyl,
Long ago.

But the blue-eyed Princess Karmyl
Grieved her saddened soul away
When I lost my life in battle,
Fighting for her father's kingdom,
With Cathay.

Years have fled—the ocean shallowed
When the Great Atlantis sank.
Then a change of the equator
Made the power of warlike Uxmal
Lose its rank.

Now the undulating prairie
With a wealth of verdant loam
Shows a sea of billows greener
Than when galleys from Atlantis
Plowed the foam.

But the blue-eyed little Karmyl
With her sunshine is not there,
And I fear she never will be,
For' they tell me she is living
In Altair.

EUGENE F. WARE.

DO KANSAS WOMEN WANT TO VOTE?

I.

“D^O Kansas women want to vote?” Yes.
Do Kansas men want to vote? Yes.

But all Kansas women do not vote. Neither do all Kansas men vote. Nevertheless, Kansas would contend to the last gasp that her men want to vote. Thousands of Kansas women, like thousands of Kansas men, are lamentably indifferent to the high duties and powers of citizenship. Abolish the machinery which beats the bush for male voters; catalogue them, and parcels them out in “blocks of twenty”; searches for forces to bring to bear upon each, and hunts out the persons who can best apply the moving power; finds means to touch personal interest at every vulnerable point, and finally hauls the much-counted, watched and entreated voter to the polls; — abolish all this, or even cut it down to the degree at which it is applied to women voters, and see the decimation of the army of male voters.

And suppose we could likewise abolish the effect upon men of the long-standing order, the established precedent, the *habit* of voting, and could to-day present for experiment Kansas men unformed by this heritage, and with the every-day influences against their presence at the polls, as against women, what would we see? We would see men less alive to the value of the suffrage. This conclusion is justified by the facts in the case of the men enfranchised in Rhode Island when the property qualification was abolished there. That act admitted to the suffrage men who had lived in disfranchisement, though always with the knowledge that when they had acquired a certain small sum of money, either by labor or by marriage, they would at once rise

to the dignity of voters; but, the latter fact notwithstanding, they had been in possession of the suffrage for more than three years without having generally exercised it. The *New York World* of March 16, 1892, after urging these men by all skillful and possible argument to register and vote, said of them: "There is some indifference and inattention among the workingmen, due simply to habit. A man who has seen other people do the voting for ten or twenty years without being permitted to share in it does not readily learn to be alert as a voter." This, says a *man*, is the logical effect of non-voting upon *men*. Similar cause might be expected to produce similar effect upon women. Now this effect, being unuseful and ignoble in the case of men, does not argue the rightness of the continuance of cause in the case of women.

The vote of the women of Topeka was 1,049 in '87; 2,373 in '89; 2,791 in '91.

The vote of the women of Leavenworth was 2,467 in '87; 3,500 in '89; 2,177 in '91.

The vote of the women of Fort Scott was 425 in '87; 611 in '88; 1,250 in '89; 410 in '90; 633 in '91.

The vote of the women of Arkansas City was 570 in '87; 250 in '88; 857 in '89; 764 in '90; 1,076 in '91.

In one city in '87, in two cities in '91, and in four others in '92, the woman vote exceeded the male. Yet in all these cities were women who did not vote. There was "some indifference and inattention" on their part "due simply to habit." A woman "who has seen other people do the voting for ten or twenty years without being permitted to share in it" (and without expectation of ever sharing in it) "does not readily learn to be alert as a voter."

All this is to say that the desire to vote is not extraneous to women, be they Kansans or no; and that the inclination to vote is not connately a masculine predisposition; and that the women of Kansas are, inherently and constitutionally, and in proportion to opportunity, education and chances, to be moved

upon by influences which develop public spirit, as much desirous of the ballot as are Kansas men.

Who are the individuals who say that Kansas women do not want to vote? They are for the most part persons who speak out of their prejudices instead of out of their knowledge. They know something of the woman vote in one or two cities; they know nothing of the whole vote of the women of the State. They have not tried to inform themselves upon it. Who has collated statistics of woman's vote? Who has called the roll of the women who want to vote? Do those who declare that Kansas women do not want the suffrage count the thousands of woman petitioners for municipal suffrage in 1885-6-7? Do they count the thousands of women who have since exercised that degree of the suffrage every year? The names of 13,000 Kansas women enrolled as petitioners for full suffrage lie on my desk at this writing.

The vexed question of the desire of Kansas women to vote would be effectually settled by permitting them to vote on the question of their own enfranchisement, as did the women of Wyoming. It is related that the Wyoming women voted solidly for the constitutional law which made them secure in the possession of the ballot—many of them traveling, often on horseback, long distances to cast that vote. Would that an amendment to strike the excluding word, male, out of the suffrage article of the Kansas constitution might be submitted to those most concerned, namely, the women of the State! We would be delighted to have the question go to that "referendum."

But because all women admitted thereto do not vote in school and municipal elections, it is declared that Kansas women do not want to vote. As well argue that because all women do not devour books on astronomy and natural history, that therefore women do not want to read.

Every woman should be interested in educational matters; but not all women, neither do all men, evince such interest. The women and men who vote in school elections are mainly

those who feel more than the ordinary interest in school matters, or who know something by experience of school work. Must we conclude that the others—those not interested in educational institutions—have no desire to vote on other questions?

The issues in municipal elections make another order of interest. Personal preferment, sanitation, business questions, improvements and local affairs in general are matters of importance, but they do not call out discussion of the principles which rouse deep interest in State and National elections. Why must we conclude that those women who do not vote in municipal elections have no wish for a voice in State and National elections? The National and State government control all other—sets metes and bounds and prescribes powers. If I refuse to exercise my small privilege of expressing my will upon a few minor points, does that argue that I do not want my opinion counted upon the larger, more widely controlling questions? If I refuse to clip off a few twigs, does that demonstrate that I wouldn't like to take a whack at the roots? If I refuse to nibble at the crust of the loaf, does that certify that I want no bread? During the recent campaign a woman of considerable thought, but who had never voted in municipal elections, said: "I want to vote in the November election. It seems to me that I ought to have a voice in this election which is to continue the present policy or make a radical change! My individual interests are at stake as they have never been in any school or municipal election. I want to vote this fall!" (Her property was chiefly in Colorado silver mines, as was that of her sons.)

Another woman, who had never voted or worked for the enfranchisement of her sex, said: "I see my party in jeopardy. I would that I might 'lend a hand' to its support, but in the day of its power it did not make possible the one effective thing I could do for it. It did not enfranchise me. The much-vaunted 'home influence' theory fails me, and I am without even the sham representation a wife is said to have in her husband's vote; for the one vote of the family goes to the People's party. I feel it deeply!"

No other disfranchised class has ever given such strong evidence of desire for the ballot as has the class of which Kansas women constitute a part. This would argue that women have more inclination to the suffrage than have men. Woman furnishes the first instance of a disfranchised class taking the initiative in its own enfranchisement. The negro men did not ask for the suffrage. The laboring men of England had to be taught by John Stuart Mill and others the value and power of the ballot, and urged to demand it. The men enfranchised in Rhode Island by the abolition of the property qualification were not themselves the prime movers in the matter. The Kansas Indians admitted to the suffrage when they were admitted to the tax-list were not the instigators of their enfranchisement. But women, notwithstanding their dependence; with custom and prejudice hard against them; with men frowning them down, and demanding of them a hundred times as much merit, fitness and pledge as they demand of male voters; in the face of ridicule, execration, and ostracism; with the blessed Bible hurled at their heads, and the certain insult of the false charge of having forsaken home and disclaimed womanliness, and put behind them motherhood and its cares, took the initiative in their own enfranchisement; themselves made the demand for the ballot for themselves. They have steadily and persistently forced the measure until it has become an issue, and now must be dealt with as a political problem. A crisis is at hand, and so much do Kansas women want to vote that before the opposition has done declaring that they do not want the ballot, the women of our glorious State will be thoughtfully scratching tickets and getting out an astonishing "vest-pocket" vote for the next President.

The question, "Do Kansas women want to vote?" is well enough for discussion, but it is not pertinent to the matter of the enfranchisement of the women of the State. The question is not what women want, but what they *ought* to want, and what they ought to have. There are women who do not want

to study, but nevertheless women should be educated. There are men who do not want to work, but they ought to have work. Woman's enfranchisement ought not to hinge on the number of women who want to vote, since those men who do not desire to exercise the suffrage are not disfranchised. So many men desire the ballot so little, that laws to compel them to vote are demanded. By what law of logic or common-sense does it follow that all women shall be voteless because some women do not want to vote? As well decree that since some women object to walking, therefore no woman shall walk.

Kansas women want to vote. They have demonstrated this fact by their persistent efforts to acquire the ballot. No extension of the suffrage has been made to Kansas women unasked by them. Even those superior constitutional provisions which make the women of this State secure in certain educational, parental and property rights were embodied at woman's request, and were the small part of what they petitioned for at the hands of the constitution-makers. The heroic women who are a part of the Territorial history of Kansas, and recognized factors in the upbuilding of the State, began early to plead for enfranchisement; and many of these have been through three decades, with their worthy daughters, petitioning for rights withheld. Restitution will be made to those women who come after, and who will thus become beneficiaries of the long labor and sacrifice of those who never forgot that they were individuals, and not adjuncts, and therefore entitled to the high privilege of the unit of the State, and who, consequently, "want to vote."

LAURA M. JOHNS.

II.

Women are natural reformers. From the unselfish soul who marries the drunkard to make a new man of him, to the president of the missionary society who labors to kindle the spark of a soul in the benighted Hottentot, upon the dark side of the

earth, the chain is unbroken. Especially are the women of the present age given to the reformative idea. The fact that a certain order of things exists, is sufficient surety that this order should be reversed. Women are generally, I believe, extremists. Convince us that a little of anything is good, and we will jump to the conclusion that more of it must be better. If reformation is needful in one department, everything must straightway be renovated. Assured that we are pinched by the tight corset, we at once begin to gasp under the oppression of political ligatures.

The sense of duty is strong in woman. The spirit of the martyr is her delight. Let a woman descry in the distance, a duty, and she will rush headlong to meet it, unmindful that in doing so she treads under foot duties which lie nearer at hand. And thus one of her best qualities becomes a final evil. The woman in whom this tendency is not balanced by good common-sense is sure to become upon some line or other a fanatic. It is often claimed that the fanatic is the necessary precursor of the new order of things; that the "crank" is the herald of the sane adjustment of wrongs. I believe these ranting advocates delay rather the millenniums which they seek to produce.

How shall we judge of a measure save through its advocates?

The Woman's Suffrage Association of Kansas has worked long and ardently for the extension of the ballot. Does this association represent Kansas women? Let us glance at its methods.

A convention is held. A hall is hired, and half a dozen women come before an audience and occupy the evening in proving, each in her own happy vein, that man is a brute; that man is a fool; that man is a knave. One stirs the embers of indignation by relating how the masculine beast has made laws especially designed to ensnare female humanity. Another holds up to ridicule man's absurd legislation, indicating incidentally how much more capable woman would prove herself under the

circumstances. The whole half-dozen combine to prove that man, the bestial, the groveling, the incapable, should be tendered our supreme contempt. A woman in any wise susceptible to argument will be afraid and ashamed to walk home with her own husband, at the close of the session, and will see the necessity of at once setting about to secure legal possession of her children and her wedding silver.

There are intelligent women in the Suffrage Association—earnest women, who believe themselves born with a mission to enlarge woman's sphere, although they will begin by denying that woman has a "sphere." These women with a mission are occupied in going about reforming other people's affairs, while their own homes are desolate and forlorn.

I shrinkingly mention this subject of home, for I am aware that it is a hackneyed theme, and a most unpopular issue among those who resent an intimation that home is woman's sphere. Still nothing, as yet, has been devised that will take the place of home. According to cold logic, no one, not even a "female agitator," can occupy two places at one time, and the woman who is ever abroad cannot, by any quibble whatsoever, be at home. A household presided over by servants, however competent, is not a home. There are many handsome, well-kept houses which are not homes: one, because the mistress is wholly given over to society; another, because the genius who should preside is over-devoted to church work; another, because she is engaged in business. However laudable any of these enterprises may be, it is a misfortune to the home, when the head of the household is absorbed in them. In some instances it is a necessary evil, but an evil none the less.

The successful business man devotes himself to his business. He may have diversions outside of business hours. He may be a lover of books, a patron of music, a collector of pictures or antiques, and may indulge these fancies, as a side issue; but when he makes these pursuits his aim, to the neglect of his business, he becomes a failure as a business man.

Home-making is woman's business. I do not mean that she must necessarily bake, wash dishes, sew. She may "dictate" the manual performance of many of her household affairs. The business man does not manipulate his letter-presses, foot up his ledgers, nor sweep out his office; but nevertheless his personality, the spirit of his intellect, pervades all, if he be successful. And I believe that, with rare exceptions, success is a virtue, for it presupposes a combination of virtues of a certain sort—promptness, carefulness, and as a general thing, a business integrity. Are not all these qualities necessary to a household success? All these and more.

The woman who makes a perfect home must direct her household with the system and regularity of clock-work, and yet the machine must be animate. Her servants, if she have servants, are best directed by smiles and kind words, as are her children. This presupposes a firm, sweet, gentle disposition—no small possession to begin with. Punctuality is essential in all household matters. The successful business man is prompt in all his engagements. If his breakfast is late, his luncheon ready or not, just as it happens, his dinner left to the wayward discretion of ill-trained servants, how can he be prompt?

A happy home is, I believe, the highest ideal of every high-minded, pure-hearted woman. Home-making should be not merely a business, but a religion.

There is a growing lament, among progressive women, that the husbands do not keep pace with them in culture. Women's clubs for all sorts of intellectual pursuits abound, and they are no doubt good things, if used as a means, not an end; but a woman who makes club-life a pursuit does so to the neglect of her business, as would a man who did likewise. A woman cannot be too brainy, too cultured, too well informed for home-making. Transmit your learning to your children, impart your culture to your husband, whose labors have enabled you to acquire it; but since man is as yet fundamentally an animal, give him first a good dinner, served punctually. He will respect

you and your theories far more highly. The hungry man is a savage whose heart will be better soothed by the charms of meat than of music. The household is, it seems to me, like the giant who, although his feet rested upon the common earth, held upon his broad shoulders the heavens. Is this sphere then, so circumscribed?

"But," says the suffragist, "it is the duty of the women who have homes to reach out and better the position of their sisters who are wage-earners." Some ardent souls fancy that in the ballot lies the remedy for low wages among women. What of the low wages among *men*? Has the ballot redressed any wrongs there? Does the laboring-man regulate his pay by his vote? It is all a question of supply and demand. The woman who can do a work as well as a man, and will accept no less than a man's wages, will be paid accordingly. There are women in many professions, in occupations of many kinds, who are doing man's work as men would do it, asking no concessions to sex, and they are earning men's wages.

That women are sufficiently intelligent to vote, is a foregone conclusion. In the first place, there is no such thing as a mental qualification for the ballot. All the masculine human trash over twenty-one years of age, in the United States, is "qualified" to vote.

I have talked with many intelligent, thoughtful women upon this subject—practical women, who have business habits of both action and mind—and the majority have declared that while women are undoubtedly qualified mentally for any vocation, yet would woman suffrage be a calamity. Naturally partisan, personal, jealous, our environment, our training, our heredity, have conspired to develop those qualities which are least calculated to be of use in a public career. The mother instinct to defend her own makes us intensely partisan. We have perhaps more to be jealous of than has man. It is almost impossible for us to regard the principle rather than the person.

During the last Presidential campaign an attempt was made

to organize women's political clubs throughout the State. In many instances the effort failed, because of personal prejudices and dislikes. No woman, however ardent a believer in party principles, would join a club presided over by her especial enemy. Two men may pass through an arduous political campaign fighting bitterly, and when all is over, meet, shake hands, and discuss it all in a friendly way. Could women do this? Not at present, I believe.

The history of woman's municipal ballot in one town may not, perhaps, be a criterion, but I understand that it is not exceptional. When the municipal ballot was first extended to women there was much enthusiasm. The women nominated a ticket. It was an ultra ticket, extreme in all its pledges. An opposition developed among women less extreme. Politicians seized upon this advantage. Women were pitted against women. A bitter personal fight ensued, during which many disgraceful things occurred. As a result, the better element of women—I use the term in the common acceptance of the word, meaning whatever good the opportunities of birth and education imply—were disgusted, and withdrew ever after from politics. Since that time the balloting has been light, save where women's candidates were up, and a fight has been the result. Has anything thus been gained? Dissension, discord, ill-feeling. Can the body politic thus be purged? Is woman thus to be elevated?

The Kansas women are, I believe, especially well-informed, especially intelligent, many who are not what might be termed "cultured" having a large share of that quality which comes through contact with the realities of life, a habit of meeting difficulties and settling them promptly—the quality known in vulgar parlance as "good horse sense." No education or culture is of much avail unless backed by this homely quality.

The mass of the women of our State, I am convinced, listen coldly to the clamor of the suffragists. Those who claim to desire the ballot in order to right public wrongs, could, I feel sure,

exercise a greater influence were they to devote the time spent in denouncing existing institutions, to an earnest study and consideration of those institutions as they already exist. Women who demand to have women upon school boards are, many times, those who could not tell you what system is in use in the public schools of their own town; women who send their children to teachers whose acquaintance they have not even taken pains to make; women who fail in that most important of mother's tasks, a personal supervision of her child's education.

When we have done well all the duties at hand, it will be time to reach out for further duties.

The sensible women of Kansas will, I believe, agree with me in the conclusion that, if woman suffrage is *ever* to be desired, the time is not yet.

MRS. WILLIS LORD MOORE.

III.

To infer for one moment that the women of Kansas do *not* want representation through the ballot, is to infer that they are not up to the average in ordinary intelligence, and an open admission of their inferiority; for it is well known that the deprivation of the rights and privileges which constitute citizenship and equality before the world alleges inferiority.

That Kansas women are intelligent, that they think for themselves, the history of the State will verify. It has led in every reform movement; it repelled human slavery, went into the Union a free State, and sent out that reflux wave of liberty that bore Lincoln to the White House and washed out chattel slavery from the nation. Were these the deeds of men alone, they would yet prove the mental superiority of our women, for no race of ignorant mothers ever brought forth great, liberty-loving men; but women, true heroines that they were, bore well their part in the early settlement and struggles of our State.

Women braved the dangers, achieved the victories, bore the trials, shared the hardships, and are now excluded by man's construction of the laws from the rights which are hers.

Kansas is an educational State; her early settlers were the very flower of Eastern culture; their isolated lives, the billowy vastness of their surroundings, developed hunger for knowledge and thirst for liberty. As the white-covered wagons gave place to homes, a school-house sprang up on every prairie. The standard of teachers is high, the per cent. of illiteracy very low. Her people are quick to adopt improvements, entertain new ideas, make sweeping and radical changes when needed, and in fact are ready at all times to push the car of progress along the path of the centuries. These facts indicate a high order of intelligence among the Kansas women. This conceded, it is idle to ask, "Do they want to vote?" They have seen the moral and spiritual eliminated from government, the mother-voice silenced, the mother-influence excluded, and the boy she prayed over in childhood go out from the home-roof, from her wise counsel, (for she must not follow him,) and sell his soul, prostitute his manhood, and barter his God for an image in gold on the altar of partisan masculine politics. The results of this masculine government force themselves upon her notice, and enter into every detail of the home life. When the cupboard is empty, she knows it first. She sees the wild beasts of lust and drunkenness infest our national capital, and roam unchecked through our land. She sees the cancer of usury eating the industries of the people—a pall of indebtedness darkening the nation, and, woman-like, she says: "I can't make a more complete failure than the men have made; I believe I can do better; I want to help make the laws that govern me!"

I have talked with the wives of farmers, whose hearts were breaking with the load of hopeless debt; I have shared their homes, partaken of their fare, wept with them in their sorrows, entered into the meager details of their meager lives, whether in the squalid adobe near the Colorado line, the cheerless dug-

out on the desolate Hodgeman prairies, or the more comfortable but heavily-mortgaged homes of the eastern portion of the State; and everywhere I found the same sentiment, the almost universal desire for citizenship, actuated by a vague hope that somehow, with the ballot in the hands of the mothers, "things would be righted."

In my experience with the women of Kansas I found but two classes who do not care to vote—the upper and under crusts of our so-called society; the would-be fashion-leaders, the whilom shoddy-aristocratic women—"poppies 'mid the corn," who curtail their family as they do their grocery bill—and their unfortunate sisters who have been driven by their more fortunate ones, and masculine legislation, to become the victims of men.

When the question of woman suffrage was being agitated in this State a few years ago, I, as a representative of the mothers of Kansas, personally interviewed many of the representatives in regard to their views of our rights. I shall never forget the reply given me by Senator Kelly, of Sedgwick. "Mrs. Lease," said he, "whenever the women of Kansas come in sufficient numbers asking for the ballot, it will be given them." Think of that statesmanlike utterance—the ballot depending upon sufficiency of numbers, and not upon the constitution (Federal), that declares that "All governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." But the women took the Senator at his word, and they came in "sufficient numbers"; they sent in roll after roll and yard after yard of petition, and our legislators graciously conferred upon them the pitiful crumb of municipal suffrage. But the mighty protest that went up then against inequality before the law has been gathering since in breadth and volume; and to one acquainted with the school-house methods of Alliance education, who has watched the women, after their days of toil, engage in the study of economic questions, and gravely discuss with their brothers the abstruse problems of government; to one who is acquainted with the situation, who reads the signs of the times,

it is folly to ask, "Do the women of Kansas want to vote?" It is folly, too, when the tide is coming in, for man to draw a line upon the sand and say to the ocean, "Sweep not across this boundary."

MARY E. LEASE.

IV.

The request that I write an article for *THE AGORA* upon the subject "Do Kansas women want to vote?" is so unexpected, and the time so short, that I am not able to collect those statistics which I think are attainable and would answer the question more directly.

If there were anything to be gained in politics, women might reasonably desire equal privileges and opportunities with their brothers; but politics is the greatest consumer of both money and effort, and women generally care neither to lose the one nor waste the other. Politics as a profession is well known as an unsatisfactory, disappointing employment, which would be very distasteful to most women, although there are some to whom it proves as intoxicating as liquor does to some men. Homes and families have alike been wrecked and peace destroyed by either kind of intemperance. But, one might say, the caucus, the convention, election-day, and politics generally, are necessities; and if so, why should women not take part in these things, as well as men? True; so is serving in the army in time of war a necessity, but it is also a great social grief and home-destroyer; and I do not believe the average woman is anxious to take an active part in either politics or war. Should the enfranchisement of women and the influence of womanly diplomacy ever plunge the nation into some rash war, (a state of things not likely to occur, however,) I am afraid the most of us would prove much braver with our ballots than our muskets, and the result would find more men than women slain in the contest, more men than women who covered themselves with

glory. Somewhere I have heard or read that there ought never to be a ballot cast unless a bullet could be behind it. There does seem to be justice in the idea, and women certainly do not care to do any fighting except in the magazines or on the platform. There may be now and then a Joan of Arc, but such instances are rare.

There are so many more delightful subjects on which women may dwell, for which they are better suited, and employments in which they can accomplish more good and exert a nobler influence, that to the great mass of women the engaging in politics seems unattractive. The quarrels and wrangles of politics, its fights and its feuds, are not congenial, nor are its hatreds and hypocrisies, its venalities and its disappointments.

Do we say, if women voted, it would change all this, and the women's vote would purify politics? Ah, if we say this, we mean by this that we are better than our brothers, and show ourselves egotists. We are not likely to reform the world or our brothers if we start out with such self-laudation. If history correctly informs us, the world is growing better than it was a hundred years ago. Politics as a whole is more honest and votes more fair. Fraud is more easily detected and more vigorously denounced. Matters seem to be going in the right direction, and improving. There seems to be no need of change in our methods of government.

I do not state these views as being my own personal opinions, but I am sure they are the feelings of educated and intelligent women whom I meet in Kansas and elsewhere. Perhaps it is proper that I should corroborate my observations by the statistics of the city where I live. Fort Scott is a typical Kansas town. It has its fair share of wealth, culture, and refinement. Most of the women of voting age are from Eastern States. Art and literary societies have continuously thrived here. The churches are well attended, and public and private schools are excellent. The municipal matters of the city have been subjects of continuous comment in our two dailies, as well as in

the weekly newspapers of the city. The building of new school-houses, the colored school and the high-school questions, the sewer question and the prohibition question, and other topics have each in turn been subjects of animated discussion in the papers and in our homes, and we have felt that great interests were at stake, and if it were possible to attract women into local politics, certainly every inducement was offered at our last spring election, both by ardent candidates of female suffrage and candidates for election to the various city offices, who in trumpet tones asserted that we should rise to the occasion and perform our whole political duties at the polls. Local organizations and organizers used every effort to get out the woman's vote. Livery stables were emptied that ladies might ride to the registration office and to the polls. Candidates in elegant turn-outs also called upon every woman who could be induced to go, and I might add, that at the same time some of the poor men voters had to walk. The woman who voted her registration ticket, putting it in the ballot-box, no doubt with the firm conviction that she had saved her country, was not born in Fort Scott nor in Kansas.

What was the result? Simply, that despite all the allurements and actual political requirements and exigencies of the occasion, considerably less than *one-fifth* of the female voters of Fort Scott put their votes into the ballot-box, and only three-fourths of those who registered in fact voted. These figures were published by our city clerk, one of the most correct and reliable public officers in the State, and I have had him verify his official statement, and have his figures now before me.

Therefore, if in the heated local elections in which important questions are at issue, when extraordinary efforts are made to get out the female vote, four-fifths of the women decline to use the privilege of the ballot after several years' familiarity with the law as passed by the State, it would certainly seem to indicate that Kansas women do not want to vote; the more so, from the fact that a part even of the small portion of those who

did vote, were induced to do so through the importunities of political agitators rather than as a matter of choice.

In closing, please remember the question under discussion is not whether Kansas women *should* vote, but whether they desire to do so. My reply is, that the majority of Kansas women do not want to vote.

NETTIE P. WARE.

V.

Haply, this is one of the questions to be adequately answered by the somewhat old-fashioned method of asking other questions. At the risk, then, of seeming to give only an evasive reply, I will put the questions immediately suggested by the one above. In the first place, are the men of Kansas a unit in wanting to vote? If so, why are the newspapers filled for weeks before election-time with frantic appeals to the citizens to Register! Register!! Register!!! How does it happen that men absorbed in professional pursuits or in business enterprises, but in all other respects admirable citizens, need to be personally reminded of the duties and privileges of citizenship when election-day comes around? How is it that one occasionally meets with an intelligent man, even in Kansas, who prides himself a little upon his indifference to politics? In what esteem can the ballot be held of men, when it frequently appears from election reports that out of one or two thousand male votes only a few hundred have been cast? Yet in spite of the evident indifference of a considerable proportion of men, would the proposition to deprive all men of the ballot be seriously entertained for a minute?

To return, therefore, to the question whether Kansas women want to vote or not. What of it? The question is wholly irrelevant to the main question of their *right* to vote, of the justice of giving them this right.

There are doubtless many shades of feeling on this subject among women. The majority of the W. C. T. U., that earnest,

progressive body of women, feel their imperative need of the ballot. Many an underpaid school-mistress, who never would think of asking for the ballot, seizes the opportunity when presented of voting for the better candidate for the school board in place of the worse. There is a goodly number, constantly increasing, I think, of thoughtful women, who, while not ardently desiring the ballot for itself, are honestly convinced that the political equality of woman ought to be recognized; that the safety of the republic and the welfare of humanity demand their participation in government.

Unfortunately, there are workingwomen, and even mothers of households, too weary or too ill-informed to think upon this subject. Some fine ladies, whose aim in life is social success, are unwilling to think, and averse to responsibilities. A considerable class is composed of women happy in the protection of their own homes, enjoying "all the rights they want," but selfishly ignoring the needs of those less fortunate than themselves.

To resume briefly: A considerable number of women do earnestly desire the ballot; a considerable number think themselves justly entitled to it. But whether these two classes would form a majority, I cannot compute. It is probable that a great many do not care. But finally, ought the indifference of a part to be allowed to interfere with justice to the whole, on account of sex?

FRANCES SCHLEGEL CARREUTH.

VI.

I shall take pleasure in answering the question, "Do the women of Kansas want to vote?" with the understanding that the views I shall express are based upon my own observations, and that they are somewhat the result of conversations held upon the subject with women from different parts of the State; also, that these opinions are in no sense to be considered as a criti-

cism upon those from whom I differ, as I count among my most valued friends women who are earnest advocates of equal suffrage.

If I were a politician, perhaps it would be easier to get at the exact views of people all over the State; but if I had ever had any aspirations in that line, they were dispelled in a summary manner during the recent campaign—and that, too, by an ordinary, every-day man.

I was in a street car one evening, accompanied by a friend, when the car was stopped and there entered two quite plain-looking persons, evidently husband and wife (or wife and husband, as it seemed on this occasion), bearing between them what appeared to be a large laundry basket. As I had never seen them before, I was somewhat surprised when the woman seemed to be addressing herself to me. Upon asking her to repeat her remark she said, "Are you ladies fond of hot tomales?" I said "Yes," when she informed me that she had tomales in her basket, and that when the concert was over she might be found upon a certain corner with her tomales, which sold at fifteen cents a dozen.

In a few moments she again said, "Are you going down again Friday night?" I replied that I thought not. "Well, you ought to go," she said; "there's going to be the biggest rally there's been this summer." I humbly confessed my ignorance, when her husband, with a leer which revealed a toothless expanse below his grimy and unkempt moustache, affectionately nudged her and said, "There, Molly! the lady is not a politician, like you are, or she'd a-knowed about that rally a Friday night!" My wounded feelings would not allow me to partake of "tomales" after the concert that night, so I kept away from the corner where I knew they were to be had at "fifteen cents a dozen." This will explain, I think, that, not being a politician, I may be subject to errors in judgment.

It is my belief that the majority of women in Kansas do not wish to vote. The reason I have for holding to this opinion is,

that they have not largely availed themselves of the privilege of voting when opportunity offered. Definite statistics are difficult to obtain, and ordinary newspaper reports not to be depended upon; for these reasons it is difficult to arrive at a just conclusion. The most reliable information, however, seems to be that the percentage is small of women who vote.

There are many reasons given by women themselves, why they do not wish to vote. Prominent among them is the fact that they shrink from having their actions commented upon by the public, and especially by the press, that scourge which drives to good and evil. This may be a cowardly position; in fact, I have often been told that it is, and it may seem to those who have no hesitation about going to the polls, as an implied criticism of them, and an affectation of modesty.

Some women who might under some circumstances wish to vote, find members of their own families opposed to it. Many men dislike to see the names of their wives coupled with any pronounced and radical reform. Such things have their bearing in a business way, and of their business relations men are careful. Other women have such a distaste for assuming responsibility, and are possessed of such a profound belief in the ability of men to manage affairs of state, that they are willing to keep up the beautiful delusion, and let weighty matters drift along, trusting for a happy outcome to all these tiresome matters. That they are often most bitterly disappointed, brings no change in their views.

One of the most serious obstacles that has ever been placed in the way of the ballot for women, is the outspoken and determined effort made by a certain class of men to bring immoral women into such publicity at the polls as to make it impossible for respectable women to be seen there, thus touching them upon the most sensitive side of their nature. "These things ought not so to be," said Paul, and the faint echo of that bold and manly voice might reach us again in these latter days, saying, "These things ought not so to be."

That women have right and intelligent views, no one doubts; and that they are far above being approached for purposes of bribery, is also true; for this reason many look to woman's suffrage as a solution of evils which menace not only the State, but the country. Many things seem to point to the fact that women in some way shall take part in the settlement of the great questions of morality, temperance, and good order; but whether these things will be better accomplished by the ballot in the hands of women, still remains the question.

One fruitful source of evil is the laxity of our laws in regard to foreign immigration, and the consequent throwing into all States immense crowds of ignorant and unprincipled men, to become the tools of designing politicians. No one doubts that educated and cultivated women are more competent to vote upon questions which so largely affect their welfare and happiness than these drifts from old-world anarchy; but perhaps if a broader courtesy and a more unselfish and magnanimous spirit were shown by men toward women, the end would be effected.

There are positions to be filled, both by appointment and election, in which it is not only proper but necessary that women should be; such as police matrons, school directors, and as physicians and attendants upon women in asylums. As police matrons it is believed that many young girls would be reclaimed, who now are left too often to the tender mercies of depraved men and the bad influence of vile surroundings. As school directors they would be able to devote more time, and make more thorough investigations with regard to the health of children, than can be given to such work by men; and I have yet to learn of such work being done by women, that was not gratuitous. In looking over the proceedings of a school board in a certain city not long since, I was struck by one item of expenditure, viz.: "To visiting schools by Brown, Green and Black, sixty dollars." Probably the books of the board showed how many schools were visited, and how much time was consumed, but the published report did not. I have heard of men who were willing

that women should go upon school boards, provided always that they did not aspire to a position upon the finance committee.

The recent disclosures made in the State of Missouri, in regard to the fiendish treatment of some of the unfortunate women who were inmates of the insane asylum, is a tale which points its own moral, and needs but to be referred to. Let us have women in all of these situations, placed there by the influence and votes of men.

Political corruption drags its slow length along over every government, and is found a full-fledged serpent in every capital. Women who wish to exercise the right of suffrage must be prepared to meet the systematic arrangements for the purchase of votes, the betting and gambling which are increasing beyond control, and the "counting out" until the result becomes satisfactory. At least, we are told that this is "legitimate political business" for men. These evils look (if carried on in the future) toward days as full of trouble as those through which France is passing. True, we have none of the illustrious line of Bonaparte to press his claim to a throne, but it is said that men high in the councils of our nation have given their influence and their names to plots which rob the poor French peasant of the product of his toil, and throw back upon him years of penury and labor.

Was that the best and happiest life for women which dawned upon them during the stormy years of the life of the brilliant but unhappy Josephine? Beautiful and accomplished, but caressed and cursed by turns, were she and De Stael and Recamier. We turn with pleasure to the quiet and lovely lives of Lady Somerville, Florence Nightingale, and Margaret Fuller; and yet their names are immortal.

Women in Kansas, as in all lands, wish to see perpetuated the principles of religion, temperance, and morality. Let men do their duty in securing to them these institutions that they love. To the women of America have been granted many glorious gifts, not the least of which have been her power and

helpfulness for good. During that sad time which called so many men from their homes to posts of danger and privation upon the field of patriotism, the trusted wife remained behind to guard as best she might her home and children; and can anyone say hers was not the harder lot?

Into the little town in which I lived (which was almost decimated by the calls for troops) such a message as this often came: "Tell the women of — that two hundred troops will pass through at 11 o'clock to-night. They are tired and hungry. (Signed) Oliver P. Morton." Immediately preparations began for the comfort of those men. Baskets of provisions, boilers of hot coffee, bandages and changes of clothing met them at the station at the hands of the women. Month after month, and one year fading into another, was this work hopelessly carried on. No night too cold, no storm too deep, in pelting hail and driving rain they went. Could the blessed peace have come but for such women? And yet they never saw a battle-field! Their own fell asleep upon the mountains of Virginia, before Washington and Richmond, and on the breast of the Atlantic; but for their country and for those who stayed the work went on. Many returned to find happy homes on the sunny hills of Kansas. What do they not owe to the women who helped to make it possible to possess these homes? They owe, not only the sincere gratitude of their lives, but the perpetuation of the institutions under which their sons and daughters may grow up, not only *free*, but *noble*!

The mothers of these sons and daughters have before them a splendid work: so to direct these lives that they shall be happy and honorable; that pride in these institutions, and love for them, shall lead them, if need be, to defend them with their lives, as did their fathers before them. Of such "jewels" any mother may be proud, and in them any father may rejoice above "any Roman of them all."

I believe the women of Kansas do not wish to vote.

MARY C. TODD.

VII.

The question, "Do Kansas women want to vote?" has so little connection with the right or duty of citizenship in our commonwealth, that it is difficult to think of wishes or desires as seriously affecting the matter one way or another.

There is no precedent in either nation or state where any class has been granted suffrage simply because it desired it; nor has the lack of interest in the ballot debarred any class from exercising it. If the wish to vote were the qualification necessary for its bestowal, the privilege would long ago have been granted to women nationally and in most of the Northern States, if we may judge by the petitions sent by representative women all over the land—more petitions having been presented to Congress and to State legislatures for this than for any other cause. Not a session of Congress and scarcely a meeting of a State legislature occurs, that petitions do not pour in for this privilege; and this has been the case for at least a quarter of a century. Yet wishes seem to have had but little effect. And, on the ground of women desiring the ballot, this is but just. If it were possible to obtain the views of the women of Kansas to a certainty, and it could be proved that seven-eighths of them earnestly wished to vote, it would not affect by the weight of an iota the justice of their having the privilege restored to them, or of its being still withheld from them.

Whether or not people desire to pay taxes has but little to do with the result of an assessor's notice. When the Supreme Court of the United States decided in the test case brought after the adoption of the fourteenth amendment, that women are citizens (though without right to the ballot), it conferred all the responsibilities and duties pertaining to citizenship upon them.

Conflicting and difficult as the problem may be, we cannot escape the conclusion that each commonwealth that holds within

its borders a class of citizens from whom it withholds the first privilege of citizenship—the right to a legal expression of opinion—is responsible for the wrong done by the enforced silence of one-half its citizens; and, further, when it can be proved that the silent one-half includes the most moral and law-abiding of its population, the wrong done to the State by its own government is immensely increased.

In beginning to write upon the theme of this symposium I asked a lady, very recently from the far East, a principal of a city school, "How would you judge whether the women of a State wanted to vote or not?" She replied, "By knowing whether they had availed themselves of any privileges they may have had in that line." By this test let us judge the women of Kansas.

Being far from home, I have no opportunity to consult statistics, but in towns and cities where women had municipal suffrage the average of women voting fell below that of men voting. But by how much? Never so far below as the municipal vote of men fell below the State vote in the same precincts. There is so little interest felt in municipal voting, except sometimes in large cities where the offices of mayor and councilmen excite attention, that it is only by special calls, pleadings and demands of the party managers that enough citizens can be induced to register to make a respectable showing on election-day. It is a well-known fact that in every instance where the interest of the town or city either morally or financially was at stake, the women have never failed to come up to their whole duty. But this is not a correct test. Let us judge men by the same standard.

The campaign of 1884 was perhaps as exciting as any that the history of the country affords. Yet out of the twelve millions of voters in the United States at that time, but eight millions exercised the privilege, leaving four millions who were indifferent, or at any rate who did not vote. Shall we therefore conclude that the men of the United States do not want to vote?

Can it be held that they ought for this indifference to be disfranchised?

Was the power of the ballot given to the 750,000 colored men of the South because they expressed a desire for it? Is it because the peasantry of Europe send in advance an expressed wish for the ballot that nearly half of our States provide for them this privilege by constitutional enactment, so that they can use its power within twelve months after landing on our shores—six States giving this privilege in six months? Shall we ask, "Do the Russian Jews now coming to Kansas wish to vote next fall?" Whether they do or not, they can do so by filing their intention to become citizens at some future time, and residing in the State six months. Our motherly constitution has provided for them in advance, but left its 270,000 American-born women of lawful age out in the cold. Within our State reside a due proportion of the two millions of men in the United States who annually and semi-annually express their opinions and control our interests, who cannot read, write, nor speak the language in which their ballots are written.

But the immediate question, Do the women of Kansas want to vote? remains yet unanswered. Perhaps my personal experience may be of some service toward its solution.

During the last twelve months I have held over one hundred meetings in the State, seventy-five of which have been lectures bearing upon the subject of suffrage in various ways. As National Superintendent of "work among foreigners" of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the free bestowal of the ballot upon aliens and the denial of the same privilege to our American-born women has received a great deal of attention in these lectures. I have met in parlor meetings, after these, many of the women of over sixty of the cities, towns, and villages, conversing freely with them upon the subject that comes nearest to them, and upon which they are universally the most enthusiastic—woman's ballot. In this experience of twelve months I have come in contact with but one woman who did

not "want to vote," and this one did not express herself openly as opposed to woman suffrage, possibly because of the unpopularity she would bring upon herself by so doing. This statement will probably be modified by the suggestion that the women I met were mostly members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, or those favorable to prohibition. But when we remember that the women of the W. O. T. U. were, in the earlier years of that organization utterly opposed in principle to woman suffrage, and that they have been converted by the direct logic of effects produced by causes, it strengthens rather than weakens the argument to say that they stand now as a unit for suffrage.

In conclusion, let us take the census on this question, "Do the women of Kansas want to vote?" The four thousand paying and non-paying members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union say "Aye!" The members of the Equal Suffrage Association, equally strong, reply "Aye!" The wives and daughters of the men composing the People's Party, that stands almost as a unit for woman suffrage, one hundred and sixty thousand strong, reply, "Aye!" The wives and daughters, sisters and mothers of the men of the Republican party which favored the cause in its platform, a party one hundred and fifty-seven thousand strong, respond "Aye!" "Who is there left to mourn for Logan? Not one." The women of Kansas want to vote.

SOPHIE NAYLOR GRUBB.

VIII.

What would you ask me, Justin, my boy? Ah, you have found among the records of early Kansas a magazine, yellow and rotten with age, and bearing on its tattered cover the legend, "THE AGORA, A Kansas Magazine, 1893," and you would know

what our ancestors meant by discussing such a question as you find there—"Do Kansas Women Want to Vote?"

Truly, it seems strange that, even in that early civilization, people should have been discussing woman's wish or right to vote; but you must bear in mind that the early days of THE AGORA were only a few years removed from the time when our noble State was but a billowy reach of prairie, when wild animals, now extinct, roamed over it, and the aborigines lived here in their queer-shaped houses of skins. Then in its infancy, as to-day in its glorious maturity, THE AGORA was the medium for the advanced and progressive scholars of the State, and the presence there of the argument upon the political recognition of women shows that it was at that time under serious consideration.

What is it, my nephew? Was woman really subordinate in law? Yes, so far as its privileges went. So far as its duties and punishments were concerned, she was his equal. She paid tithes at rates fixed by men, or her property was confiscated, but she could not have a voice in the laws that governed her own person. The men made those, and decreed that if wives or daughters sinned, they should be imprisoned or put to death.

When a woman sinned, they would go out into the streets and choose twelve men, mayhap as great sinners as the criminal herself, and they would go into a court of justice, where the commonwealth hired men—doctors of the law, called prosecuting attorneys—to persuade these twelve men that the woman should be punished, and if the men so decided, (the records do not state in what manner, but it is thought by turning down their thumbs, after the custom of the Roman amphitheatre,) the judge would deem her guilty, and men would take her away, and men would imprison her until men thought her punishment sufficient.

You may well open your eyes in wonder, my Justin, who have lived in the Kansas of to-day. You, whose mother has thrice sat in council in America's capital. You, who have

grown up under the training of such a woman cannot realize the condition of the mothers of early Kansas.

You ask me if the women really wanted to vote. Yes, they did. The woman who had suffered because of unjust legislation, because of improper marriage-and-divorce laws, because of laws sanctioning immorality, or because of the non-enforcing of good laws, wanted to vote. The woman whose babes had been taken from her arms and given to strangers, her only crime being poverty and helplessness, wanted to vote. The woman who was happy and contented herself, (and there were many, Justin, for men were really better than their laws,) but who saw and felt her sister's woes, wanted to vote. And all women who desired the truest, highest growth, in every direction, who had learned to reason from cause to effect, felt keenly the indignity of their position—powerless in a powerful country, bound to live under laws made by men alone—and feeling thus, wanted to vote.

And these women were many, my boy. Before that magazine in your hand was published, still older records show that petitions had been signed in Kansas alone, by thirty thousand women, asking for full or partial recognition before the law. Thirty thousand are but few in the Kansas of to-day, my Justin, but in the then newly-settled State, they were many. Nay, nay, my boy! Such indignation is not just, nor is it like you. Be not severe in your condemnation of those other women who did not desire political freedom. Their standpoint may seem out of reason in the light of to-day's conditions, but it had its excuse. Many of them were cultured and educated, and were constantly striving for further intellectual development, but could not see that perfect political freedom could be a factor in the growth they sought. Leading sheltered lives, they felt not the call to help others gain that which would help all women—self-sovereignty.

Others, less wise, desired only the commendation of men, and thought it could be gained by absolute submissiveness to all of

man's ideas. Could they but have known it, this behavior was degrading to themselves as well as to the men.

Others again, less courageous, dreaded the slurs of the people who might oppose them, and so refused to espouse the cause of their sisters.

The great injustice, my Justin, was that when so many good and earnest women wanted to vote, and when so many of their manliest men craved for women that right, the politicians, who felt and loved their power, said nay; that none might, because all did not ask the right. I am an old man, my boy, and have spent my life in the service of my State, but never, be persons ever so lacking in logic, have I heard such faulty reasoning.

How did their recognition finally come? I will tell you, for its coming was the strangest and yet the easiest of any reform in our records. I have been studying history for information on this very subject, as I am under contract to write an article for the next number of *THE AGORA* upon "The Status of Kansas Women in the Nineteenth Century," and I find that political freedom came to them in the latter part of that strange and prophetic century, but shortly after the publication of that magazine in your hand. It was then that — what hour did it strike, Justin? So late! My boy, come to-morrow for the story. To-day is election-day, you know, and your aunt, my good and true wife, was called this morning to lend her ready wit and wise counsel to the officers of the election, who are receiving the votes of the people.

She must, indeed, be a-weary, and I promised to be with her at this hour. I will go put fresh battery fluid in my flying-machine, and do you bring yours, and accompany me to the Ninth Ward polling-place; and when we are there, Justin, ponder upon the days when our ancestors lived, when white men, and black men, and red men, and drunken men, and immoral men met to make laws to control the women of the land, who, though the majority of them craved the right, could none of them vote, because, forsooth, not all were of that mind.

MAY BELLEVILLE-BROWN.

IX.

The answer to this question must necessarily be that some of them certainly do, since they are making a demand for it in tones that cannot be mistaken and terms that will not be misunderstood. How large is their following and to how many minds the arguments presented in behalf of their cause are final, is more an open question.

The lukewarmness manifested in the exercise of the municipal suffrage does not foreshadow a tidal wave in favor of its further extension; nor do the results accomplished by this partial participation in the elective franchise invite attention as notable examples of the political handiwork of women. Here was an opportunity offered to demonstrate woman's fitness and make known her inclination for work in this new field, and some portion of the zeal and energy of the suffrage agitators, exercised in directing, and organizing, and making efficient this power, might have made manifest to many doubters the wisdom and propriety of further demands.

The demand for the ballot for women can no longer be bolstered up by a long list of legal wrongs that need righting. In Kansas, at least, adjustments have been made to meet advanced social conditions, and women have equal, in some notable instances superior advantages before the law over men. Public opinion, too, concedes them the right to enter any vocation or profession for which they have a predilection and can make themselves competent. An unmarried woman is commended rather than derided, as formerly, for achieving in any honorable way pecuniary independence. As a rule the wife is made an equal sharer in the husband's income, and esteemed a co-worker and partner rather than a spoiled and petted dependent. Everything that the early agitators of the equal suffrage question promised to gain for woman through the ballot is already secured without it, and there remains only the privilege of voting and holding office to be contended for.

And here it is that two-thirds of the women of Kansas pause.

Weighted as they are with duties pre-eminently their own, guaranteed their rights in property and children, enshrined in homes which, however humble, are centers of love and happiness, their thoughts quickened, their hearts warmed and their vision widened by the higher education and greater advantages which have come to them in the last quarter of a century, they look out upon the struggle for public place and power with an instinctive sense that it is foreign to them, and that to imbibe its spirit and learn its language would be detrimental to all the interests which are most dear to them. But one comes with eloquent words and specious arguments, who disturbs their serenity with the word duty. If there is anything that moves the Kansas woman it is this appeal to her conscience with the watchword by which her life is ordered.

To the argument that the suffrage is a right of which she has been tyrannously deprived, she can answer, "The exercise of the suffrage is a right only when conferred by the existing political power. It is not an original, inherent, or natural right, but merely conventional, and therefore becomes a question of pure expediency." But what shall she say when told that it is her duty to enter politics in order that great reform measures may be carried out and the world made wiser, and better and purer? History teaches all who will be taught by a study of the past that human beings will not be voted into a course of correct conduct—they will not be regenerated by force of law. All efforts in that direction have hitherto proved a perversion and waste of energies and instrumentalities. Man must be reformed from within; he cannot have purity and excellence impressed upon him from without; and the woman who makes diligent use of the potent forces for convincing and converting already hers, may safely and conscientiously leave compulsion to other and stronger hands.

And still more fervently it is insisted that there is impurity in politics and fraud at the ballot-box, and woman's influence is needed to correct this. But corruption begins before the ballot-

box is reached. If cupidity, and greed, and selfishness, and unholy ambitions and lax principles of morality could be eliminated, and honor, courage, integrity and patriotism infused into the minds and hearts and characters of the voters, then would the ballot-box be approached reverently and conscientiously, and frauds become an impossibility. The ballot simply registers the aggregate expression of public opinion, and women have it in their power now, more than ever before, to mould public opinion as they will. Day by day, in the home and society, women are constantly giving forth their views upon all the topics of the day. Desire for a woman's approval, and fear of her condemnation, hold many a weak man to the path of rectitude. A word from a woman decides many a vote, and I hazard nothing in saying that no measure universally condemned by women could be carried in this State; and conversely, none will fail of success should the women be a unit for its promotion. Who then shall say they are classed with criminals and idiots?

It in no sense implies the inferiority of women that they intrust the expression of their views through the ballot-box to their husbands, brothers, fathers, and sons. And if their interests are not safe in the hands of those whose chief business in life is the maintenance and protection of their families, to whom then shall they be intrusted? Certainly their own feeble strength would be found far less equal to the burden. Men intrust to women interests far more sacred and dear—the honor and purity of their homes, the moulding of the characters of their children, their position in the social life about them, the expenditure of the means for which they toil unceasingly.

Differentiation is the law of progress, and our civilization, so rapid, so intense in its forward movement, permits no diffuseness of talents and energies. To keep step with it requires that men and women shall be co-workers, each along the lines of the least resistance, and with a common end in view—the attainment of their highest possibilities of development, of usefulness, and of enjoyment. Hitherto purity, modesty, gentle-

ness, patience, tenderness, sympathy and dignity have been esteemed virtues especially becoming to women, and while they might, if forced to do so, retain all these characteristics and cast a ballot, they are certainly not the qualities which would give her distinction in a free-for-all scramble for office. Nor would the spectacle of women engaged in playing down to the weaknesses of men for the sake of applause and notoriety to be coined into political capital be a gratifying one to her own sex or edifying to the other. By gaining the ballot woman would be in danger of losing the higher and more potent source of influence which comes of being personally removed from the immediate conflict. Having no ax to grind, she may contemplate the questions at issue with the sole view to the right and the justice of them, and to their effect upon the people as a whole. Standing thus at the helm, with so much power for good or ill, it becomes her most imperative duty to read, to study, to think, to converse, and to convince, leaving the political arena, as she leaves the rougher work of life and the battle-field, to men.

MARY A. HUMPHREY.

X.

For thirty years this question has been a veritable Banquo's ghost in Kansas. At church, school, and political banquets it has been answered in the negative; but it will not down. Can it be because —

“Truth is forever on the scaffold,
And Wrong forever on the throne”?

If it be, still —

“Behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow
Keeping watch above His own.”

Believing as I do that all forms of truth are “His own,” as well as that all humanity are His children, it is not surprising to me that this question of political equality is constantly recur-

ring with a broadening significance. Nor is it surprising that this question should find its vantage-ground in Kansas, and its most earnest advocates and loyal supporters in Kansas women. From the initial pages of her history to the present time, Kansas soil and air have always contained proper food for progressive thought and action. Her written and unwritten history shows that plans have been made and deeds have been done by her men *and* women. Kansas women include, as logicians would say, women born in Kansas and women not born in Kansas. Those not born in Kansas do not represent the conservative type of the New England, Middle and Southern States, but rather the more aggressive and fearless ones, who dared to leave the old home, the old comforts, and in a measure the old ideas, too, in order to earn a better home and enjoy larger opportunities. They have not been disappointed. They are coming into their inheritance. However fondly they remember the coziness and seclusion of the old environment, they would not for an instant exchange for it the breadth and breeziness of the adopted home.

The Kansas-born women, and the women who have come to their maturity under Kansas influences, would have to have the laws of environment reversed to account for their status, were they not believers in the justice of political equality for men and women. All of the Kansas girl's education has been such that the question comes to her, not, "Why should I vote?" but rather, "Why should n't I vote?" The Kansas girl enters any of the educational institutions supported by the State, upon the same footing as does her brother. She receives the same credit for the same work, and at the close of school-life receives the same degree. Usually, now, she receives the same pay for the same work. She enjoys the same property rights as a man, even if she is a married woman, with the additional one that property may be devised to her so that she may deed it without consent of her husband. The custody of children belongs to both husband and wife. The woman votes at school elections

and municipal elections. She takes all this as being as much her natural right as it is the right of a man. The question very naturally and pertinently comes to her, "When I enjoy and exercise these rights, where is the reason, logic or good policy in refusing complete suffrage?" It is not revolution, but evolution. It is the most natural thing in the world, after exercising the right of suffrage in school matters and in municipal matters, that she should look to the full suffrage as the next step in her political growth.

Kansas women are intelligent, self-respecting, and dignified; as genuine, whole-souled, sympathetic women as ever breathed a free air. They dislike, as any other self-respecting person would, to be classed with the lunatic, the feeble-minded, the idiotic, and the criminal, on election-day; consequently Kansas women want to vote. Thus I thought the matter out when the question came to me. But I have known ministers and teachers and enthusiasts to mistake their own enthusiasm for that of their parishioners, pupils, and co-workers. So, fearing this might account somewhat for the positive answer I should give, I decided to test its correctness, for two days, by putting the question, "Do you want to vote?" to the women I chanced to meet in their offices, stores, and homes. The dentist said: "Yes." The doctor said, in slow and measured tones: "I want to vote." The deputy district clerk, who is also city clerk, answered: "I believe in its justice, and think all women who want to vote should be allowed to do so, and all women should want to vote on some questions." The woman who has for several years been deputy county treasurer, looked at me as wonderingly as if I had questioned her on her orthodoxy, and said: "Why, of course." Our efficient journalist, the assistant editor of one of our county papers, said: "I believe in its justice, and believe it is as surely coming as I believe anything. I can't say that I'm anxious to vote, but I always register, to be ready for emergencies." The wife of the president of Campbell University said: "Put me down as one who wants to vote." The profes-

sor of English and the professor of German in the same school, each said in a matter-of-fact and business-like way, "Certainly." The little woman who has made larger sales in a day than any other clerk in our largest mercantile establishment, said: "Indeed I do; I'm wishing for the time to come when I can." I asked the proprietors of a ladies' furnishing store: one said "Yes," unqualifiedly; the other said, "If I can vote for President." The sheriff's wife gave the same answer, "If I can vote for President." Several of our public-school teachers gave the following answers: "Of course I want to vote; I'm not a woman with a grievance, but I might have one." "Yes, I want to vote." "Haven't thought much about it, but don't see why I should n't." "Oh, yes, I want to vote." Of two dressmakers, one said, "I want to vote—see no reason why I should n't"; the other—"Women ought to want to vote; they as well as men should be interested in good government." The wife of the editor of the Republican paper said: "Of course I want to vote; I always *do* vote whenever I can." I put the question to some school-girls, almost old enough to vote. One said, "Have n't thought anything about it"; another, "No, I'm too lazy to post myself"; still another, "I've decided I want to vote." The question was put to several other groups of women, where I received an affirmative answer. I think I have faithfully recorded every indifferent or negative answer. The answers were made by unmarried women and married women, mothers of little children, and mothers of sons and daughters grown, and by women of all political and religious beliefs. These answers came from representative women of the town. We think, possibly exhibiting a pardonable pride, that Holton is a representative town in the State, and from these data it is not an improper conclusion to draw that Kansas women do want to vote.

ELLA W. BROWN.

INSPIRATION.

A CROSS green meadows, in sweet morning's air,
A maiden trips in quest of some famed flower
Whose prestige charmed her by its fabled power ;
But others greet her, radiant-hued and fair,
And lure her to the river. Standing there,
Dawn grander scenes beyond. In one bright shower
Her former treasures fall, as in that hour
To pluck sometime yon blossoms is her prayer.

And we, in wandering through life's fields of thought,
In search of some rich, soul-inspiring truth,
Find others on the way much purer grown ;
Until by these new inspirations taught
We start, and leave the shadowy realms of youth
To peer with longing into the vast unknown.

ETTA MAY BRUCKHART.

THE BEST SHAKSPERE DRAMA.

THE subject seems to divide itself into two questions — What is the Shakspeare Drama? and then, What play is the best? I must answer the first satisfactorily, or I shall be thrown out of court by the remark that your best Shakspeare drama is not admitted among the canonical books. The last thrust at the heretics which I have happened to see is in the fifteenth volume of the *Bankside Shakspeare*. Mr. E. A. Calkins, a corresponding member of the Shakspeare Society of New York, and honorary member of the Wisconsin State Historical Society, has written the introduction to *Richard III*, and after putting his foot on Dr. James Russell Lowell, he concludes the introduction with the following extremely orthodox confession of faith: "That seems to me a shallow and eccentric habit of thought which attempts to find a spurious authorship for the Shaksperian Drama. . . . A stage expert, if he is intelligent, is beguiled by no vagrant fancies, if he has artistic instincts, if he is an acute and honest student of the great authors whose works he produces with scenic array, is a better judge than a mere amateur, or sciolist, or theorist, of the internal evidence by which dramatic or any other literary authorship is established.

"But this line of argument, or any other line of argument, to sustain the claims of the great authors in any language to the paternity of their accredited works, seems to be a labor of supererogation — a useless exercise of the mental faculties.

"I take my history — literary history and the history of States alike — upon trust, believing the evidence of contemporary witnesses, the infinite chapter of probabilities, the absence of dissent at the time from any authentic source, and the universal judgment of mankind. The record as to Shakspeare was not assailed till two hundred and thirty-five years after his death. Then

it had been closed. Every anti-Shaksperian hypothesis is more impossible, if there are degrees in impossibilities, than the accepted belief of centuries, that Shakspeare was the sole author of all the works that bear his name. And there I stand!"

Such childlike credulity as this might prove a drawing card in a dime museum. If Shakspeare was the sole author of all the works that bear his name, it will be necessary largely to increase the number now generally accredited to him. During his life forty-two plays were published under his name, and he never denied the paternity of one of them. *Lochrine* was printed in 1595, with the following title: "*The lamentable tragedy of Lochrine, the eldest son of King Britus, discovering the wares of his Britons and Huns, with their discomfiture; the Britons' victory, with their accidents and the death of Albinus. No less pleasant than profitable. Newly set forth, overseen and corrected by W. S., London. Printed by Thomas Creede, 1595.*" "Newly set forth, overseen and corrected by W. S.," might possibly indicate that Shakspeare was not the author, but if we throw out *Lochrine* on that account, what shall we do with *Love's Labor Lost*? That entry reads as follows: "*A pleasant conceited comedy called Love's Labor Lost. As it was presented before His Highness this last Christmas, newly corrected and augmented by W. Shakspeare.*" It is all easy enough, however: Knight makes the W. S. mean *William Smith*, and so lets Shakspeare out.

Sir John Oldcastle was printed in 1600, with Shakspeare's name as author. Nobody else ever claimed the paternity, and Shakspeare never disowned the child. It may be well enough to add, however, that in Henslowe's diary is the following entry: "Paid for the first part of the life of *Sir John Oldcastle*, and in earnest of the second part, for the use of the company, ten pounds; the money was received by Thomas Downton to pay Mr. Munday, Mr. Drayton, Mr. Wilson, and Hathaway." The unfortunate discovery of Henslowe's account-book has deprived the immortal William of the authorship of a play that he seemed willing enough to accept.

Thomas Lord Cromwell was printed in 1613. The title-page says: "*As it has been sundry times publicly acted by the King's majesty's servants. Written by W. S.*" It was acted in 1602 by "the Lord Chamberlain his servants," which of course was Shakspeare's company. As usual, Shakspeare had nothing to say touching the authorship; but the English critics conclude, from the style that it was *Wentworth* Smith this time who was indicated by the W. S., although German critics give Shakspeare credit for its production.

In 1605 was printed "*The London Prodigal. As it was played by the King's majesty's servants. By William Shakspeare, London.*" Shakspeare never denied the authorship of this play, and nobody else ever claimed it.

In 1607 was published "*The Puritan, or the Widow of Watling Street. Acted by the children of Paules. Written by W. S.*" It was printed in the third folio, and again as Shakspeare's in 1702. As usual, Shakspeare had nothing to say touching the authorship.

On the 2d of May, 1608, the following entry was made in the *Stationers' Register*: "A book the *Yorkshire Tragedy* written by William Shakespeare." A writer in the *Retrospective Review* analyzes the *Yorkshire Tragedy*, and comes to the following conclusion: "There is no reason why Shakspeare should not have written it, any more than why he should." That settles that.

In 1592 "*The Lamentable and True Tragedy of M. Arden of Feversham in Kent*" was first published. Subsequent editions were printed in 1599 and 1633. No author's name was given till the edition of 1770, when it was assigned to William Shakspeare. The German critics regard the play as one of Shakspeare's, while most English Shaksperians seem disposed to reject it.

The "*Reign of Edward III*" was first printed in 1596, it having been entered in the *Stationers' Register* in 1595. The play was printed without an author's name until 1760, when

Capell published it as "A play thought to be by Shakspeare." The Germans believe it to have been written by him, while the English are divided on the question.

"*George Green*" was printed in 1599, and attributed to the immortal William. As usual, there are a great number of guesses with regard to the authorship.

"*A Pleasant Comedy of Fair Em*" was printed in 1631. It has been credited to Robert Greene, Beaumont, Fletcher, and Shakspeare, with Shakspeare in the minority. The play would not be much of a credit to anybody.

"*Mucidorius*" was first printed in 1598. The tradition is handed down in old catalogues that Shakspeare was the author. "*The Birth of Merlin*," printed in 1662, says on the title-page, "Written by William Shakspeare and William Rowley."

The "*Merry Devil of Edmonton*" was printed in 1608 as having been written by T. B. This play has been published as Shakspeare's, and also as Drayton's.

To these must be added *Pericles*, *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, *Love's Labours Won*, and the *Arraignement of Paris*. This makes eighteen of Shakspeare's plays, according to the ruling of Mr. Calkins of the New York Shakspeare Society, which Messrs. Heming and Condell deprive us of at one fell swoop, in the publication of the first folio in 1623. As it is supposed that Mr. Calkins still sticks to all these, it will be noticed that he has about fifty per cent. more Shakspeare than anybody else. As for the "Sweet Swan of Avon," he never claimed to have written any plays, and he never denied the paternity of any. He fathered all that came along, and "no questions asked."

Heming and Condell not only took the liberty of throwing out these eighteen plays, but they added ten others that nobody had ever seen or heard of, although Shakspeare had then been dead for seven years. These are the three parts of *Henry VI*, *Henry VIII*, *Coriolanus*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Othello*, *All's Well that Ends Well*, and *Timon of Athens*. Heming and Condell's work in selecting and publishing the thirty-six plays of the first

folio as the genuine work of Shakspeare has not always been accepted. The spirit of criticism has been almost as busy with Shakspeare as it has with the New Testament. Mr. James Spedding, in 1850, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, stated that he did not believe Shakspeare had written all, or in fact the most, of King Henry VIII. Abbott (Shakspeare Grammar, p. 331) supports this view by a metrical test. Spedding's division, generally adopted, gives to Shakspeare Act I, Scenes 1 and 2; Act II, Scenes 3 and 4; Act III, Scene 2 down to line 230; and Act V, Scene 1. I suppose if almost anybody were asked to quote anything from King Henry VIII, they would repeat:

"And — when I am forgotten, as I shall be;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of — say, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey — that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor —
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me."

This is thrown out. The critics say this is spurious coin. Judges of diction and style pronounce this the work of Fletcher and not Shakspeare.

The three parts of *King Henry VI* are divided up between Shakspeare, Greene, Peele, and Marlowe. A few of the best lines are picked out for the Swan, and the remainder are apportioned out among the other fellows. *Titus Andronicus* is worse yet. Later critics throw the play out entirely, although Heming and Condell passed it as one of the genuine plays.

Pericles was rejected by the editors of the folio, although it had been repeatedly printed as Shakspeare's during his life, and was kept on the boards at the Bankside for years.

Appleton Morgan, president of the New York Shakspeare Society, is the only man I know of who regards the play as entirely the work of Shakspeare.

Timon of Athens was printed in the folio, and had never been printed or heard of before. The critics reject the most of it,

notwithstanding Heming and Condell knew all about Shakspeare and his plays.

But I am of the opinion that *my* Shakspeare wrote it. In 1623 he would have spoken these words from the bottom of his heart :

“Myself,

Who had the world as my confectionary ;
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment ;
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows.”

James Russell Lowell said : “An examination of *Richard III* plainly indicates that it is a play which Shakspeare adapted to the stage, making additions sometimes longer and sometimes shorter ; and toward the end he either rather grew weary of his work or was pressed for time, and left the older author, whoever he was, pretty much to himself.” The *Taming of the Shrew* is said to have been written by three different persons.

It is useless to pursue this further. I do not know of a single play that is regarded as the pure and undefiled text of Shakspeare. Everybody decides for himself what he will receive and what he will reject. He is never sure that he is not floundering around in the apocrypha, and is never right positive that he has got hold of the passage which is given by inspiration and is profitable.

The mystery has been from the beginning. The opaque cloud that hangs over the man Shakspeare—the fact that but little is known of him, and the other fact that what little is known of him argues against the possibility of his having written the plays, but deepens the mystery. While the Shaksperians are picking out passages here and there to fit their man, throwing out first editions of plays because they come too soon for Shakspeare, and supposing English translations of foreign works to help out his want of a knowledge of the ancient and

foreign languages, the Baconians go the whole hog and maintain that he never wrote anything, and never could have written anything.

As a working hypothesis, they assume that Francis Bacon was the author of those passages of dramatic literature of the Elizabethan age which are recognized as Shaksperian. They clothe the phantom author with flesh and blood. They know all about his descent. They know his school, and what he studied there. They know all about his after-life. They have his letters by the hundred, written by his own hand. They have his philosophical and political works, and his work on natural history. His first publication is a treatise on human nature. On the supposition that Francis Bacon wrote the plays, it seems to me that we are able to get a better interpretation of them than if we regard them as an anonymous work. Let us take *Measure for Measure*, *Macbeth*, and *King Lear*, in illustration.

Measure for Measure was first acted in 1604, before the court of England. The Duke turns over the government to Angelo with this commission :

“Nor need you, on mine honor, have to do
With any scruple ; your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good.”

The Duke conceals himself in a monastery, and gives his reasons for turning over the government to Angelo in the following words :

“We have strict statutes and most biting laws,
The needful bits and curbs to headstrong steeds,
Which for this fourteen years we have let sleep,
Even like an o’ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey.”

From 1593 up to the time of his death Bacon had at intervals been making efforts to secure a revision of the laws of England. In the *De Augmentis* he says: “For since an express statute is not regularly abolished by disuse, it comes to pass that through this contempt for obsolete laws the authority

of the rest is somewhat impaired. And from this ensues a torment like that of Mazentius, whereby the living laws are stifled in the embraces of the dead. For though it has been well said that no one should be wiser than the laws, yet this must be understood of waking and not of sleeping laws." *Measure for Measure* is an argument in favor of the repeal of obsolete laws.

In *Macbeth* we have a representation of man in his relation to the state. It treats of temporal interests, of peace and prosperity, and of treason and its results. In *Macbeth* personally we have the typical soldier, where the "pauser reason" is overwhelmed by the force of the will. In *Hamlet* the reasoning habit is developed until the will has lost all force, and Hamlet stands as helpless as a child in the presence of a task imposed upon him by a mandate from the other world. We can almost imagine that Macbeth was thinking of Hamlet when he said:

"Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives."

Macbeth was a feudal chieftain and a great soldier, doing valiant deeds in the cause of his country and his king, till the witches met him on the blasted heath. The weird sisters are not regarded as witches in the usual sense of the word, nor are they Middleton's witches. The Shaksperians regard them as a creation of Shakspeare. It seems to me that Bacon describes them in *De Augmentis*, where he gives an example of philosophy according to the ancient parables in politics. (*Of war according to the story of Perseus*.) I quote: "But Perseus, however furnished in forces and courage, has still need of one thing more of the greatest possible importance before he commences the campaign; he must turn aside to the Grææ. Now the Grææ are treasons which are the sisters of war, though not indeed own sisters, but as it were of less noble birth. For wars are noble and generous, treasons degenerate and base. They are portrayed appropriately as being gray-headed from their birth, and like old women by reason of the perpetual cares and anxieties attending traitors." (Works [Boston], Vol. XIII, p. 104, Vol. VIII, p. 462.)

I think that the hand of Bacon is as plainly seen in this play as it is in any other. I will give one or two examples. Lady Macbeth says: "Was the hope drunk wherein you dressed yourself, and wakes it now to look so pale and green at what it did so freely?" Here the lady says hope was asleep, and that the sleep was a drunken stupor. In the *Winter's Tale* Camillo tries to dissuade Florizel from a sea voyage, and says he will offer him —

"A cause more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpathed waters, undreamed shores most certain
To miseries enough; no hope to help you
But as you shake off one to take another."

The commentators make *shake off* refer to *miseries* in the previous sentence. I suppose they spoil the grammar because they are unable to see how anybody could talk about shaking off hope. Bacon explains it like this: "The effect of hope on the mind of man is very like the working of some soporific drugs, which not only induce sleep but fill it with joyous and pleasing dreams." If Lady Macbeth had read Bacon it is no wonder she said, "Was the hope drunk wherein you dressed yourself?"

Bacon was trying Somerset for poisoning Overbury. Referring to the poisoning he says: "It is an offense, my lord, that hath the two spurs of offending — *spes perficiendi* and *spes celandi*, the hope of finishing and the hope of concealing." These are the two incentives to commit crime, Bacon says. Macbeth thought of committing a crime — we will see what he says:

"If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here.
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time —
We'd jump the life to come — But, in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips."

It is evident that Macbeth thought he lacked the first spur of offending, *spes perficiendi*, the hope of doing a complete job. We shall now see what he thinks of the second spur, being *spes celandi*, or the hope of concealing the crime. He goes on:

“He’s here in double trust:

First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off:
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven’s cherubim hors’d
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o’er-leaps itself,
And falls on the other.”

When Macbeth discovers that there is no possibility of concealing the crime, he concludes that he has no spur of offending but “vaulting ambition, which o’er-leaps itself” and fails of its purpose.

Lear was written about 1603, the date of the death of Elizabeth. Bacon was a member of Parliament, and had been for ten years or more. In 1593 the Lords sent down to the House of Commons a demand that the Commons should approve a bill making an appropriation for the support of the government. The appropriation was all right, so far as I know, and no voice was raised against it until Bacon entered his protest. This “suppliant courtier,” this “meanest of mankind,” arose in his place and said it was the privilege of the Commons to appropriate money for the support of the government. It was the first announcement, so far as I know, of the proposition that the English people should hold the purse-strings of the English nation. It was a disastrous speech for Bacon. Elizabeth refused to see him, and during her life his hope of promotion was

gone. It seems to me that *King Lear* is an attack on the divine right of kings. The wonder is that the house of Stuart allowed a king to be dethroned and uncrowned in the midst of the rabble that attended the theater at that time. Elizabeth suppressed a scene in *Richard II* where a king is deposed. Here is one of Lear's speeches :

They flattered me like a dog ; and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To say *ay*, and *no*, to everything that I said !—*Ay* and no too was no good *divinity*. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter ; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding,—there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words : they told me I was everything : 't is a lie. I am not ague-proof.

Gloster. The trick of that voice I do well remember :
Is 't not *the King* ?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king :
When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.

Here is a description of his crown :

“Crown'd with rank fumiter and furrow-weeds,
With harlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.”

The following is strange doctrine to be preached in the age of the Tudors or the Stuarts :

Lear. Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar ?

Gloster. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur ? There thou mightst behold the great image of authority : A dog's obeyed in office.

Through tatter'd clothes great vices do appear ;
Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks :
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce it.

It is clear that Lear is dissatisfied with the courts of England. So he proposes to organize a court of his own.

Lear. It shall be done ; I will arraign them straight :—
Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer ;— [*to Tom o' Bedlam.*]
Thou, sapient sir, sit here.— [*To the fool.*]
I'll see their trial first : Bring in their evidence.
Thou robed man of justice, take thy place ; [*to Tom o' Bedlam.*]
And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity [*to the fool.*]
Bench by his side : You are o' the commission,
Sit you too [*to Kent.*]

Lear had a warm side for the people, too. Edgar and the fool were trying to get the king into the hovel and out of the storm. As the others were going in, Lear says :

“I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.”

For the range and loftiness of its ideas, the power of its language, and the irresistible directness of its emotional appeal, I regard *Lear* as one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of the plays, though I do not like it the best.

H. L. MOORE.

TO MY AMBITION.

AMBITION, be thou not my steed to fling
Me in the howling storm of wind and hail
To battle elements of flimsy mail
And flimsier body,—riding like a king
Because I cannot see the subtle thing
That mocks me with its hollowness,—to fail
At last, because I cannot tell the trail
Through space, whereby I may escape Death's sting.

But be the mark to which I bend my strength,
Set high amid the scintillating stars,
Where only bond of earth my coming bars ;
And let the measure of the journey's length
Be set by thy bright glory and the hope
That caused me from my darkened cave to grope.

CARL BRANN.

TENNYSON.

THE sweetest singer of his time has joined
The choir invisible. His name, in life
Long since immortal, now, in death recrowned,
Will statelier grow, and ever cherished be
By all who come to drink from out "the well
Of English undefiled."

The voice of Art
And Nature's every anthem blended in
His verse; and everywhere the lowly and
The high-born — matron, man and maid alike —
Attuned their harps to its rare melody.
He knew the language of the human heart —
Its voiceless harmonies, its tend'rest chords
He played upon with gentle touch, until
The soul ecstatic was with music and
With song — uplifted high on rhythmic wings,
To realms of fond delight, yet chaste withal,
And placid as the master's laureled self.

THOMAS WILLIAM HEATLEY.



EX-GOVERNOR SAMUEL J. CRAWFORD.

THE KANSAS LEGISLATURE OF 1868.

THE Legislature of 1868 met in the building known as "State Row," situated on the west side of Kansas avenue between Fourth and Fifth streets, in the city of Topeka, January 14th of that year. The building had been constructed in 1863, on lots numbered 131, 133, 135, and 137, on Kansas avenue, by Wilson L. Gordon, Guilford G. Gage, Theodore Mills, and Loring Farnsworth, citizens of Topeka, under a lease made between the State and these parties for a term of ten years, for the use and occupancy of the legislative, executive and judicial departments of the State; and for the use of this property the State agreed to pay its landlords the yearly rent of fifteen hundred dollars, payable annually, and the taxes which might yearly be imposed by law on the property during the term of this lease. This building was a low, two-story stone building, with a brick front, extending along the avenue one hundred feet, running back from the street about sixty feet; and it stood on the lots where the Topeka Legislature met July 4, 1856, and was dispersed by Col. Edwin V. Sumner, of the United States Army, in pursuance of an order issued by Governor Wilson Shannon to disperse the Legislature—peaceably if he could, but forcibly if necessary.

The Senate chamber was on the second floor of the State Row building, between the hall of the House of Representatives and the executive office, and was reached by a flight of steep, narrow stairs leading from the street to the Senate and Governor's office. From the landing at the top of the stairs a door to the left opened into the Senate chamber, and a door to the right into the executive office. The passage of the stairs was dark and the steps narrow, and the platform or landing at the upper end of the stairs was inconveniently small. On one occasion a young woman, wife of Thomas J. Anderson, the

Adjutant General, missed the landing and fell from the top of the stairs to the street. The Senate chamber was about 25 by 60 feet, with a low ceiling, and the only light or ventilation afforded was by means of two windows opening out on the street and windows in the west end. The President's desk was at the east end of the chamber, next to the street, between the two windows; a railing running across the chamber separated the Senators and officers from the public; two large "ten-plate iron" stoves standing in the lobby afforded heat for this room, and the fuel used was cord-wood cut into appropriate lengths, an abundant supply of which was kept stacked up against the wall, near the stoves.

The ingress and egress to and from the hall of the House of Representatives were by a flight of open, rickety stairs fastened or attached to the outside of the south wall of the building by means of rough timbers and rods of iron, and from the landing or platform of these rustic stairs the people's representatives and the public entered the lower house of the State Legislature. The floor of the House of Representatives was rough and uneven; the windows were loose and badly fitted in their places—so much so that the rattling of the window-sashes or frames gave warning notes when the winter storms whistled about the building. The roof of the building was covered with materials composed of heavy paper, tar, and gravel; and when rain-storms prevailed or the snow melted, the water percolated through the roof in various portions of the building. Within the room large iron stoves furnished the heat afforded for the comfort and convenience of the members and officers, and a railing made from rough lumber two inches by four separated the members of the House from the lobby. The Speaker's desk was perched up against the north wall of the House of Representatives, similar to the sacred desk in a Scotch Covenanter church. The walls of the building were cheaply and lightly built with rubble stone and soft brick, and when the Legislature met that winter some of the members were concerned about its

safety; and on motion of Hon. Joel K. Goodin, of Douglas county, Capt. John G. Haskell, of Lawrence, then State Architect, was requested to examine the building and furnish the Legislature his professional opinion as to its safety. Captain Haskell, after he had made his examination of the building, reported that it was reasonably safe for the members of the Legislature to occupy. This settled all doubt as to the question, and the Legislature proceeded to the transaction of its business.

The Governor and Adjutant General occupied the three rooms on the second floor of the temporary capitol, north of the Senate chamber, and these rooms were reached from the street by the small flight of stairs that led to the Senate. The building was only one hundred by sixty feet, and the Senate chamber, the hall of the House of Representatives, and the executive office, with the Adjutant General's office, all being on the same floor, the space allotted to the Governor, the Adjutant General and clerks was necessarily limited.

The first floor of the State Row or temporary capitol was occupied by the Supreme Court, the Secretary, Treasurer, Auditor of State, Attorney General, Superintendent of Public Instruction, and the clerks employed by the various departments of the State. The little State library, consisting of a few hundred text-books, reports, and miscellaneous publications, was kept in the consultation-room of the judges of the Supreme Court. Theodore B. Mills, chief clerk in the State Treasurer's office, in addition to his duties as clerk was engaged in teaching a small class of boys book-keeping and telegraphy; and a fine, old-style gentleman by the name of Charles Clarkson was chief clerk in the Secretary of State's office. He devoted his leisure time to entertaining strangers with stories of early Territorial days and purchasing State warrants for seventy-five cents on the dollar—this being the best price such paper would sell for in those days.

Here in this building the Governor and officers of the various State departments, the Legislature and the Supreme Court, per-

formed their duties; here were deposited the archives of the State, and here were kept the muniments and symbols of the States's authority, power, and sovereignty.

Immediately north of the State Row or temporary capitol, and adjoining the room occupied by the Adjutant General, John Ryan, a good-natured but thrifty Irishman, owned and maintained a saloon or dramshop for the accommodation of the public. This frontier saloon was equipped, according to the custom of those times, with the usual bar, tables, and chairs; and the room was warmed in cold weather by a large, square box-stove, fed, as occasion required, with hickory or oak wood brought in by the settlers living on the heavy timber land on the north side of the Kansas river. The proprietor kept a tank of hot water on the stove during cold weather for the purpose of making for his customers "Tom and Jerry," or "whisky slings"; and during warm weather the stove was removed, and lager beer on Kansas river ice was supplied to the thirsty and weary.

There stood near by, on the northeast corner of Kansas avenue and Fifth street, where the United States court-house and post-office now stands, the Topeka House, built in 1856 by Rev. Walter Oakley, a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and it was one among the first public houses erected in Topeka. This hotel had been cheaply and hastily constructed of cottonwood lumber, before there was a railroad within two hundred miles of Topeka. The lumber used for siding and floors was warped and sprung, and the rooms were small and inconvenient. There were only two other hotels of any pretensions in those days in town. One of these was the Capital House, owned and kept by John Wilson, on the south side of Sixth avenue, between Kansas avenue and Jackson street. This house was formerly known as the Chase House, in Territorial times, and had been the scene of many political plots and conspiracies in Territorial days. The building was constructed soon after the town was settled, and, as was the case with all buildings erected in early times, it was a rude and inartistically

built structure. Mr. Wilson had made some improvements on the building in 1864, but he was compelled then to pay for lumber at the rate of one hundred dollars for each thousand feet purchased at Leavenworth and delivered at Topeka, and he had no means to make these improvements except as he made his money by entertaining poor immigrants. The building consisted of several additions built at different times, and the floors of parts of the house were one or two feet higher than those in other portions. The Capital House was the headquarters for the various stage lines running in those early days from Topeka to various points remote from railroad service. The Union Pacific Railroad, Eastern Division, had been completed from the mouth of the Kansas river to Topeka, January 1, 1866, and in January, 1868, it was completed to Hays City, in Ellis county, a distance of 220 miles west of Topeka. This was the principal railroad in the State. Stage-coaches were in operation from Topeka via Council Grove, in Morris county, thence to Santa Fé, New Mexico; to Burlingame, Osage county, thence to Emporia, Lyon county, and the lower Arkansas valley; to Alma, in Wabaunsee county; to Holton, in Jackson county, and thence to Nebraska; and to Valley Falls, Jefferson county. These various lines started on their journeys each morning from the Capital House for their destinations, freighted with the United States mail, and passengers.

The other public hotel was the Gordon House, owned and kept by John Copeland Gordon, on or near the northwest corner of Fourth street and Kansas avenue. The Gordon was built in Territorial days by its proprietor, and was probably the best-kept hotel in the town. But it had been built under the same adverse conditions as the Topeka and the Capital House. The sides and the rear wall were built of rubble stone, and the front of soft brick. The rooms of this house, like the others, were small and inconvenient. Though these hotels were extremely rude and uninviting, the landlords were generous and hospitable men, and afforded the best accommodations to the

public which the environments would permit. Gordon, after many years, sold the Gordon Hotel, and built and keeps the fine four-story structure known as the Copeland Hotel, on the southeast corner of Ninth street and Kansas avenue, near the present State House.

These hotels furnished the principal accommodations for the Legislature of 1868.

But near by the seat of government, on the northwest corner of Fifth street and Kansas avenue, there was established a well-equipped saloon, known as the "Senate Saloon." This establishment was owned and managed by the Young brothers. These young men were experts in the arts of their vocation. The building where the "Senate Saloon" was kept was a two-story brick building, and a more imposing structure than that occupied by the State. The building was divided into a number of well fitted and furnished rooms for the accommodation of its friends and patrons. The public bar was neatly fitted up with furniture, lights, mirrors, and various rude works of art; the sideboard was amply furnished with all the various wares which the market afforded; and the private parlors and rooms were furnished with furniture, devices, cards and tokens used by the sporting fraternity. This temple of Bacchus had among its patrons many members of the Legislature. The people of the State had endured the hardships common to pioneer life and the horrors of a border war. They loved the institutions of the church and public schools that they had enjoyed at their homes in the old States in their childhood or younger days; but the conscience of society in the young commonwealth respecting the wrongs which it suffered from the saloon was slumbering, and had not been awakened or quickened. They had not yet learned in their new homes that the State owed the duty to society to protect the weak and unfortunate against the temptation and vice of the saloon, and that wives and children had claims on the husband and father which the State by its strong arm should protect and secure to them; that the strength,

industry and toil of the husband and father, and the fruits thereof, by the laws of nature and humanity belong to the wife and child, for their support, maintenance, and education; and that it is the highest duty of organized society to see that these laws are observed and respected by all the citizens of the commonwealth. So it was that the Senate Saloon, with its elegant appointments for the convenience and comfort of all, furnished rendezvous for many of these embryo statesmen to while away their leisure hours and mingle with kindred spirits, drowning their sorrows and celebrating their triumphs.

There are multitudes of men in every walk of life who by their actions and conduct lead to the conclusion that there is no place or employment where they are so much at home or so happy as about a well-appointed saloon. There such persons waste their precious hours; neglect the business of life and the duty they owe to wife and children; engage in shaking dice, playing pool or cards, and fill their epidermis with an enemy that respects no flag of truce and exchanges no prisoners. The saloon or dramshop and its environments stupefy the moral and manly convictions of its votaries, and destroy the affection of the husband for the wife and children and that self-respect so essential to enable men to discharge their duty to society, and especially to the family, the foundation of our civilization and social fabric. The slave of strong drink sooner or later loses his affection for his home and family; by degrees he neglects his wife and children; their wants and needs become familiar to him; familiarity with these conditions induces indifference and then contempt for what seems to the victim misfortune or misadventure. If the unfortunate victim, in a fit of delirium or perversity, drives his wife and family into the street and storm, or his children are deprived of an education for the want of clothes necessary to attend the public schools, or they are deprived of the necessary fuel to warm their shivering bodies, or comfortable beds for sleep and repose, or the children are compelled to work in factories, or at other pursuits or

employment unfitted to their age and strength, in order to secure the necessary food to sustain life, the slave of strong drink attributes these conditions to the disorders of society or the conflict between capital and labor.

In those times the saloon or dramshop was considered the one essential place for holding caucuses by all political parties; the politician could here meet more political strikers and bosses than elsewhere, and their followers were regarded as essential factors for political success. The saloon-keeper was conscious that he and his retainers were the most important factors in political matters; for the knight of the white apron met more people and possessed better opportunities for creating and crystallizing public sentiment for his candidates than any other person in the neighborhood. The mayor and councilmen of the city, the sheriff of the county and the members of the Legislature found it to their interest to be in accord with these agencies in all political matters. The subject of high or low license for the saloon or dramshop was an important question before the Legislature of 1868. The members of the Legislature from the farming or rural districts were opposed to municipal authorities granting license to sell intoxicating liquors unless there was first presented to the board of county commissioners a petition signed by a majority of all the inhabitants over twenty-one years of age, male and female, of the township or city in which the saloon was to be established. The representatives of the city districts favored provisions of law authorizing the mayor and council to grant license to saloon-keepers in the cities without a petition signed by anyone except the proposed saloon-keeper. The members of the Legislature friendly to the saloon found the Senate Saloon a convenient place to meet and consider the best means of securing legislation on the subject, satisfactory to the keeper of dramshops or saloons. The saloon-keeper then, as now, contended that his business was lawful, especially when he had a license issued by authority of law. He is willing to pay something for monopoly in his

business—not a large sum, to be sure, but just enough of money to keep out of the business other competitors. But when he pays for the privilege of vending intoxicating liquor, he insists on the police force being employed by the city for his protection, and that these officers of the law shall be appointed from among his friends, so he may be protected in his lawful business; and he demands that the police shall not be composed of persons who might become officious about his premises, should anything occur that would not be authorized by law, or should he exceed the bounds of public morals or a sense of public justice. He reasons that when the government authorizes his traffic and he pays for his monopoly, that his business, therefore, is legitimate, and that he is entitled to the protection of the officers of the law.

The Legislature compromised the dramshop controversy by providing that before “a dramshop license, tavern license or grocery license” should be granted to any person applying for the same, such person so applying for a township license should present to the county commissioners a petition or recommendation signed by a majority of the residents of the township of twenty-one years of age and over, both male and female, in which such dramshop, tavern or grocery was to be kept. The words “dramshop,” “tavern,” and “grocery,” used in this act of the Legislature, were synonymous, and when interpreted by the legal rules of construction meant saloon. The act provided, however, that the corporate authorities of cities of the first and second class might by ordinance dispense with the petition mentioned in the act. The municipal authorities were authorized to collect for each license granted to the saloon-keeper not less than one hundred nor more than five hundred dollars for every period of twelve months. This statute remained in force unchanged until the amendment to the constitution prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, except for medical, scientific and mechanical purposes, was adopted by the people of the State, November 2, 1880.

The east wing of the new State Capitol was so far completed in December, 1869, that the executive and judiciary departments of the State removed from the old State Row to the new State Capitol, and the Legislature met in this building on the following January. The building and its conveniences were so much superior to the old apartments formerly occupied by the State, the wants of the State being then limited, there did not seem to be any need for building either the west wing or the center building of the capitol in the near future. At this time the public service did not require much room for the various departments of State, libraries, and museums. The Legislature of 1870 made the first substantial appropriation for a State library. Among the members of the Legislature who rendered valuable service for the library were Senators Broadhead of Mound City, Carpenter of Erie, Cobb of Wyandotte, Learnard of Lawrence, Murdock of Burlingame, Prescott of Salina, Tucker of Eureka, and Voss of Fort Scott; and Representatives Burris of Olathe, Edwards of Ellsworth, Lindsay of Garnett, Hudson of Fredonia, Pierce of Ottawa, Sherry of Leavenworth, Snoddy of Mound City, Stotler of Emporia, Webb of Fort Scott, Wilson of Washington, and Wright of Junction City. And from this wise and generous measure has come to the commonwealth a State library that honors the intelligence and enterprise of the people of the State. While it must be confessed that on one or two occasions since the Legislature has failed of its duty towards this library, the pride of every citizen of the State, the general policy adopted in 1870 has been followed toward the great public institution.

When the Legislature of 1868 met, Samuel J. Crawford was Governor; Nehemiah Green, Lieutenant Governor; R. A. Barker, Secretary of State; Martin Anderson, State Treasurer; J. R. Swallow, State Auditor; Rev. Peter McVicar, D.D., Superintendent of Public Instruction; George H. Hoyt, Attorney General; J. B. McAfee, Adjutant General; and Ward Burlingame, private secretary to the Governor. Samuel A. Kingman



EX-CHIEF JUSTICE SAMUEL A. KINGMAN.

was Chief Justice; L. D. Bailey and Jacob Safford, Associate Justices of the Supreme Court; Andrew Stark, Clerk; and Elliot V. Banks, Reporter. Nehemiah Green, Lieutenant Governor, by virtue of his office was President of the Senate; John W. Scott, President *pro tempore*; E. C. Manning, Secretary; and David L. Payne, Sergeant-at-Arms.

The House of Representatives was organized by the election of George W. Smith, Speaker; James D. Snoddy, Speaker *pro tempore*; John T. Morton, Chief Clerk; and H. H. Sawyer, Sergeant-at-Arms.

James M. Harvey, afterwards Governor and United States Senator; George Graham, since State Treasurer; P. P. Elder, Lieutenant Governor and Speaker of the House of Representatives; Benjamin F. Simpson, U. S. Marshal for the District of Kansas and Commissioner of the Supreme Court; and George W. Veale, were among the members of the Senate. Samuel D. Lecompte, the first Chief Justice of the Territory of Kansas; Preston B. Plumb, three times afterwards elected U. S. Senator; George W. Glick, since elected Governor; D. W. Finney, Lieutenant Governor; Harrison Kelley, Member of Congress; W. H. Smallwood, Secretary of State; Col. Charles R. Jennison, Chief of the Jayhawkers;* John B. Johnson, Judge of the Shawnee Circuit Court; and James D. Snoddy, were among the members of the House of Representatives who afterwards became marked men in the State and Nation.

The legislative, executive and judicial departments of the State Government were occupied by bright, strong young men who had abundant faith in the future of the State and its people, and they were anxious to contribute their labors and best efforts for the purpose of promoting the welfare of the State and associating their names with the history of the commonwealth. Governor Crawford had gallantly served the country during the war for the preservation of the Union, and had distinguished himself by his bravery and soldierly qualities at Wil-

* Wilder's Annals, edition 1886, page 133.

son's Creek, Mine Creek, and many other battle-fields. He was only thirty-two years of age; and Lieutenant-Governor Green, whose health had been sacrificed in the Union army, was thirty years old.

The members of the Senate and House of Representatives had come to the young commonwealth from nearly every State in the Union, with their minds impressed by the policy, usages and traditions of the States of their nativity, and in this sense were citizens of the world. But most of them had been in the Union army, and the crucible of war had prepared them for the work of unifying a policy and code of laws for the State which experience and time have proven to be wise and salutary.

JOHN GUTHRIE.

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E. W. HOWE'S "ANTE-MORTEM STATEMENT."

THE rapid development of the English novel within a few years gone by suggests the necessity of revising our old classification, or expanding our old terms, so as to take in what seems to us a distinct species just now in the ascendant in the literary world.

The novel, M. Taine thinks, is almost the original product of the English mind, and the novel of manners so exclusively English as to be incapable of transplanting to French soil. The reason assigned is, that the English are over-moral in their literary sensitivity. In all their work, even the highest, the moral must have the supreme place, albeit at the sacrifice of what the Frenchman regards the inviolable canon of all just criticism, "art for art's sake."

All novels are either artistic or didactic; that is, have either an æsthetic or a moral purpose. Outside of romance, all story-telling proper falls into one or other of these classes—the story will be told for the beauty that is in it, bringing this out in all such subtle ways as the subtle thing will admit of; or the story is originated and planned and wrought out with prime reference to some moral lesson, imaginary or real, which is in this way to take the reader's attention by storm. Artistic and didactic—how easy the inference, especially in the mind of the French critic, that what is didactic cannot be æsthetic, and that therefore the moral novel of the English is a kind of literary foundling which can never attain to a legitimate place in the domain of art.

And so M. Taine, in this temper, laughs at the wonderful novels of Dickens. They are, as we know, all made with a moral aim. "Nicholas Nickleby," "Martin Chuzzlewit," "Dombey and Son," "David Copperfield," "Hard Times"—a great moral overrides them all. He represents the English as laying

their literary embargo in this way: "Be moral. All your novels must be such as may be read by young girls. . . . We believe in family life, and we would not have literature paint the passions which attack the family life." Contrasting these novels, and indeed the whole English brood, with the amatory ravings of George Sand and the unchecked riot of the passions in Balzac, the French critic finds high art in these, while on those he lavishes a profusion of condemnatory praise. They are wonderful, but wonderful as the exuberant excrescences of the untrained, excessively moral English mind; wonderful in other qualities than those which realize the universally acknowledged aim of high literary art.

But now we must note that in the intervening years since these French strictures first fell upon English ears, the English novel of manners has undergone essential modifications, and has taken on a shape so thoroughly new and strange that we find it difficult to set our minds in instantaneous harmony with its methods and aims. We seem to be walking in unfamiliar paths, and sometimes we fear greatly that we are treading on forbidden ground. Let us see if we can draw out clearly the elements of this new compound, this new phase of novel-writing which makes headway with difficulty against the strong moral censorship of the English mind.

Mr. E. W. Howe, in his last novel, "An Ante-Mortem Statement," has fallen into line, if not deliberately, then by stress of the strong unconscious influence which the *zeitgeist* everywhere induces upon the sensitive mind. In reading this strange book, one has the feeling that it is not an experiment on the part of Mr. Howe—that he does not undertake it in the way of trying his hand on the new style. There is a deep, somber, intense, moral earnestness about the book, not consistent with the idea that Mr. Howe is simply adjusting himself to the new fashion in fiction. He is there because the full volume of literary effort in our day is flowing that way. Those peculiar mental qualities which distinguished his first fortunate adventure, "The Story of

a Country Town," to wit, a remarkable simplicity and frankness of style, a somber imagination, as if moving habitually in the gloaming of Bunyan's Valley of the Shadow, and withal an enviable dramatic faculty which easily merges the individuality of the writer in the character he has created—all these high literary traits are here, only they are obviously put forth in an unfamiliar garb.

We confess that we would rather meet Mr. Howe in the precincts of some other country town than in the awful nuptial chamber of Judge Will. Not that the pessimistic shadows of the one picture are less representative of the bad possibilities of real life than are those of the other, not that his work in this last book is any the less skillfully done, but only that we would rather see his rare power exercised in the full round of the old story-telling routine than in the half-lecturing style of this new Gallico-Russian school. However, it will not do for the critic to set up his personal preferences over the manifest tendencies of the times, and to discard a great literary movement simply because it is new. Rather let us see what that movement is, and so determine intelligently what is to be our own attitude toward it—whether we are to hail it, or to be shy of it; to yield to it gradually, or turn away from it in disgust.

Mr. Howe's novels are intensely realistic, "The Ante-Mortem Statement" falling in no whit behind its fellows in this regard. They are not ideal; not optimistic; have not the slightest element of the romance. The gloom of Judge Will's bridal chamber, the picture of a man struggling hopelessly in the long, fierce madness of jealousy, under which one matchlessly fair and faultless wife had been driven into hopeless desertion and want, and into which the young new bride of an hour ago will also be plunged unless he by suicidal violence can snatch himself away from the horrid desecration; therefore, sitting down in judicial coolness to an "ante-mortem statement," before the curtains of the bridal couch, where else an epithalamium should have been sung, writing it out as he would a charge to the jury,

attributing the whole hell of his blasted affections to certain ante-nuptial indiscretions into which he had discovered after marriage that the dear, sweet, pure, angelic wife of his choice had fallen—practices which a vicious custom of society sanctions, and which indifferent and foolish mothers wink at in their daughters, profaning their affections and putting their sternest virtue to the test—making this strange document, not a justification for his suicide, but a powerful moral plea for the reform of the vicious custom—all this is written out with as much realistic distinctness and verisimilitude as if it were a narrative from real life.

We say nothing now of the adequacy of the Judge's moralizing, nor of the evil he deprecates, as to the part it may be reasonably admitted to play in the awful tragedy of so sad an end. Critics may find some incongruity here, and perhaps reiterate the old cry of "morbid," as they did aforetime. Judge Will has anticipated them in this, and disarmed the impeachment by granting himself morbid, and exhibiting the awful occasion for his morbidness in successive probings of the social evil that has blasted his life. With the logic of the Judge's "statement," or what critics are wont to call the logical justification of the characters and events of the story, we are not now specially occupied—as, for example, whether the evil that fired the Judge's jealousy is so recklessly prevalent as he represents it to be, or, being so prevalent, whether in a pure wife, who had survived it all, an incidental allusion to the past was adequate provocation for so intense, prolonged and final alienation of soul on the part of a husband not morbidly inclined.

If we could turn aside to questions like these, the works of the great masters, as, for example, Shakespeare's "Othello" and Tennyson's "Geraint and Enid," would afford us timely aid in their discussion. But our aim is to determine, if possible, the rank and character of the new style of reform novel after which the reading public is now so eagerly running, and among which Mr. Howe's last adventure must be awarded a foremost place.

The book is a conspicuous example of the realistic novel devoted to social reform. Social reform is substantially moral reform; that is to say, a bad state of things in the social relations of men—a vicious custom, or some heavy weight of institutional oppression, of old-time and feudalistic tenacity—is assailed by the novel as something morally wrong. Of course we should be understood as speaking of moral reform only in the sense in which these pessimistic reformers use the term, not as the preachers use it, not as Christian philosophers use it dispensing their instructions in the privacy and ideal security of a college chair.

Simply here is a bad custom, that is sapping the life and happiness of the community in which it is practiced. It must be exposed; attention must be called to it; the better instincts of human nature must be aroused against it. It is found that the novel has more power in this direction, perhaps, than any other agency; and what more natural, in the English mind, than that this agency should be brought into timely and effective service in so painting the evil that all men's better impulses will rise up to put it down?

Mr. Howe's novel assumes that the love of husband and wife is the most sacred thing in the whole world; that pure, self-sacrificing devotion of each to each secures the one coveted summary good, without which life is absolutely worth nothing. Judge Will has failed in this, or thinks he has failed—lost what alone can make life worth living, the sense of the undivided, unsmirched affections of his wife. At least so he thinks. Whether in his case the blundering on his part was not quite as great as the indiscretion on hers, this one thing seems clear to his mind: that the vicious custom of plural engagements, and the pre-nuptial *liaison* that is likely to go with it, has in it all the marital death-blight he ascribes to it; and if he has fairly lodged it on his wife—a matter we do not discuss now—then his act of suicide were but the superfluous re-enactment of what has already been done for him; his life has been thrown away.

There is nothing left in this world worth preserving—nothing at all—when the pure love of husband and wife has gone out.

Moreover, the delicacy of that affection is like the iridescent down on the butterfly's wing—the slightest touch of a clumsy finger will blot out the glorious tracery forever. Then jealousy comes in, and, unlike any other species of madness, jealousy reasons powerfully and justly and tragically upon the transcendent glory, in its own right, of true conjugal love; only it mistakes, too often, the nature of the circumstance that has given occasion to its rise. Jealousy is in most cases a cruel mistake, and Mr. Howe has practically put that confession in the mouth of Judge Will.

But we are compelled to admit the truth of the great doctrine underlying this book—that there is absolutely nothing so sacred in life as the marital affection, and that any social custom such as the one against which Judge Will hurls the cumulative anathemas of his dying statement, that induces the habit of trifling with this affection, making it easy of transfer, and the mere prize-bauble for experts in lust—such custom is indeed the worm at the heart of the rose, and public sentiment cannot be too violently aroused to pluck it out.

We are however somewhat puzzled with the phenomenon of the realistic novel wheeling into the line of reform. The realistic novel formally dates from France. Both for English and American fiction a subtle shadow—we had almost said a baneful shadow—stretching hitherward from over seas, has settled down in cold, gray, stubborn occupancy of a sky to which sunshine was congenial, and over which the dreams of the optimist were wont to float. Two things we must note: first, the bad prestige of the realistic school—Zolaism! that's enough; second, the reign of pessimism all over the world, because of the social unrest and the wide-spread reappearance of the old delusion that man is good and society is bad.

Against the former we have Tennyson's protest. It makes all the difference between "Locksley Hall" and "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After."

"Feed the budding rose of boyhood with the drainage of the sewer;
Send the drain into the fountain, lest the stream should issue pure;
Set the maiden fancies wallowing in the troughs of Zolaism —
Forward, forward, aye and backward, downward, too, into the abyss;
Do your best to charm the worst, to lower the rising race of men;
Have we risen from out the beast, then back into the beast again."

We have come to think that Lord Tennyson's denunciation of Zolaism is perhaps too indiscriminate and severe. It is a fact we cannot shut our eyes upon, that both realism and pessimism have assumed enormous proportions, reaching out and enlarging until almost the whole literary and social life of the nations is involved. Mr. Sully, in his recent review of the history of pessimism, sums up his conclusions in these remarkable words: "I venture to think, therefore, that the message of modern pessimism will go on, receiving even more attention than it has yet done; and this not merely because, as we have seen, men are growing more alive to its vital connection with the most sacred and most tender of their convictions, but because its plaintive note condenses into strong, eloquent expression that passionate sense of social wrong which is the most remarkable ingredient in the temper of our time."

But the realistic novel has already sunk away from its French type when it enters the service of Russian nihilism, or any other of the multitudinous forms of social discontent. The theory of the French novel is "art for art's sake." The story must be told in strict keeping with human nature as it is, and with no conscious incumbrance from the setting-up of some moral allegory in the interest of reform. A novel must never preach. The novelist must take his camera out into the street, and having put it down in any group of circumstances which nature and the occasion may present, he must proceed to translate his picture into language, with artistic reference only to the utmost realism of detail. If there is a moral cess-pool there, some revolting phase of human nature, nastiness flaunting its shame in open daylight, work it up all the same—it falls there upon your camera as among the sum of things.

French fiction in this way is strongly marked with a deep moral stain, being shut off by its avowed tenets from aiming at any other than an artistic effect. American realists, under the lead of Mr. Howells and Mr. James, have indeed escaped, for the most part, the scortatory foulness of this class of fiction by putting down their cameras in precincts of uninteresting and commonplace details.

Meantime, from an unsuspected quarter, there comes in upon us the most striking literary anomaly of our day. Count Tolstoi, the socialistic reformer of Russia, in revolt against the worst form of despotism on earth, conceived the idea of shaping his cry of patriotic despair according to some form of realistic utterance, and so turned this style of fiction into a mighty agency of social reform. Of that great and unique figure in literature, we in this country are not yet in a situation to speak dispassionately, because his colossal proportions must grow somewhat dim and uncertain through the shifting medium of an alien tongue and of the crude civilization he represents. Suffice it to say that he seeks the revolution of society upon the basis of the ideal supremacy of Christian morality of the highest type. He may be visionary; he may be fanatical and wild; vulgar and foul-hearted he certainly is not.

His more recent method, as vividly illustrated in his "Kreutzer Sonata," the book so widely advertised by the zealous blunder of the United States mail, weaves a tremendous moral disquisition on a very slender texture of tragic tale. Here the story is not the thing. It is the spectacle of a python writhing under the well-aimed arrows of Apollo's bow. It is the literary quality of a story of this kind that must satisfy the demands of art. The old hum-drum rules will not apply. The new style of novel is a brief, concentrated, tragic explosive, a kind of literary dynamite, put under the heavy weight of old, deeply-intrenched, massive social evils, with the design of blowing them to the moon.

Mr. Howe in his last venture has enrolled himself in the new ranks, and so is to be tried, not now, as formerly, by his rare

and happy knack of telling a tale, but by a predominantly literary test. We have certain speculative difficulties with this kind of fiction—a sort of shrinking from all methods of socialistic reform—that suggests a regret that the strong and illimitable moral resources of high literary art should be made to assume this shape. But this involves the theory of the novel, which we do not now undertake to discuss.

W. H. WYNN.

TRUSTING.

I AM floating, calmly floating, on the surging stream of Time ;
 Though I know not where it leads me,
 Yet I trust, I trust it speeds me
 To a fairer clime.

For a mighty hope within me speaks a mystic word of Faith,
 Though there weirdly floats around me
 Many a rumor to confound me,
 Like an evil wraith.

In the happy days behind me lie the sunny vales of Youth ;
 But its fair and verdant bowers
 Only bear delightful flowers,
 And I seek for truth.

In the hazy distance beacon gates of pearl and amethyst,
 And the evil fiends beside me
 With their words of scorn deride me,
 Saying they are mist.

But my bosom cannot falter while that mystic voice within
 Speaks its words of cheer unbroken
 Such as never yet were spoken
 In this world of sin.

So I'm floating, calmly floating on the surging stream of Time,
 With a spirit sped undaunted
 Onward in th' assurance granted
 By a hope sublime.

FRANCIS JOSEPH LANGE.

UNFINISHED CREATION.

WHAT Stanley has done towards bringing Africa within the pale of a new civilization, Science is constantly doing for benighted humanity. Ever building surer foundations, ever tearing down the illy-cemented fragments of past beliefs, it is adding stone by stone to the walls that form the basis of universal knowledge. It enters the forests of prejudice, cuts its way through the piled-up impediments of ages, till at length the light of truth bursts upon the astonished vision; conjecture becomes discovery, it in turn is demonstrated and becomes evidence, and from the past the veil is lifted, and we learn that our fathers were ignorant or mistaken; that behind us lie errors, and before us progress and hope for the race. We have drawn mental nourishment from the cut-and-dried roots of a mythological tree that flourished in the morning of tradition; and because of this diet, we imbibed with many other superstitions the belief that the stupendous work of creation was begun and ended in six days. But the later and riper fruit of Science has brought the knowledge, springing from the freer exercise of greater powers of the mind, that the work of creation is not yet completed, and the old earth is ever new, constantly undergoing changes, and constantly being made.

We have been wont, aye, we have been taught to believe in the steadfastness and permanence of the mountains. We have seen them stand rugged and serene, from childhood to wintry age, growing rosy in the tints that bring promise of the day, glowing in the sunshine, and darkening in the shadows that wrapped them in the silence of the night. We have felt secure in their presence, and believed them unchanging in a world of change. We learned from them a lesson of strength, a lesson of patient endurance, and when the heart grew heavy, the eye

dim with unshed tears, we looked off and away to the "everlasting hills" to find solace and security in their firm repose. But Science touches them, and they melt away; the handmaiden Geology turns her lamp upon them, and we learn that as "the waves of ocean rise and sink rapidly, the waves of solid globe slowly." We learn that "the steadfast earth has risen and fallen, swelled and subsided, like the billows of ocean, while it obeys through storm and calm the beating of its tidal pulse." This fact is a recent discovery, and is known to a comparatively small number.

While on the Northwestern coast recently, a mountain was pointed out that had moved its location many feet in the past few years. A deep crater that is constantly being widened and deepened has within the past generation swallowed the summit of the mountain. All along the Pacific coast the great heart of Mother Nature is throbbing and heaving with volcanic forces that glow beneath.

A casual glance at the peninsula of Florida will convince the most skeptical that in our day God is separating the water from the land and lifting up a submerged continent. But while Florida is being rescued from the water, on many parts of the seaboard the land is being submerged and the face of the continent changed.

That successful pioneer of human progress, and teacher of sarcogonomy and psychrometry, Dr. Rhodes Buchanan, predicted in the *August Arena* that there will be within the next twenty-four years the most terrific convulsions of nature ever known. "The Atlantic coast," said he, "will be wrecked by submergence and tidal waves from the borders of New England to the southern borders of the Gulf of Mexico. There will be no safety below the hills." In the light of recent disturbances of the earth's surface, oceanic and volcanic, these predictions are certainly remarkable, though the verification is not a surprise to those who remember that the work of creation is unfinished. Until the recent volcanic outbreaks on the Atlantic coast, very

few people were aware that Charleston and its harbors and sounds were catacombed with fissures, caves and rock that proved clearly the earth in that vicinity had been the scene of volcanic disturbance at some previous period; that in fact the city and its surroundings slumbered, as it were, upon a bed of fire which was liable to break forth at any time. The prophecy of Dr. Buchanan, the assurance of scientific men, that the Atlantic may at any time sweep over the unfortunate city, brings vividly to mind the story, long regarded by many as a myth, of the lost Atlantis; but comparative philology lends its aid to substantiate the fact that such an island really existed. The inhabitants of Venezuela and of Guinea retained traditions of a convulsion which swallowed up a vast country in the region now covered by the Atlantic Ocean. The Solties, the ancient inhabitants of Central America, have a tradition of the "cataclysm of the Antilles." The Indians of North America have a similar legend. The tribes located first in the southward have a circumstantial narrative to the effect that the waves were seen rolling in like mountains from the east, and that of the millions of people who fled to the hills for refuge but one man (seven in another account) was saved, from whom descended the present Indian races. A religious festival was instituted to commemorate the dread event and beseech the Almighty not to revisit the earth with such terrors.

Nine thousand years before Plato lived and wrote there existed, he tells us, in the ocean that separates the Old World from the New, an island larger than Asia Minor and Northern Africa combined. He locates it in what is now a watery waste, midway between the western projection of the desert coast of Africa and the corresponding indentation by the Gulf of Mexico. On its western shores were other and smaller islands, by way of which access might be had to a vast continent beyond. Its civilization was as advanced as that of ancient Egypt. Its people were descended from Neptune and mortal women, and by force of arms their warriors penetrated into Africa as far east-

ward as Egypt, and into Europe as far as the shores of the Tyrrhenian Sea, on the western coast of Italy. Their conquests were checked by the Greeks after the Atlantian sea-kings had attempted to subjugate Europe, Africa, and Asia, and the deed was accounted one of the glories of Athens. At length, however, the people became so desperately wicked that the island, with all its inhabitants, was swept away by a deluge. In a day and a night Atlantis disappeared beneath the waves.

Another account, slightly varied, says that after the defeat of the islanders a terrific earthquake, attended by inundations of the sea, caused the island to sink, and for a long time thereafter the ocean was impassable by reason of the muddy shoals. Such is the substance of a legend first communicated to Solon by an Egyptian priest, and no doubt founded on facts that have existed from a very early date. On the old Venetian maps Atlantis was placed to the westward of the Canaries and the Azores.

The Greeks, the Egyptians, the Gauls and the Romans possessed traditions on this subject, and all substantially agreed with each other. At the date of the existence of Atlantis, according to Humboldt, what is now the Strait of Gibraltar was bridged by a solid isthmus at least as wide as that of Suez, thus closing the Mediterranean and making of it an inland sea. The same convulsion of nature which engulfed the land, established communication between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. Charles Frederic Martins, the great French botanist, says that hydrography, geology and botany agree in teaching us that the Azores, the Canaries, the Madeiras, are the remains of a great continent which formerly united Europe to North America. For many centuries the Saragossa Sea, that vast expanse of floating weed, has occupied the locality where the great island, with its busy marts and teeming thousands, sank from sight. To this cause the ancients attributed the existence of this meadow sea. For four hundred years, and probably a much longer period, this great meadow has not changed its position.

Aristotle tells us that some Phœnician vessels were driven by easterly gales to a part of the ocean that was covered with weeds and rushes. In 1492 the little fleet of Columbus passed through the mass of floating vegetation, much to the alarm of the crew, who feared their presence denoted rocks and shoals. It has been found, however, from soundings in different parts of the Saragossa Sea, that the water is of very great depth.

Recent explorations have given facts to the world that substantiate the Atlantis theory to a marked degree. The existence of this island once admitted, the presence of the aborigines on this continent, the remains of a higher civilization in Central America, and the extensive relics that long antedate the Aztec rule, may be easily accounted for. But if, as Prof. Winchell asserts, the ocean has always surged between Asia and America, our archæological riddle is still unsolved. But in view of the geographical changes constantly but slowly taking place; in view of the disturbances that are making earth reel and tremble in its orbit; in view of the startling predictions and assertions made by scientists, an imaginative person will not find it difficult to believe that a convulsion of nature such as Buchanan predicts would roll the waves of centuries from lost Atlantis, and submerge the greater part if not all of the Western hemisphere.

Were the race annihilated, the books of Genesis, the child-lore of the childhood of the resurrected world, might be repeated; or, were enough intelligent survivors left on some inundated tract of country to see the long-lost cities, the long-buried continents, emerging from the sea, they might grow wise in their own conceit, and reason from scientific research and prehistoric discoveries that the Jewish writers were a comparatively modern race of men; that a race of men existed one hundred thousand years before Abram, and were civilized, and had developed arts and sciences to a degree we have not begun to equal; that the Mosaic account of the history of the world was but the expiring flash of a primeval illumination almost swallowed by the deep-

ening gloom of ages; that the old manuscripts were lost thousands of years ago, and so utterly lost that the language they were written in had become a "dead tongue before Genesis, Exodus and Deuteronomy were put forth." But imagination and conjecture run riot at the bare possibility of such possibilities. Enough for the thoughtful man to know that we live in a world of change; that lands which men call new are old, so old; that God is yet busy creating the world, and we need fear no advance in knowledge that will reveal God's handiwork, finished or unfinished; and when the Spirit of God moves upon the waters, and light breaks upon our darkness, we shall know that

"New occasions teach new duties;
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
We must upward still, and onward,
Who would keep abreast of truth."

MARY E. LEASE.

THE YOUNG CROWD.

IT is recorded of the prophet Elisha, as he was going up to Bethel after healing the waters of Jericho, that a crowd of youngsters from the latter city followed the aged seer, and tauntingly and disrespectfully hooted at him, shouting: "Go up, thou baldhead! go up, thou baldhead!" We are denied the privilege of speculating on the future career of these unbelievers in the utility of aged prophets, as two she-bears from an adjacent forest tore up forty and two of them; the moral of the story being not to indulge in such experiments in the vicinity of bears and Providence. History repeats itself. Among the idiosyncracies of modern political methods, we notice a disposition to bunch men into "crowds." Principles, services, even utility, seems to be lost sight of in the "crowd." We hear of rich fellows and the "poor crowd"; money "usurers" and the "borrowing crowd." The "working crowd," and the much smaller crowd who "toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." We have the "State House crowd" and the "Court House crowd," the "out crowd" and the "in crowd," and now the aspirant for a little more notoriety than he has happened to get, tries to pit youth against age, and organize an aggressive army called the "young crowd." We hear of the "young crowd," read of them, are hustled by them, have our shins kicked, and are reminded of death, by the "young crowd." Now, who and what are they? Youth, if not a positive virtue, is not an absolute vice. It has its green and callow days, of course; periods in which, with lustrous eyes, it thinks Venus as big as the moon, that it can see the belt of Uranus, big as a crook in the elbow; contemplates an ignorant and foolish world all around, and hungers to enlighten it. Ah, these are the halcyon days that are to usher in a millennium, when this youth shall be ruler of the

earth, and a picayune no longer be bigger than a wagon-wheel. We should have a kindly spot in our gizzard for the "young crowd," for that "pleasing, anxious being" was once the lot of our inheritance, and we can look back over a field of romantic memories, cherishing the days when we stepped into this big hard world, feeling equal to any emergency, turning our backs on the days of "taws" and slippers, and drawing the veil of oblivion on many a boyish prank or the unregenerate period when we were guilty of playing hookey.

It is not with this juvenile or hobbledehoyish crowd that this article has to do. The previous youth who is trying to make a sensation in this age of hollow pretensions, has passed the gates between manhood and boyhood, and standing among his peers fancies himself a "bigger man nor ole Grant." He has heard the suggestion of Horace Greeley to "go West," and the additional suggestion to "grow up with the country," but he thinks that the least the country can do is to grow up to him. He remembers that Napoleon attained greatness before he was very old, and, overlooking the long, arduous work which tested the capacity of the young engineer, before Barras gave him command of the army of Italy, our tyro wishes to jump into power without a record or any guarantee founded on human experience, his sole claim and qualification being that nobody ever heard of him.

In oriental countries an ambitious youth sometimes manages to get his bowstring around the neck of a ruler off his guard, and from the vantage-ground thus gained makes haste to twist the necks of all who are likely to be in his way. Our neighbors of the Latin race, in Mexico and South America, have a similar way of getting rid of the "old crowd" by means of a drum-head court-martial and a file of soldiers. Sometimes it works the other way, when it is the "outs" and would-be "ins" who are shot on the plaza, for the jamborees our Spanish brethren call "revolutions" are chequered and uncertain. In this country matters move more slowly, and ambitious youths, mak-

ing haste to be great, encounter many difficulties. First and foremost, standing in the way as it were, there are the services and reputations of men older than they who have proved at once their integrity and capacity in the innumerable battle-fields of human life. They run against men eminent in business, able in legislation, brilliant in literature, or brave on the field of battle. Whether this "crowd" is merely bathed in a halo of fame, or perched on the niche of official position, as the youth sees them, they appear to be clothed with every virtue save *resignation*. There are only two courses left: one is to start in at the beginning and work up as others have done, or to organize a young crowd, to include the "whole army of martyrs" who are out, among them the disgruntled and bald-headed, and by force of numbers conquer and tear the laurels from just renown, and even annihilate history when it seems to stand in the way. It was an unhappy suggestion that tempted some unscrupulous leaders of the "young crowd" to substitute organization for merit. A fair competition between youthful enthusiasm, and the riper experience fortified by knowledge, no one should object to. There can be no monopoly of merit. There should be no deification of the politician's art. A British Tory writer, who combined the highest scholarly qualities and wit with contempt for popular government, said: "The man who can sweep the greatest number of fragments of political power into one heap will govern," and, "In a democracy, the ruling men will be the wire-pullers." This libel on American government must not be fortified by the triumph of machine politics which substitute drill for principles, or the inauguration of an era when the honors and high places in the republic will be like prizes in a lottery, falling to the man in a crowd who is cunning or lucky enough to hold the right number. While we deprecate organizations to "get rid of the 'old crowd,'" or to substitute a "new crowd" for no better reason than that they were never in, we recognize as a wholesome maxim in the republic that changes and rotations are consistent with its spirit, keeping in

mind that its responsible positions should be bestowed only for proven integrity and ability.

Nothing, of course, is ever gained by machine methods for the great mass of those led into them. Occasionally a cunning wire-puller will creep into position in that way who would never be thus dignified by the intelligent, sober second thought of his countrymen. Persons incapable of comprehending the government of principles, may resort to the unnatural antagonism between the young and the aged. Every man who has shared in the struggles of life, and felt the battering blows of the enemies of human progress, gladly welcomes young recruits to the great Armegiddon of progressive civilization. The aged and middle-aged know that warriors are continually falling, or proving inadequate, whose places must be filled, and that there is no room for jealousies between enthusiastic youth and age dignified by service and honor. Such a division of parties, and such an array of battle-lines, are among the vices of politics. All have been young and all may be old. Some are worn out or worthless at thirty, and others flourish in vigor and youthfulness at eighty. Real ability honestly demonstrated and a record of unsullied honor and integrity can be the only keys to public confidence. There have been instances where young men seemingly strongly equipped, have sprung into sudden renown as if from the brain of Jupiter. David, Alexander, Patrick Henry, Pitt, Byron, Chatterton—these prove the exceptions, and such men are never found organizing "young crowds." In most cases where men have justly earned distinction, long labor, experience and the nerve that comes from oft-repeated battering blows, have been the preliminaries of eminent and useful service. Some of the greatest workers of modern times are octogenarians. Gladstone at 84 stands a head and shoulders above his countrymen, young or middle-aged. The Prince of Wales, the dissolute dukes who dangle about the court, or even Dilke or Parnell, look small compared with the "Grand Old Man." Von Moltke, Bismarck, and a cluster of aged generals over-

threw the warlike French Empire after they had reached the "three-score and ten" given as the measure of human life. The young Kaiser, who has thrust aside the experienced advisers of Germany in order to establish a military despotism, confronts an unruly Reichstag and a people on the verge of revolution. As a contrast to this boyish would-be autocrat, we see an old man with feeble steps, tottering about the Vatican, who is yet the most astute politician of the age. He sees the broadening footsteps of a coming democracy, brushes aside the dust-covered doctrine of the divine right of kings; to the prelates who clamor against the American common-school system he says, "Peace, be still," and warns army-entrenched autocrats that the voice of the workers of the earth must be heeded if they would avert immediate revolution.

Whatever might have been the merits of many able gentlemen in the colonies and United States, who took no active part in forming or defending the young republic, we notice that in the first third of a century only tried patriots were put on guard. Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, were originators and framers of the constitution. The declining years of Washington and Adams were embittered by the revilings of men, many of whom had turned a deaf ear to the cause of human liberty or whose fathers fled in dismay as Tories, or earned a livelihood driving beef to the British camp. Doubtless this "out crowd" uttered anathemas against Fourth of July celebrations, and wished all such "factional" feeling forgotten, and inveighed against "waving the bloody shirt." Nevertheless the people did not place them at the helm.

The scheme of getting on in the world by belittling, organizing against, and crowding out older men, is not peculiar to this generation. From the days of Absalom to the scaffold of Monmouth, history furnishes many such experiments. In different forms of society they varied, sometimes ending as in the case of Arungzebe, who overthrew his father and murdered his brethren, which led to the overthrow of a government and deg-

radation of a race. Our republic furnishes milder forms. In the army, for instance, we have the retired list. The hunger and thirst of junior officers to hustle out the seniors, in order that they may have greater rank and pay, has led to the retirement of many able men who had only reached their prime. Systematic lobbying has secured laws to retire an officer at three-score, no matter how vigorous and able. It is true the *retired* man goes out with a good salary, and can engage in private business. A man of spirit would probably prefer to remain and earn his stipend and give the country the benefit of his experience; but no, the "young army crowd" rush him out. Quartermaster General Meigs did not want to go, but was succeeded by a string of gentlemen, hustled in and hustled out, none of whom were his equals. It is needless to say that the worst feature of this scheme is the multiplication and duplicating of public offices. If the true end of official life is to furnish places for a crowd of outs, why not retire at thirty? We have seen a few junior officers whose vicious habits made them look like dead cats at that age. Why deprive the country of the experience of able men of sixty, simply to create a new office and add to the public burthens? Under such a system Von Moltke, Bismarck and the greatest Austrian and Russian generals would never have been heard of.

Unhappily this vicious system is trying to creep into the civil service of the United States. A judge of the Supreme Court has not been considered as possessing experience and knowledge sufficient until he has nearly reached the age at which he would be retired if in the army. The founders of the government left us their caveat against having a civil service retired list, but the system is creeping insidiously in. A judge of the Supreme Court gets ten thousand a year, and one would think that with moderate care and pinching he could save enough to lay by for the period of extreme age and helplessness, when a working-man with less than five hundred is expected to maintain his family and also to save. These judges after ten years' service

may be placed on the retired list. In New York the Superior Judges, who in some cases have twelve or sixteen thousand a year, can be retired on pay. A clamor is being made to place the thousands of clerks in the departments on a retired civil list at a fixed age. If it be just in their case, why should not every public officer who may happen to have held public position, be placed on a salary for the rest of his life? To give this new demand a little better coloring it is sought to make a special trade of the public service. To take patronage "out of politics." To copy the Chinese plan of giving office to those most expert at a school catechism. To make an officer removable only for cause, which is practically a life tenure, since it is impossible to get rid of the few life officers we have, no matter how obnoxious to the public. All this is facetiously styled "civil service reform." The older, and it is not too much to say, the better American plan, is to consider office-holding an accident. No duplication or multiplication of offices, no official class or perpetual tenure. An enormous civil list of stipendiaries, the offices being largely sinecures, is crushing the workingmen of Europe to the dust. Let us see that this monstrous growth of misgovernment is not transplanted to American soil. No man should be elected or appointed until he has proved that he can live by other business. No one should be allowed to rust or become a barnacle in public place. Office should be a temporary distinction, given as a mark of public confidence. The compensation should be the same as given for similar service in private life, and taking into account expenses incurred, and then every man, whether in public or private life, be charged alike with the duty of providing for his old age. If we accept these principles governed by a wholesome rotation, a ground is created on which the young and old can honorably meet. A fair field and no favors.

The constitutional limitations that stand in the way of the young crowd are neither numerous nor oppressive. At twenty-one a youth can vote, and is eligible to many public positions.

At twenty-five he may be elected to Congress, and made Senator at thirty. No man can be elected President until he is thirty-five. In the great majority of cases the age is much greater before any man secures such marks of the public confidence, and this is natural and inevitable under our form of government. Precocious youth we may find, but not precocious experience. The hatching of the "young crowd" as a "Crowd," is merely an evidence of disintegration of old parties. The young crowd, moreover, is not so young. Many of its prominent apostles are bald-headed. A few of them have got into and been kicked out of every other party. It already seems necessary that infantile organization should have a protective association within it to prevent its being managed by leaders over sixty-five, or swallowed up by office-seekers who have been beaten more than five times by other party organizations. Colorado appears to have had a "red-headed crowd," as she almost invariably sent that kind to Congress. Are we to have a black-bearded crowd, a short crowd, and a long crowd? A German crowd, an Italian crowd, or a Tammany crowd to rule this great and glorious nation?

The human mind stands aghast at such foundations for parties. Old things would seem to have passed away and all things become new—very new, and exceedingly fresh at that. While the "young crowd" have made a good deal of noise in the world, they have hardly got to running it yet. It is true that one of their very "frontest" men, the "wheel-horse" so to speak, was selected to represent the State at Minneapolis, elected as county attorney, and buried among the Pyramids of Egypt at a salary of \$7,500 a year, ere his chin or its belongings betokened man's estate, or a bewildered public had time to ask who he was or what he had ever done. He seemed to have been able to monopolize the whole business. The "crowd" largely undertook to manage the campaign of 1892. Utterly ignoring the fact that a great portion of the old parties had gone off, protesting that there were grievances which old parties could

not be depended on to right, the slogan cry of the campaign was to oppose everything this new party wanted, and to denounce them as anarchists and idiots. In a Presidential year it might have been better, in a State like Kansas it could hardly have been worse.

Young crowds, of course, are sometimes a little brash. Our Kansas article, like everything else Kansan, is first-class, enthusiastic, versatile, and brilliantly rambunctious. Like the bull bucking the locomotive, we admire its pluck. When it gathers itself together and can pick out and assort all the pieces, we feel confident that, enlightened by its experience, it will go to work in a more sensible and intelligent way to build up the glory of our State.

WM. A. PHILLIPS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE AGORA is pleased to be able to present to its readers an excellent portrait of Eugene F. Ware. He is a typical Kansan — representative of those qualities peculiar to the West and of which the West is not ashamed. While he is eminent in law and powerful in politics, yet as “Ironquill” his fame has extended farthest within and without the State. He is not a poet. He does not pretend to be one, and there is much consolation in that. However, he is an extraordinary verse-writer. Equipped with an ear for rhythm and metre that is worth more than all the rules in a rhetoric, and a sense of the hopes and doubts and fears and foibles of men, he comes very near to the heart of the reader. At times he reaches the border-land of poetry, and it is to be hoped that some day, having laid aside the trappings of law and politics, he will enter that magic land and tell us of his communings therein. The fantastic has a peculiar charm for him, his best effort in that line being republished in this number of the magazine. The selection is of his choosing, which gives it an added charm.

THERE are several others in Kansas who have undertaken work similar to that done by Mr. Ware, but at present writing his honors are easy. There has lately come from the press of Geo. W. Crane & Company a tasteful little volume of verse called “*The Sod House in Heaven, and Other Poems*,” by Harry E. Mills, of Washburn College. The

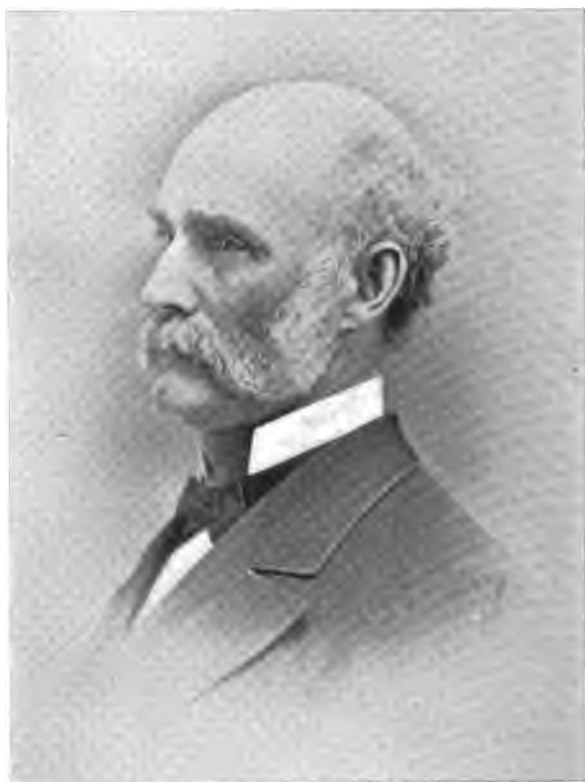
nature of its contents and its literary style force one to think of the “*Rhymes of Ironquill*,” and the more one thinks about “The Washerwoman’s Song” the less he thinks about “The Sod House in Heaven.” However, there are some graceful verses in the book, and there is no reason why Mr. Mills should not do this sort of thing if he has the time — so few of us have. The volume will not bring a blush to the cheeks of his friends though it may not cause their hearts to swell with pride, and when you think of it there are few Kansas books of verse of which as much can be said.

ANOTHER book of the quarter is “*Kansas Day*,” containing a brief history of Kansas and a collection by Kansas authors, with other miscellaneous matter pertaining to the State. Prof. F. H. Barrington is the author, editor and compiler, and Geo. W. Crane & Company are the publishers. It is a good book, and one that every person who cares for the history and literature of Kansas ought to have. To a teacher it would be invaluable, and there should be sold at least one copy for every school district in the State. Every library ought to contain one Kansas book if no more, and this is the one. It seems to be the rule in this State that each of its books should have a lot of stuff in it that ought to be out of it, and this volume is no exception to the rule. Prof. Barrington has not been discriminating enough.

While the book contains much of our good verse, it is hard just now to call to mind any famous doggerel that has been left out. There is that Ingalls sonnet, which is not a sonnet, which we suppose will haunt this generation and the next. It is original in form, to be sure, but it has been a long time now since originality in the form of a sonnet was esteemed a virtue in literature. Petrarch and Shakspeare are supposed to have set the pace in that line. While an editor or compiler is supposed to be responsible for everything that goes into his book, yet at times he is excusable, and deserves sympathy rather than censure. When a gratuitous contribution is asked for a certain purpose, it requires more moral courage than most of us possess not to use it, all of which the writer hereof can duly verify. Prof. Barrington got into trouble of this kind, and has come out of it creditably and gracefully. There are some poets of Kansas not represented, notably William Herbert Carruth, whose work has received more good settings than that of any other. However, we surmise that Prof. Carruth was asked to contribute and did not find the time. He has a habit of that kind. The virtues

of the book overshadow its faults, and any person who will send \$1.50 to Prof. Barrington, at McCracken, Kansas, will receive a copy, and think the money well spent.

THE Kansas Academy of Language and Literature will hold its annual meeting at Lawrence, at the Arbor Day vacation in April. Matters pertaining to Dialect, Folk-lore, Bibliography and Literary Clubs will be discussed as is customary, in addition to which the executive committee hopes to present a program somewhat different from the traditions of the Academy. The president, Ida A. Ahlborn, professor of English literature at Baker University, will deliver the annual address. Every person in Kansas who is interested in the study or practice of good literature ought to belong to this organization, and every such person will be cordially welcomed by the members. For a decade it has prospered, and bids fair to become one of the permanent institutions of the State. A copy of the constitution and by-laws may be procured by addressing the secretary, Florence L. Snow, Neosho Falls.



COL. C. K. HOLLIDAY.

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THE LATE CONFLICT.

I.—WHAT IT WAS ABOUT.

A NECESSARY condition of all intelligent consideration and correct decision is a statement of the point at issue. Without this we are not justified in entering upon the dispute. Definition, however, rarely precedes discussion, and ordinarily it is left alone to the historian to tell, if perchance he can, what gave rise to the quarrel. It may be well while the Kansas conflict is on, or rather while the talk of it is on, to tell what it was about.

The face of the returns showed the election of sixty-five Republicans, fifty-eight Populists, and two Democrats. Another Democrat, Mr. Rosenthal, though elected was deprived of his certificate through the transposition of votes cast for him, to his opponent. This, however, was speedily corrected, but it gave color to the Populist suspicion, and point to the general charge of fraudulent manipulation.

In one district an equal number of votes were certified to the opposing candidates. The statute requires in such cases a casting of lots by the State canvassers in the presence of the interested parties. Without notice to the Populist, so it was claimed, the officials went into secret session, and emerging therefrom, announced that the Republican had drawn the lucky number. Besides, the Populists contended that in case of a tie vote there was no election—that the statute violated the fundamental principle of majority rule, and the case should be referred back to the people.

The apportionment act of 1891, as to two counties, failed to

assign certain precincts to either district into which such counties had been divided. The electors thus apparently disfranchised voted in one of such districts, and by so doing elected Republicans. Afterwards the Supreme Court, by a latitudinarian construction, but of course with a concession to the House of the right to determine the election and return of its own members, held these precincts to fall within the districts in which they voted.

Against several Republicans, and some, but a less number of Populists, contests had been filed upon the ground of illegal votes, miscount of ballots, and bribery by the candidates.

In one district a Republican resident of Oklahoma had been elected. His homestead entry of a tract in that territory, made in July, 1892, and his affidavit of personal residence thereon, made in December following, are on file in the U. S. Land Office. The constitution declares: "No person shall be a member of the Legislature who is not at the time of his election a qualified voter of and resident in the county or district for which he is elected."

In six districts postmasters were elected, four Republicans and two Populists. The constitution declares: "No member of Congress or officer of the United States shall be eligible to a seat in the Legislature." These officials attempted to remove the disqualification by resigning after election. The resignations of the Republicans were accepted, but those of the Populists were not; but it was maintained by the Populist leaders that resignation after election was ineffectual; that the disqualification attached to the candidacy for the office, and not merely to the filling of the same; that the term "eligible" meant capable of being chosen, the subject of choice or selection; that it had been so ruled by the Supreme Courts of California, Nevada, and Minnesota, and that no contrary decision existed.

It was also contended by the Populists that in lieu of these ineligible persons, the candidates receiving the next greatest number of votes were entitled to the seats; that the constitu-

ency had notice of the disqualification, and therefore the usual rule of no election in such cases did not apply; that to apply it would violate the rule of public policy which seeks the incumbency of all offices; that it would deprive the districts of their constitutional right of representation, inasmuch as a legislative, unlike an administrative officer, does not hold over to prevent a vacancy, and a Republican House precedent, *Moody vs. Foster*, back in the sixties, was cited in support of such view.

It is thus seen the Populists claimed much more against the Republicans than was counter-claimed against them, and it is manifest that if such claims were correct, even in a minor per cent. of the cases, exclusive, too, of the class last mentioned, they were substantially in the majority.

If the validity of these claims could be made manifest at the opening of the session, it entitled the Populists to the House organization with its resulting advantages, and efforts to such end along the lines of negotiation, and of parliamentary tactics; were resorted to.

The Republicans planted themselves upon the theory of *prima facie* right in certificate-holders, to effect the organization and to control legislation, until such right was overcome by evidence duly adduced before a contest committee, and passed upon by the House itself. They quoted from the text writings of Judge McCrary, that:

"If the mere institution of a contest was to be deemed sufficient to prevent the swearing in of the person holding the usual credentials, it is easy to see that very great and serious injustice might be done. If this were the rule, it would only be necessary for an evil-disposed person to contest the right of his successful rival, and to protract the contest as long as possible, in order to deprive the latter of his office for at least a part of the term. And this might be done by a contest having little or no merit on his side, for it would be impossible to discover, in advance of an investigation, the absence of merit. And again, if the party holding the ordinary credentials to an office could be kept out of it by the mere institution of a contest, the organization of a legislative body might be altogether pre-

vented, by instituting against a majority of the members; or, what is more to be apprehended, the relative strength of political parties in such a body might be changed, by instituting contests against members of one or the other of such parties. These considerations have made it necessary to adopt, and to adhere to, the rule that the person holding the ordinary credentials shall be qualified, and allowed to act pending a contest, until a decision can be had on the merits."

To this it was replied that a non-elected or ineligible person was such from the beginning, and it was no sufficient remedy to refer the fact to the slow procedure and partisan bias of an adverse committee and House, allowing the certificate-holder to participate meanwhile in legislation, and in the election of U. S. Senator and State Printer, and thus compel the constituency to go not only unrepresented but actually misrepresented during a large part of the session; that at least seven of the cases depended upon questions of law alone, unmixed with elements of disputed fact, and could be summarily determined; that an officer gets his commission out of the ballot-box and not from a canvassing board, and that the several contestants should either stand aside for the time being, as was at one time done in Congress, or should all be admitted pending the permanent organization; that to settle the cases before the active work of the session began would be putting the issue on the rights of the voters, on the broad and popular ground of choice by the people, and which, deferring to the representative principle, would make the decision turn not upon the conduct of the officers holding the election, but upon the rights of the electors. In support of such contention, the Populists held to the doctrine of the eight Republican Judges composing the Supreme Court of Maine, who, called upon in a legislative imbroglio of that State to determine the rights of certificate-holders, under a statute making such certificates *prima facie* evidence, declared the law invalid, because, as they said:

"We think it clearly repugnant to the constitution, which declares that each house shall be the judge of the election and

qualification of its own members. It aims to control the action of each within its constitutional power, until after a full organization with a majority determined and fixed by the Governor and Council. By their action in granting certificates to men not appearing to be elected, they may constitute each house with a majority to suit their own purposes; thus strangling and overthrowing the popular will as honestly expressed by the ballot. The doctrine of that act gives the executive department the power to rob the people of the Legislature they have chosen, and force upon them one to serve its own purpose. It poisons the very fountain of legislation, and tends to corrupt the legislative department. It strikes a death-blow at the heart of popular government, and renders its foundation and great bulwark—the will of the people as expressed by the ballot—a farce. Each house has the same power and is charged with the same duty to declare the election of its own members, *and organize itself* in any legitimate way, as before the passage of that act.

“Holders of certificates which are void for the reason that the Governor and Council have failed to correctly perform the constitutional obligation resting upon them, *have no right to take part in the organization* or any subsequent proceedings of the house to which they are wrongly certificated. They are not in fact members. But the members rightfully elected are entitled to appear and act in the organization of the house to which they belong, unless the House and Senate, in judging of the election and qualification of members, shall determine to the contrary.

“A member without a certificate who appears to claim his seat, is *prima facie* entitled to equal consideration with a member who has a certificate issued him in violation of law. He is not to be deprived of the position belonging to him on account of the dereliction of those whose duty it was to have given him the usual certificate. The absence of that evidence may be supplied by other evidence of membership.”

The question in popular government, not new to the States of the Union, but accentuated and pressed near to a dangerous method of conclusion in Kansas, is: May the executive department make up a legislature to suit its purposes, or may the legislature at the outset, in the process of its organization, be-

fore entering upon its duties, examine the credentials of its members, and purge itself of disqualified and intrusive claimants?

FRANK DOSTER.

II.—THE GOVERNOR'S ADVISERS.

The legislative "war" is now as "a tale that is told." It is a strange reminiscence. To its participants, even, its memory is like a romance. The cause seems so insufficient that the effect seems incredible. So that while the historians are carefully arranging its thrilling events in chronological order, and philosophers are speculating as to its real character, ordinary mortals are chiefly wondering who was responsible for this "tempest in a tea-pot," this "much ado about nothing."

The salient fact stands out like a big, bald promontory, namely, that sixty-four certificated members of the House participated in the organization on the one side, and only fifty-eight on the other. A few days later the three Democratic members, who up to that time had not voted at all, gave their allegiance to the legal House and continued to vote with it to the end, giving it a majority of nine. Both law and custom lodged in a majority of those holding certificates of election under the great seal of the State the right to organize the House, so that the question from the first was not a question of party supremacy, but a question of the supremacy of law and of majority rule. Around this one great fact cluster all the stirring events of this memorable struggle. Against this fact the Governor hurled his thunderbolts. A more causeless, partisan, unpatriotic and wicked exercise of gubernatorial function has not been recorded in this country. Was Mr. Lewelling alone responsible for his remarkable conduct, or was he himself, in some way, a victim of his own apparent folly? These are questions that leap to the lips of every student of the legislative struggle.

All men, except egotists and idiots, have chosen counselors.

Happy they who have wise ones! Perhaps the fortunes of party politics, rather than his own judgment or inclination, drew around Mr. Lewelling in this emergency a class of advisers whose well-known peculiarities suggest the peril of his position amid such environments.

There was that reckless partisan and Socialistic experimenter, Mr. John W. Breidenthal, chairman of the so-called People's party State Central Committee, and leader of the mob that rescued Ben. Rich by violence in an endeavor to prevent a speedy and peaceful solution of the unfortunate trouble by the courts. Mr. Breidenthal is not pleased with our form of government, and on Topolobampo Bay, in the domain of Old Mexico, he has established a little government of his own which is to put to shame what we have loved to believe is the best government on earth. George Washington and Thomas Jefferson to the rear! John W. Breidenthal to the front! Mr. Breidenthal was one of the Governor's trusted advisers.

An abler exponent of similar heresies, and perhaps an adviser closer still to the Governor, was my townsman and neighbor, ex-Judge Frank Doster—known, indeed, in current literature, as the "Assistant Governor." Mr. Doster's Socialistic views have been expressed in language plain and startling. He is a disciple of Karl Marx and Louis Blanc, Edward Bellamy and other authors, ancient and modern, who have taught that property is wrong. Within the past two years he has boldly declared in the public prints that "the rights of the user of property are paramount to the rights of the owner"; that "the only law which the user of capital is bound to observe is that law which finds its origin, end and sanction in himself—the law of self-interest"; and that "we have got to give up the individual, industrial, competitive system." Reaching a climax in the unfolding of this new system that is to supplant the government of the fathers, he exclaimed, "It is coming, and the gates of hell cannot prevail against it"—just as if those gates wanted to prevail against such a theory!

Another confidential adviser of the Governor was that political adventurer and accident of calamity, Mr. Jerry Simpson. Mr. Simpson, who, by-the-way, is a product, thank Heaven, not of the American soil or system, but a contribution from abroad, is likewise out of harmony with our institutions. In the *Congressional Record* I learn from this sage of reform that "property in land is as indefensible as property in man"; and I also find therein a plan for the abolishment of this great evil of land-ownership—a plan to tax it out of existence! Upon the "stump," this imported orator, who feeds upon sensation, has brazenly counseled disorder. It even seems to be well authenticated that he actually responded to the roll-call in what was politely called the Dunsmore House, better known in the vernacular of the times as the Rump. Mr. Simpson was an adviser of the Governor.

If anyone had more influence with our Executive than the gentlemen already named, it was the well-known Topeka anarchist, Mr. G. C. Clemens. That the time would ever come when a Governor of Kansas would take serious counsel of one holding such views of government as Mr. Clemens, no one would have believed two years ago.

But more surprising and humiliating still, if possible, is the fact that another person, just now figuring in his natural and accustomed rôle, bringing to the cheek of every decent Kansan what it seems impossible to bring to his own—the blush of shame—was a confidential adviser of the Governor. It was my fortune, or misfortune, in company with such distinguished and dignified gentlemen as Capt. Seaton, Col. Warner, Major Remington, Mr. Cubbison, and Mr. Lobdell, to call upon the Governor, at his own solicitation, in the early days of the session. Mr. Legate sat beside Mr. Lewelling, and acted as the latter's mouthpiece. And in this formal interview, in the Governor's office and presence, unrebuked by His Excellency, Mr. Legate violated all the rules of propriety and good breeding, in coarse conversation, until one of the circle, indig-

nant at such conduct, did what the Governor should have done, informed Mr. Legate that the objectionable language added neither emphasis nor ornament to what he was saying. "The — you say!" was the classic response of the Governor's mouthpiece and adviser.

These, with the erratic Judge Webb, the parson whose mustache and prayers were longer than his head, the warrior of bright buttons and conspicuous epaulets, who seems to be wanted more in Colorado than in Kansas, and other counselors of a similar sort, constituted the Governor's retinue of advisers.

If the Governor had an adviser who believes either in God or in our form of government, his name should be given to an anxious public. I do not know him. All, so far as I know, were either Socialists or Anarchists, with the possible exception of Judge Webb, with whose views I am not familiar. Perhaps, also, an exception should be made as to the statement concerning their belief in deity, in the case of the preacher referred to, Mr. Todd, though of this I am not sure. My doubts are based on the uneasiness he frequently evinced lest the Almighty might make some serious mistake, which fear evidently caused him to pray one morning, not that "our" will might be in harmony with the will of the Father, but that the Father's will might be in harmony with "ours"!

Is it any wonder that, thus advised, the Governor committed the egregious blunders he did?

Let us turn, just a moment, from the advisers to the advice. The mathematical difficulty of making fifty-eight exceed sixty-four or sixty-seven was easily overcome by the theory that members against whom contests were pending should not be permitted to participate in the organization—enough contests having previously and purposely been filed to solve the perplexing problem in this way. Under this brilliant theory, a minority could transform itself into a majority by simply filing a sufficient number of contests to effect that result. The inevitable logic of this theory would render it necessary for each

side to protect itself by filing contests against all the other fellows, thus making it impossible to organize a House at all !

Again, the Governor was advised that his recognition and the recognition of the Senate would constitute the Dunsmore club a *de facto* House, in face of the universal law that this could never be true so long as the *de jure* House maintained its existence. Under this absurd theory, it would never be necessary to elect but two of these three coördinate branches of the government. Or, if the three were elected, the Governor and either one of them could, by the mere exercise of their omnipotent "recognition," wipe out the third and install in its stead a mob or a lot of hoodlums, and even the highest court in the land, according to the supplemental theory of these wiseacres, would have no jurisdictional power to prevent the outrage ! But all this foolishness was esteemed as wise and good advice by "my Governor." Hence the "recognition," the six weeks of lawlessness in high places, the marshaling of troops, the parading of Gatling guns, and finally the narrow escape from civil war.

"But man, proud man,
Dressed in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven
As make the angels weep."

E. W. HOCH.

III.—THE MILITIA AND THE DEPUTY SHERIFFS.

As every reader knows, when the day arrived on which the Kansas Legislature is wont to assemble for its biennial recreation, the House went through the evolutionary process which Herbert Spencer defines as "the transformation of the homogeneous into the heterogeneous"; and the State, hitherto driven to the verge of distraction by a single House, now found itself afflicted with twins. For a time they played side by side pleasantly enough, but for a week or more they had quit speaking to

each other, and to prevent quarreling the Republican twin used the play-house in the mornings, the Populist in the afternoons. But let us have done with metaphor lest it should get mixed, as much else did during the troublous days that came. Let it suffice that at the time of which this brief history treats, the Populist, or Dunsmore House, had for four weeks been acting as *the* House with the full coöperation and recognition of the Senate and of the entire executive department of the State, and had been maturing important legislation, while the Republican, or Douglass House, had been spurned from the door of the Senate, had been denied recognition by the Governor, could not even get its requisitions for stationery honored, and was admitted to the hall by the Dunsmore sergeant-at-arms.

February 13, the usual legislative appropriation bill had reached its last stage, and in anticipation of its passage and approval that day and of its publication next morning, Ben. C. Rich, the Chief Clerk of the Dunsmore House, was busy with the preparation of vouchers. The People's party folk were not of those whose chances for entering into the kingdom of Heaven are less hopeful than the efforts of a camel to get through a needle's eye, and immediate cash had become absolutely indispensable to the preservation of that deliberative tranquility so essential to the due operation of the legislative mind. As a Republican judge stood, or rather sat, ready to launch an injunction at the State Treasurer with as serene a confidence as that with which the long-ago Pope launched a bull at an incorrigible comet, the occasion demanded the most untiring industry on the part of the Chief Clerk.

The Douglass House wished hermetically to seal the State's strong box for a season, and thus starve into submission or dissolution the Dunsmore House. The appropriation act required all vouchers to be signed by Rich as Chief Clerk. So the Douglass House reasoned: "No Rich, no vouchers; no vouchers, no money; no money, no more Dunsmore House." The logic was perfect; action alone was lacking. The Douglass

House must carry off the Chief Clerk from his labor of love in preparing vouchers, even as the angels were wont of old to carry off pious monks from scenes of too sore temptation. It must be done speedily, too, for the production of vouchers was proceeding at a rapid rate.

Now the Populist Chief Clerk has a camp-meeting voice, which would be "powerful in prayer," and could defy all the noise ordinarily made by a wicked and perverse generation at devotional exercises conducted in "God's first temple"; and instead of calling the roll in the deaf-mute tongue, he had been in the habit of exercising upon that disconnected literary production the fearful and wonderful powers of his vocal machinery. It seems that their untutored ears could not duly appreciate the delicate beauties of Rich's elocution; for about high noon the Republicans solemnly resolved that, in audibly calling the Dunsmore roll, the Chief Clerk had made "a noise" very disagreeable to the Republican auditory nerve, and that, not to put too fine a point upon it, he had been guilty of nothing less than a contempt of the august Douglass House. It was therefore resolved, in a great long resolve, to instruct the Speaker to instruct the Sergeant-at-Arms to lay hold of Mr. Rich and bring him to the bar, where he might explain, if he could, his unprecedented conduct in calling the roll "out loud." Speaker Douglass did as he had been thus instructed to do, and the Sergeant-at-Arms tried to do what the Speaker had instructed him to do. Alas! —

"I can call spirits from the vasty deep,
But will they come?"

Rich was rescued by his friends, whose protests had a very depressing effect upon the Douglass Sergeant-at-Arms, and the production of vouchers was at once resumed. They were completed at last; and the Dunsmore House, looking back over its day's work, called it good. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

At nightfall it became known that the Douglass House was

organizing a large force of deputy sergeants-at-arms for the purpose of capturing Rich, and his friends had him remain at the capitol for the night. A nocturnal attack upon Representative Hall was fully expected, and the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Dunsmore House accepted the services of a number of volunteer assistants. The night passed without incident, however, and of the small number of guards who had been on duty, most had gone home at daybreak. Those who remained were stationed at the stairways leading to the hall on the third floor of the west wing, with instructions to admit all members of the Douglass House, but to admit only such others as should show tickets provided for the occasion. About 9 o'clock Tuesday morning the Republican members, with a large body of deputy sergeants-at-arms, entered the west wing of the capitol. By sheer force of overwhelming numbers they bore back the few scattered guards, and, after the manner of a lunatic asylum enjoying a vacation, rushed tumultuously up the stairs. The door of the hall was hastily closed, but was battered down with a sledge-hammer brought for the purpose, and with a mighty "rebel yell" the insurgents swept into the hall and formed in the order which precedes what, in the polite circles of Pine Ridge, is known as "the ghost dance." With a tremendous whoop, perhaps echoing yet in the great dome, and which caused such a dreadful disturbance in the circumambient atmosphere that the flag floating over the opposite extremity of the capitol doubled up with a stitch in its side, the Republican brave, "Bad-Man-Photographed-With-Pistols-All-Over-Him,"—known to the English-speaking world as Richard Baxter Welch—burst open the door of the Chief Clerk's room, only to be as badly disgusted as were the Romans who broke into the Jerusalem Holy of Holies. The Chief Clerk and his vouchers had been taken the evening before to the State Auditor's office, where he, the State Auditor, and the State Treasurer, suffering from insomnia induced by the excitement, spent the night exhausting the appropriation before the injunction could cause tribulation.

The Republican brave stood in the presence of a great mystery: the Chief Clerk's room was empty; and the savage imagination began to people the atmosphere of the capitol with invisible hosts of warriors bent upon dealing out speedy and awful retribution. Swiftly grinding the telephone crank as the husbandman's wife grindeth the melodious coffee-mill at early morn, the nervous warrior screamed for the Santa Fé shop-men to come to the help of the red-badged deputy sergeants-at-arms against the mighty.

The shop-men came not. The militia did. A state of siege began. The water and the heat were shut off from the hall; the enemy did thirst and freeze, and the telephone lost its power of speech. The Governor, having applied to the sheriff in vain for assistance, had, as Commander-in-Chief, called out the National Guard and some companies of provisional militia. In the corridors and about the grounds armed sentinels marched with measured, monotonous tread that night. No one might enter without the countersign, which even wise men found it difficult to acquire. And the evening and the morning were the second day.

As in all great wars, the original *casus belli* had passed from the memory of men; and Ben. Rich, undisturbed, re-entered the world. His arrest was no longer thought of. The object of the Douglass House was to procure its food and drink; the object of Republicans outside was to "relieve" the Republican House and its warriors by raising the siege. Wednesday the troops marched down-town to restaurants and lunch counters, and marched back whence they came. The city stood in the streets, waiting for ambulances and stretchers to come; but the ambulances and stretchers were diffident, and came not. And the evening and the morning were the third day.

Next day witnessed the unique spectacle of a sheriff organizing an army of deputies to suppress the State as a riot! More than a thousand men and boys were sworn in, labeled with blue badges, and armed with rifles or base-ball bats. They were

divided into squads, each in charge of a captain. A former adjutant general, a high officer in the Grand Army of the Republic, was the commander-in-chief. They were to move upon the capitol to do battle with the forces of the State called forth by the chief magistrate and acting in obedience to his authority.

The militia guarded the approaches to the capitol and the corridors. The Douglass House deputy sergeants-at-arms were in Representative Hall in the third story of the west wing. The sheriff's deputy "peace-preservers" were in the street to the east of the capitol. Should the troops move upon Representative Hall, the "peace-preservers" would move upon the troops. Should the "peace-preservers" enter the corridor, they would be corralled by the militia. It was a more perplexing puzzle than that which so greatly troubled the gentleman in the arithmetics who had to work in detachments across the river the fox, the goose, and the peck of corn. Meantime the enemy was growing hungrier every hour. True, during the night solid, perhaps fluid, refreshments had been drawn up in baskets, as surreptitious lovers are drawn into the seraglio, but meddlesome sentries had cut off this source of supply. The deputy representatives of law and order grew eager to "relieve" their beleaguered brethren. The situation was serious. At length it became known that some companies of the National Guard would, when so requested, join the sheriff's forces and turn their arms against the commander-in-chief. True, the constitution vests in the Governor "the *supreme* executive power of the State," and makes him "commander-in-chief of the militia." True, also, "the laws are silent when arms are raised," and no citizen may review the action of the executive in calling forth the militia. The constitution declares it treason to "levy war against the State"—to organize armed resistance to the commander-in-chief of the State's forces; and mutiny is a grave martial crime. Had the National Guard been called out to shoot down striking laborers, though in utter defiance of the constitution—a thing not unusual in these latter days—what

would this same sheriff have said or done had the strikers organized and armed for resistance? Suppose the sheriff had in such case been the friend of the strikers, and had converted them into a military force and assumed, with their assistance, to suppress as rioters the Governor and National Guard! Suppose Congress should some day have a scene like that at Topeka, and the President should send troops to the capitol—rightly or not: would the world not be amazed at the attempt of the District of Columbia's marshal to put down as an insurrection the chief magistrate and the soldiers of the nation? Surely, he must be a mad partisan indeed who can, *as a defender of the existing social order*, encourage such flagrant usurpation as that of which this sheriff was guilty. Take the definition of treason laid down against the Homestead workers and apply it to the deputy sheriffs who menaced the Governor and his militia at Topeka! But, who in the convention that made the constitution, ever dreamed that *the people*—the every-day, common sort of people—would sometime have the impudence to elect and install a governor?

Graver grew the situation. The plans of the sheriff and of the Douglass House were now complete. The deputy champions of law and order were to advance upon the State House, and, joined by the mutinying National Guard, were to enter the corridor from the eastern portico. The Douglass House deputy sergeants-at-arms were to emerge from Representative Hall into the corridor in the west wing. All the troops remaining faithful to their allegiance to the State, as well as the Governor and all the Populist State officers, would be thus shut up in the capitol between the two Republican forces, and must submit, or expect to be massacred. More than once the Governor's "removal" had been suggested to drunken rioters as a desirable consummation; Ku-Klux warnings had been sent him; a basket of human bones, beneath a threatening notice, had been left in the rotunda. Men conspicuous as the Governor's friends had been warned of overheard conversations doom-

ing them, by name, to death. The State Auditor, his wife and his clerks were forbidden to leave the capitol to go home after office hours. One of the clerks was beaten and dragged into the presence of Speaker Douglass, who graciously allowed him to depart after his revolver had been taken from him. A drunken negro Republican guard struck the Auditor's wife in the face as she and her husband forced their way out of the capitol.

Bloodshed was averted only because of the forbearance of the men the Republicans were denouncing as anarchists. Towards the little band of faithful militiamen were not. They faced death, as some had faced it often on the battle-fields of the South; faced it unflinchingly. They were ready to die in defense of the rights and hopes of the poor—expected never to leave the capitol alive. And had the Republican plan been put into execution, the corridor of the State House would have seen modern men ready to emulate the ancient heroes at Thermopylæ.

Fortunately, the Governor was unresentful and cool. He saw all about him brave defenders not afraid to die for a principle; and he would not accept the sacrifice. He had called out the militia to protect the House and its officers against armed assaults, and, waiving all the indignities heaped upon himself and his office, he himself proposed to those in arms against him the truce which saved Kansas from indelible disgrace. But—the militia and the deputy sheriffs! When this precedent, indorsed by all the wealth of Kansas, shall some day be followed by another class of people, shall strikers, or shall farmers resisting eviction, be called "patriots" by the Republican press? Perhaps it may not be safe then to call them anything.

G. C. CLEMENS.

IV.—WHAT THE FARMERS HAVE NETTED.

Considering all the claims, protestations and professions of the People's party, the supreme test to apply to its winter's achievements, the one question to ask, cannot be mistaken. It is this: Has it given the Kansas farmer what he asked and what it promised him?

If it has lied to the farmer, then it does not deserve his allegiance. If it has injured him, he is under no further obligation to it. Let us examine.

The only man for whom the Populist leaders have expressed any concern is the farmer.

A government of the people by the farmer and for the farmer, has been the uninterrupted war-cry of the People's party since its crusade began.

The Farmers' Alliance, out of which the People's party grew, excluded lawyers from its membership, and in many other ways declared, with offensive emphasis, its intention to serve the farmer and him only. The People's party, so far as pretensions are concerned, has talked it out on this line from the beginning.

From the stately melancholy of Senator Peffer's utterances down to the snarliest caterwauling of the pettiest bosses in the party, the farmer and his woes have been, on the surface, the only objects of solicitude.

All the party platforms and all the speeches made on them have declared for the farmer in all his aspects and damned everybody else for living by the sweat of the farmer's brow.

So great was this protestation of disinterested love for the farmer, that all sophisticated observers saw for sure that the farmer was being buttered and sugared ready to be swallowed. The lamb seemed about to lie down with the lion—on the lion's inside. The spider was cooing to the fly. The political confidence-men were all busy with their great game of seduction of the farmer for revenue only.

The net results of the whole crusade are now before us—

not as surmises or suspicions, but as indisputable facts. What has the farmer got out of it?

The farmer did not get office. Not only was the genuine farmer excluded from office himself, but he was even denied the simple comfort of putting men in office whose sympathies were unquestionably with our agricultural interests.

From the Governor, a stranger in the State, for years an office-holder, a commission-man, a middle-man, a money-broker, a plutocrat, anything but a farmer, down to the Congressman from the Seventh District who learned his farming on a steamboat, there is scarcely agricultural talent enough in all the party's State and Federal office-holders combined to know the difference between cucumbers and cockle-burrs.

Not only is this true of the office-holders, but it is still more true of the office-chasers-in-chief—those who constituted the Governor's private cabinet for the conduct of public business. The State officers are elected by the people; but the members of this private cabinet were elected by the Governor. It is a pity we cannot believe that they were elected by themselves.

If any men in Kansas can be found who are further removed from all personal relations or circumstances of sympathy with Kansas agriculture, then I have never heard of them. The jealous walls of the State penitentiary could not more securely keep such gentlemen as Webb, Clemens and Doster from looking on the corn when it is green, and the wheat when it moveth itself aright, than they keep themselves. They are no more in tune with the farmers of Kansas than with the Salvation Army.

But the view in this case should on no account be confined to these three names. Look at others in the list: Martin, Artz, Dunsmore, Semple, Breidenthal, Bennington, Rich, Close, Rightmire, Limeburner, Lease, Diggs, Simpson, Legate—and so on. No Populist farmer should fail to study this list of his undisputed leaders, that he may discover exactly who and what he is following. I doubt if any farmer in Kansas can truthfully say that he has ever had help of any kind, direct or indirect, from any of these ladies and gentlemen.

There were men in the party clearly entitled to advise it, by virtue of their intelligence, their character, their occupations and their records. Among such men were Col. William A. Harris, Hon. Samuel A. Riggs, ex-Governor Robinson and Senator Taylor. But these gentlemen, because they opposed the mad-caps in the Governor's office, were without influence. They were hustled out of the way and shamefully ignored from beginning to end. Governor Robinson was not only not elected Senator, but he was so wholly disregarded that he went home angry. Col. Harris stood up bravely, but soon confessed that there was no ear for reason among his fellow partisans on duty at the State House. Mr. Riggs was able to help, and did help nobly, in taking care of the State University; but when it came to other matters he was snubbed.

Nearly as long ago as Bennington's first birthday, when Lewelling, Legate, Webb and Mrs. Diggs were living on Republican salaries, when Doster was a railroad attorney, and Clemens was stepping high in the giddy paths of social pleasure and abusing the common people of Kansas because all the land they had was under their finger-nails—as long ago as all this, I say, Mr. Riggs was leading terrific charges against the railroads, against Senator Ingalls, and against various other people and things which seem now to be obnoxious to the People's party. But not a man in the whole State House People's party crowd had any care for him. My private opinion is that he reciprocated their affection fully.

No—the real farmers and real fighters for what they believed to be farmers' interests, were at a discount all winter.

From the beginning no People's party leader could by any power be induced to leave off haranguing the farmers on the sub-treasury, the currency, the national banks, and kindred questions, except for one single purpose. The tune could at any time be changed for a roar against the old parties. Wild-eyed men, intemperate talkers, splintered up their voices and exhausted their lungs abusing the Republican party. Then, about

to sink, exhausted by their attacks on the Republican party, they would hold out one moment longer to explain that the badness of the Democratic party is the badness of the Republican party multiplied a hundred fold. The Republican party, they said, had once been decent; the Democratic party never had been and never could be. They even went so far as to promise to adjourn the Democratic party in the South—in such States as Georgia and Alabama. Their promises, like their money, are without a redeemer.

All this talk circulated at par. It was issued by Lewelling, Lease, Simpson and all the rest, without limit to volume or value. Now what came of it all in the winter? Who was sent to the United States Senate? The answer is easy. One who has done more leading of the Democratic party in Kansas than any other ten men. One who voted for Mr. Cleveland and planted himself without delay in the Democratic caucus as soon as he reached Washington, and is to-day as cockle-burred a Democrat as Grover Cleveland or David Bennett Hill.

From this it is clear either that the orators lied when they said the Democrats were the worst of men, or else they abandoned their people when they elected the leader of the worst of men to the Senate. With Peffer declaring that he is still a good deal of a Republican and Martin declaring that he is still nothing but a Democrat, it becomes clear that the raid on the old parties was only a sham battle, done to stampede the farmers of the State. The farmers stampeded all right; but the stampede is over.

The People's party bosses are fond of talking as though the contest lay between the farmers on one side and those not farmers on the other. This is rank absurdity. The contest was chiefly between farmers. The sixty-seven men who were to be shut out of the assembly-room of the lower branch of the Legislature were elected by the farmers of Kansas. The hoodlum vote of the cities went for the fusion ticket. The sixty-seven members were elected by more farmers' votes than the fifty-

eight. Yet the minority of fifty-eight proposed, in the name of the farmer, to nullify the farmers' votes by which the majority of sixty-seven had been elected. If the farmers of Kansas could stand this, they could stand anything. It appeared at once that they did not propose to stand it. Otherwise the Governor might have persevered.

In this connection we cannot forget still other attempts to nullify the farmer vote of the State. The farmers, as I have said, elected a majority of the members of the lower house. Our constitution contains a provision to the effect that members of the Legislature shall not be arrested or in any way interfered with while they are in session, nor for a certain number of days before and after a session begins. This is a wise and necessary provision, such as is found in the fundamental law of all states and nations.

But our Governor, in his desire to nullify the majority farmer vote, proposed to ignore this constitutional provision by using troops to arrest, restrain and obstruct the majority of the members of the House elected as described by the majority vote of the farmers. He proposed, with the troops of which he is commander-in-chief, to march straight through the constitution and the statutes and plunder the majority of the farmers of Kansas of the due effect of their ballots.

Our Governor is certainly the commander-in-chief of our militia, but the commander-in-chief of our Governor is law—composed of our constitution, our statutes and the usages and customs of civilized society. If our Governor had obeyed his commander-in-chief it would not have been necessary for the militia to appeal from the Governor to his superior, the law.

The viciousness of such a precedent as would have been established if the Governor had nullified the votes of a majority of the farmers of Kansas by having the soldiers turn their duly elected representatives out of doors, or shoot them to death, cannot be adequately described. It would have jeopardized every right the farmer possesses as a voting citizen.

From the beginning, as I have said, the People's party medicine-men told the farmers of sovereign remedies good for what ailed them. The sub-treasury, free coinage of silver "with no limitation to volume or value," as Senator Martin is reported to have said; "silk paper money in per capita quantities enough to do the business of the country," a "flexible" currency, Government ownership of railroads, the abolition of national banks, the cutting down of fees and salaries, and so forth and so on, talk without end—these, I say, were the royal remedies recommended to cure the ills of the people.

It appeared incidentally all along that the only way to get these remedies administered properly would be by electing the medicine-men to office. They were elected. Some went to Washington, some to Topeka, some took office in their respective counties. The news from Washington and Topeka has never been what was promised. No able delegate has ever given the country a chance to see what a sub-treasury looks like even in a legislative bill. The Kansas Senate did not even adopt a resolution on the subject. No memorials have gone to Congress. None of the great remedies have been exploited in any place where something might be accomplished.

The lower house of the Kansas Legislature passed a bill which provided for the election of Railroad Commissioners by the people, and greatly enlarging the powers of the commissioners. The Populist Senate declined to concur. There is no more need of further railroad legislation now in Kansas, if the only object is to do justice, than there is of steamboat legislation or legislation to regulate the catching of whales. But if railroad legislation were needed, as the People's party patriots all along insisted, why did the People's party Senate reject the Greenlee bill?

What has been done by the medicine-men in Congress? None of the great remedies have been proposed—except that Otis called for several train-loads of silk paper money and was then excused *sine die* from serving his country further. Senator

Peffer started in to be his people's Moses, but soon concluded to be Moses only to the Peffer family, which he is wisely doing at the rate of forty or fifty dollars a day. The Senator knows a snap when he sees it, and works it when he can. He wisely reflects that nobody ever loved him before at the rate of forty or fifty dollars a day, and that nobody ever will again. As for Clover he has been in Simpson and as for Simpson he has been in Clover, and both Clover and Simpson have favored the world with so many flash-light views of each other that there is now no trouble about their standing on their merits. They have been like two hostile cats on the front fence—they not only had to fight, but they had to fight in the most conspicuous of places.

And so on. The medicine-men of the party have failed to materialize. They remind me of the old lady's remedy for colic. She told the small boy full of green apples to put those apples right back where he got them and his colic would stop. All the remedies have been impossible and absurd remedies such as only quacks would prescribe.

Nothing is surer in the mind of every intelligent Kansan than that the prosperity of every citizen depends on the general prosperity of the farmers of the State. If the farmers prosper, the rest have a chance. If the farmers are unfortunate, the rest of us may as well shut up shop. Now, the leaders of this alleged farmers' party have always taken the position that those who are not farmers are anxious to ruin those who are. To charge any sane man in Kansas with this is like charging him with an attempt to commit suicide. But, assuming that this charge has been well founded, and that the contest is between the farmer and the field, as alleged, what has this farmer-loving party done for the farmer? I have already answered this question in part; but an important part remains to be stated.

This farmer-loving party, by its campaign work and its outrageous performances of the winter, materially reduced the value of every farm in the State. The demonstration made was such

as to alarm every investor, every manufacturer, every possible settler of good character, every man of wealth, and every man inclined to make improvements. The very propriety of owning a farm was assailed. Messrs. Doster, Clemens and others, among the Governor's closest advisers, do not hesitate to attack the propriety of private ownership of land. The spectacle of Kansas farmers following the leadership of men who deny their right to own farms would be funny were it not fearful.

In still another way the farmer was outraged. The bosses of the party had no end of fun this winter, and it was one of the chief items of their comfort that the farmer "paid the freight." The People's party members of the Legislature sat down hard on many of the most important appropriation bills for the conduct of the State institutions, and refused to get up until the bill paying the expenses of the Dunsmore House had been passed. In the next school-house meetings to be held it will be in order for the lightning calculators of the People's party to figure out how much unnecessary money the people have had to pay by reason of the winter's circus.

And, speaking of money, the funds of the State in the State treasury are protected by a bond that would scare a cow. No ostrich would eat it, and goats would give it the go-by. It is a thing of shreds and patches, which could not be sued to a finish for the reimbursement of the State in fifty years.

In brief, there has been a vicious beating of the bushes, a bawling and an uproar; but no good has been done. Over against thirty years of honest, safe and intelligent work, by the Republican party and the conservative members of other parties, in building this noble State, we must set the past thirty months of rank talk, culminating in as flagrant an abuse of power, as reckless a disregard of laws and precedents, and as brutal a raid on the State's good name, as could well have been contrived. If the farmers of Kansas see anything in this for their benefit, then it is clear that all that they need to make them entirely happy, is—well, call it *hades*.

C. S. GLEED.

THE LEA-MAN'S BRIDE.

WHO so blithe as we—the wavelets of the sea!
Leaping in the shallows, sipping with the swallows
Of the mallow-scented brooks; from their pebbly nooks
Peeping at the ocean evermore in motion,
Filching from the meadows the mallow-scented brooks.

Who so sad as we—the wavelets of the sea!
If the lea-man list, whom our lips have kissed,
To the maiden of the wood, when, with strains renewed,
We have sung and sighed, we have called and cried—
Lovelier, aye, lovelier far, than the maiden of the wood.

“I the lea-man’s bride” sang the maid with pride,
As with plashing oar she regained the shore
Of the ever-jealous sea; but her prophecy,
Like the wood-dove’s throat, held a warning note,
As she touched the shore of the ever-jealous sea.

O’er the dewy swath, hither for his bath,
Ere the sun illume, hastens the bridegroom,
Where our bosoms bare elfin mirrors are;
Thee the wavelets crave, lover of the wave!
And our elfin treasures are jewels very rare.

Cruel is the sea! though our father be
Drinking with his tongue tears that he hath wrung
From the sobbing surf; while above the turf
On yon moist hill-side, wails a maiden bride;
For no lea-man more leaves the sobbing surf.

WINONA, Dec. 1892.

EZRA PORTER CHITTENDEN.

SHELLEY.

IN the first quarter of this century lived and died a remarkable trio of poets — Byron, Shelley, and Keats. Byron was born in 1788, Shelley four and Keats seven years later. Keats died in 1821, Shelley in 1822, Byron in 1824. The oldest was but thirty-six years of age, the youngest twenty-six. Byron's first publication appeared at nineteen, Shelley's at eighteen, and Keats's at twenty-two. Byron loved Mary Chaworth, married another, and lived unhappily; separated from his wife, and was one thing to many women ever after. Keats loved, but his poverty prevented matrimony, and his death came too early to permit a change in his fortunes. Shelley's first-love, his cousin Harriet Grove, was denied him, and he married Harriet Westbrook — a noble animal, according to Shelley, who could not feel poetry nor understand philosophy. Shelley, too, left his wife, and found in Mary Godwin, a woman worthy of him to the last, the companion and helpmeet that he needed. Bitter, and in some instances brutal, criticism drove these three poets from the shores of Albion. All sought Italy, and two of them remained there even in death — Shelley and Keats being buried in the Protestant cemetery at Rome. Byron, alone of the three, found a resting-place in his native land.

Rossetti, from whom I draw largely, says: "To write the life of Shelley is (if I may trust my own belief) to write the life of the greatest English poet since Milton, or possibly since Shakespeare; and as the greatest poet must equal, at least, the greatest man of any other order, it must also be to write the life of one of the most illustrious personages, of whatever sort, known to these latter ages. And this is peculiarly the case with Shelley, in whom a truly glorious poetic genius was united with, or was one manifestation of, the most transcendent beauty of character — flecked, indeed, here and there, by semi-endear-

ing perversities, or by some manifest practical aberration." This is strong praise and mild condemnation. But I find that all authorities agree in placing Shelley's name high up on Olympus.

Symonds, speaking of Shelley's birthday, says: "August 4th, 1792, is one of the most memorable dates in the history of English literature."

Hales writes: "Shelley's poetry bears the impress of his eager, spiritual nature, and also of his vexed, peaceless life. When these vexations are remembered, and also that he was cut off while yet 'in flushing,' the works he left behind move wonder and astonishment at the splendor of his genius. Without doubt he is one of the foremost of English poets. Scarcely one has possessed in a higher degree the gifts of language and of melody. Few indeed have heard 'the still, sad music of humanity,' and echoed it with such fine feeling and exquisite modulation as he." Yet Shelley, with so many other great souls, has been buried in a cloud of obloquy from a great part of the world, because he was not orthodox.

And Shelley certainly was not orthodox. His school days were marked from the first by revolts against customs and rules, culminating in his pamphlet on the "Necessity of Atheism," which led to his expulsion from Oxford. In after-life, too, this uneasiness under restraint was the deciding element in his character. Yet there seems to be no reason to believe that he was not religiously sincere in this. In the dedication to the "Revolt of Islam" he wrote:

"I will be wise,
And just, and free, and mild, if in me lies
Such power; for I grow weary to behold
The selfish and the strong still tyrannize
Without reproach or check."

It would seem that he tried to live within the measure of these lines.

His "Address to the Irish People" gives, perhaps, the best idea of his opinions. An extract will serve as an example:

"All religions are good which make men good; and the way that a person ought to prove that his method of worshipping God is best, is for himself to be better than all other men. A Protestant is my brother, and a Catholic is my brother. Do not inquire if any man be a heretic, or if he be a Quaker, a Jew, or a heathen; but if he be a virtuous man, if he love liberty and truth, if he wish the happiness and peace of human kind. If a man be ever so much a believer and love not these things, he is a heartless hypocrite, a rascal, and a knave. It is not a merit to tolerate, but a crime to be intolerant. Anything short of our limited toleration and complete charity with all men, on which you will recollect Jesus Christ principally insisted, is wrong. Be calm, mild, deliberate, patient. Think and talk and discuss. Be free and happy, but first be wise and good."

No better practical religion than this could be formed, and no man who held such opinions and tried to live up to them would now be socially ostracised on religious grounds. Even Shelley's avowal of atheism becomes less flagrant when considered in the light of his statement that he used the word atheism to express his abhorrence of superstition. His disregard of orthodoxy was but another manifestation of his aversion to restraint and intolerance.

This aversion Shelley carried too far, and it led him to make the one blot on his character—his unfaithfulness, if I may term it such, to his wife. But even this has its palliating circumstances—his extreme youth, the peculiar conditions of his first marriage, the unhappiness of his life with Harriet, and his wild, restless nature. Moralists would find fault only with the second marriage; but the student of character will see the natural sequence of one to the other.

The first marriage was not one of love; it was brought about by Shelley's great hatred of injustice. His mind was worked upon by the persecution of Harriet by her father, and he married her with the romantic idea of saving her from this persecu-

tion. It would even seem that the advances came from Harriet, and not from Shelley.

An unsatisfactory married life with Harriet, in connection with the peculiar courtship, made Shelley all the more open to impression from a woman who was capable of being a real companion to him. Such a woman he met, and at once that prejudice against the bond of marriage, which prejudice he laid aside out of consideration for Harriet, regains force, and he lets nothing stand between him and the object of his love—Mary Godwin. She has herself recorded the manner of his avowal. "To her, as they met, one eventful day, in St. Pancras churchyard, by her mother's grave, Bysshe in burning words poured forth the tale of his wild past—how he had suffered, how he had been misled, and how, if supported by her love, he hoped in future years to enroll his name with the wise and good who had done battle for their fellow-men, and been true, through all adverse storms, to the cause of humanity. Unhesitatingly she placed her hand in his, and linked her fortunes with his own."

I do not propose to enter very deeply into the moral or immoral aspect of this proceeding. As for Shelley, probably his course was easy for one who was an opponent on principle to the coercive tie of marriage. His faithfulness to his second wife would seem to silence many criticisms. As to Mary Godwin, she returned Shelley's love, when it was averred to her, freely and fully; and since her education and belief led her to as great disregard of the marriage tie as Shelley himself professed, there is no evidence that she thought she was doing a wrong. Harriet is said to have given reluctant yet unquerulous assent to the inevitable.

The characteristics which led Shelley to act as he did in this matter are not bad in themselves. On the contrary, they seem high and noble. Hogg states them thus: "I knew Shelley more intimately than any other man, but I never could discern in him more than two fixed principles. The first was a strong, irrepressible love of liberty; of liberty in the abstract, and

somewhat after the pattern of the ancient republics, without reference to the English constitution—respecting which he knew little and cared nothing, heeding it not at all. The second was an equally ardent love of toleration of all opinions, but more especially of religious opinions—of toleration complete, entire, universal, unlimited; and as a deduction and corollary from which latter principle, he felt an intense abhorrence of persecution of any kind, public or private.” It would be difficult to attack these principles, and if Shelley had but used a little moderation he would have needed no defense.

In *The Arena* for March, 1891, the Rev. Howard MacQueary says: “Do not infer from all this that I indorse Shelley—far from it! He may have been influenced by a young man’s conceit and presumption when he wrote ‘Queen Mab’; he no doubt was unreasonable in his denunciation of kings and politicians, although they deserve much he said of them; his view of marriage is damnable and dangerous sentimentalism;—but, with all his faults, he deserves more pity than censure, more applause than ‘hisses.’” He continues: “Let who will denounce Shelley, I will not. I will not brand with atheism the name of one whose life was one dream of enthusiastic, however impracticable, philanthropy. I will not say that a man who by his opposition to God means opposition to a demon is an enemy of God. To such a man I only reply: ‘You are blaspheming a devil; that is not the God I adore. You are not my enemy. Change the name, and I will bid that *character* defiance with you.’”

The god whom Shelley would not worship he describes thus:

“A vengeful, pitiless and almighty fiend,
Whose mercy is a nickname for the rage
Of tameless tigers hungering for blood.
The self-sufficing, the omnipotent,
The merciful and the avenging god
Who, prototype of human misrule, sits
High in heaven’s realm, upon a golden throne,
Even like an earthly king, and whose dread work,
Hell, gapes forever for the unhappy slaves
Of fate, whom he created in his sport,
To triumph in their torment when they fell.”

Having now spoken of some things that interest me most in Shelley's life and character, I desire to notice a few things in his poetry. A paper of this kind will not admit copious extracts, but I shall make some, for Shelley's poetry speaks more eloquently of him than anything I could say of it.

I think Shelley peculiarly happy in his opening lines. They seem so admirably fitted to bring the reader to the state of mind desired by the poet. In "Queen Mab" he begins:

"How wonderful is Death—
Death, and his brother Sleep!
One, pale as yonder waning moon,
With lips of lurid blue;
The other, rosy as the morn
When, throned on ocean's wave,
It blushes o'er the world:
Yet both so passing wonderful!"

The opening stanza of his beautiful elegy on the death of Keats, Adonais, is another example of this:

"I weep for Adonais—he is dead!
Oh weep for Adonais, though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!
And thou, sad Hour selected from all years
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
And teach them thine own sorrow! Say: 'With me
Died Adonais! Till the future dares
Forget the past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity!'"

The "Ode to a Skylark" is called the most popular of his lyrics, and doubtless it is more read than any of his other poems; but it appeals less to me than many of the others. I feel with Symonds, that "there are hymns in Prometheus which seem to realize the miracle of making words detached from meaning the substance of a new ethereal music; and yet, although their verbal harmony is such, they are never devoid of definite significance for those who understand. Shelley scorned the æsthetics of a school which finds 'sense swooning into nonsense' admirable. And if a critic is so dull as to ask what 'Life of Life! thy lips enkindle' means, or to whom it is ad-

dressed, none can help him any more than one can help a man whose sense of hearing is too gross for the tenuity of a bat's cry. A voice in the air thus sings the hymn of Asia at the moment of her apotheosis:

“‘Life of Life! thy lips enkindle
With their love the breath between them;
And thy smiles, before they dwindle,
Make the cold air fire — then screen them
In those looks where whoso gazes
Faints, entangled in their mazes.’”

This same beautiful flow of words combined with lofty thought is shown in *Adonais*. It is an embarrassment of riches which comes to one who attempts to choose a stanza for its unusual beauty. If I were forced to a decision, I think I should quote this one:

“Midst others of less note came one frail form,
A phantom among men, companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm
Whose thunder is its knell. He, as I guess,
Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness
Actæon-like; and now he fled astray
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
And his own thoughts along that rugged way
Pursued like raging hounds their father and their prey.”

But even while writing this I hesitate if I shall not take another.

“*Julian and Maddalo*” also contains gems, and has been characterized as the most perfect specimen in our language of the “poetical treatment of ordinary things.” In this poem occurs one of the few familiar quotations from Shelley:

“Most wretched men
Are cradled into poetry by wrong:
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.”

Here also is the picture of a Venetian sunset and the island of San Lazzero:

“Oh,
How beautiful is sunset, when the glow
Of heaven descends upon a land like thee,
Thou paradise of exiles, Italy,

Thy mountains, seas, and vineyards, and the towers
 Of cities they encircle!—It was ours
 To stand on thee, beholding it: and then,
 Just where we had dismounted, the Count's men
 Were waiting for us with the gondola.
 As those who pause on some delightful way,
 Though bent on pleasant pilgrimage, we stood
 Looking upon the evening, and the flood
 Which lay between the city and the shore,
 Paved with the image of the sky. The hoar
 And aery Alps, towards the north, appeared
 Through mist—an heaven-sustaining bulwark reared
 Between the east and west; and half the sky
 Was roofed with clouds of rich emblazonry,
 Dark-purple at the zenith, which still grew
 Down the steep west into a wondrous hue
 Brighter than burning gold, even to the rent
 Where the swift sun yet paused in his descent
 Among the many-folded hills."

Symonds says: "If a final word were needed to utter the unutterable sense of waste excited in us by Shelley's premature absorption into the mystery of the unknown, we might find it in the last lines of his own *Alastor*:

" 'Art and eloquence,
 And all the shows o' the world, are frail and vain
 To weep a loss that turns their lights to shade.
 It is a woe 'too deep for tears' when all
 Is reft at once, when some surpassing Spirit,
 Whose light adorned the world around it, leaves
 Those who remain behind, not sobs or groans,
 The passionate tumult of a clinging hope—
 But pale despair and cold tranquillity,
 Nature's vast frame, the web of human things,
 Birth and the grave, that are not as they were.' "

J. D. BOWERSOCK

PRIMEVAL HEROES, PATRIOTS, AND PRIESTS.

PART I.

THE site for the city of Topeka was first selected and occupied by Cyrus K. Holliday,* Charles Robinson,† Rev. S. Y. Lum, a Congregational minister, John Armstrong, and others, November, 1854. These early pioneers explored the Kansas valley for the purpose of selecting a suitable location for a future great city. On their exploring journey west they tarried at Tecumseh for a few days, a town which had been shortly before that time founded and peopled by men from the slave-holding States, on the south bank of the Kansas river. The location was well and favorably chosen, in the primeval forest, and surrounded by a beautiful country, extending back from the river into the prairie meadows. Holliday and his party proposed to these founders of Tecumseh to unite fortunes and devote their mutual energies to "boom" the town. But Robinson was connected with the New England Emigrant Aid Society, and Holliday and his friends were born and educated in the free States of the North. So the white-handed strangers to labor from the slave States declined to share their fortunes, or unify their social relations, or modify their political views with men from the free States. These radical differences made it impossible for Holliday and his companions to settle at Tecumseh, and they pursued their journey west about six miles, where they selected and occupied the town-site of Topeka. These voyageurs explored the valley still further west up the river. At the Baptist mission, selected and established by Rev. Robert Simerwell in 1848, about six miles west of the city of

* Cyrus K. Holliday was named as one of the directors of the A. T. & S. F. R. R. Co. in the act of the Legislature of the Territory of Kansas creating this corporation, at the session of 1850, and has continuously been a director of that railroad ever since—a period of thirty-four years.

† Charles Robinson was the first Governor of Kansas.

Topeka, they halted for the purpose of securing refreshments and rest; but the missionaries entertained the view that slavery was a divine institution, and they declined to entertain the strangers from the Northern States, and they were compelled to pursue their journey weary and hungry. They forded the Kansas river with a wagon and team, and traveled west along the north side of the river, when they came upon a double log cabin separated by a passage inclosed overhead, about one-half mile southwest from the present village of Silver Lake, on the Union Pacific Railroad. This was the rude home of Joseph La Framboise, a half-breed French Indian, who was living in this cabin with two wives—Lucinda, a German woman, and Arch-an-ge, a Pottawatomie Indian. Robinson had been a pioneer in California, and was familiar with the usages of wild life; and Holliday was born and educated in the State of Pennsylvania, a State largely inhabited by immigrants from the fatherland and their descendants. Arch-an-ge entertained Robinson at her cabin, and Lucinda extended the hospitality of her cabin to Holliday. Food was prepared and served to them by these women, and they were afforded shelter from the chilling November weather.

La Framboise kindly gave Holliday and Robinson such information as they desired about the country, and they again pursued their journey for the mouth of the Blue river, and selected the town-site where Manhattan was afterwards located and settled. From this place they went to the mouth of the Republican river, beyond Fort Riley, and examined the site where Junction City is now located. Having explored the Kansas valley to the junction of the Republican and Smoky Hill rivers, they returned to the spot selected for the town of Topeka, and December 5, 1854, they with others organized the Topeka Town Company, and with energy commenced "booming" the new town.

The first settlers of the town-site of Topeka, with commendable ambition, claimed six hundred and forty acres, or one entire section of land, which they surveyed and platted for the

future capital city on a liberal and broad scale. The section of land was entered at the United States land office at Lecompton, and paid for with a "float," or land scrip, issued to Isaiah Walker, a Wyandotte Indian. The Government of the United States had before that time made and concluded treaties with the Wyandotte nation of Indians, and by virtue of these treaties the Government had issued to Walker this "float" or land scrip, and he or his assigns were authorized to locate it on any of the public domain, surveyed or unsurveyed. Walker's mother was an Indian woman of the Wyandotte nation, and his father was a "squaw man." Holliday paid Walker twelve hundred dollars to locate this scrip on the town-site of Topeka, and July 1st, 1859, Walker conveyed the town-site to Holliday by deed, in trust for the inhabitants of the town.

Cyrus Kurtz Holliday, to whom Walker conveyed the town-site of Topeka, was born near Carlisle, Cumberland county, Pennsylvania, and was a classmate of William B. Allison, United States Senator from Iowa, at Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa., from which college he graduated. He was married to Miss Mary D. Jones, of Meadville, Pa., June 11, 1854, and immediately came to Kansas, and in company with Charles Robinson, John Armstrong, Rev. S. Y. Lum, and others, selected and settled upon the present town-site. Colonel Holliday with fidelity administered his trust as trustee for the inhabitants of the town, and has devoted his life with rare ability to the interests and welfare of the capital city of the State.

When the Legislature of 1868 convened, the city of Topeka was confined almost exclusively to the original section of land. There were twelve or fifteen hundred inhabitants in the town. The buildings had nearly all been erected and constructed of rubble stone, soft brick, and cottonwood lumber. There were four or five grocery stores, three or four general stores, and about ten saloons or dramshops. Col. John Ritchie, Wilson L. Gordon and Abner Dqane owned and operated a saw and grist mill located north of the present Rock Island depot, on the

northwest corner of First and Kansas avenues. This mill had one saw for cutting lumber, and one set of old-fashioned burrs for grinding corn meal, flour, and feed. There were no other mills or foundries in the town or neighborhood.

The present State House grounds were inclosed by a rough limestone fence laid up dry, built for the State by John G. Otis in 1863, then the law partner of William P. Douthitt, and since a member of Congress from the Topeka district. The grounds were covered with wild bluestem prairie grass. The magnificent grounds then owned and now occupied by the College of the Sisters of Bethany were an open common, and could not then be distinguished by strangers from the other open prairie in the same neighborhood.

Washburn College occupied a small rubble-stone building situated on the northeast corner of Jackson street and Tenth avenue. The Roman Catholic, Protestant Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal and Congregational churches occupied small stone houses, located in different neighborhoods of the town. The Presbyterians worshipped in a small brick house about twenty by forty feet, between Seventh street and Eighth avenue, on the east side of Kansas avenue, built by Rev. John A. Steele, and the Baptists held their services in a small room over the store of Deacon Joseph C. Miller, standing on the west side of Kansas avenue, between Sixth avenue and Seventh street.

The Roman Catholic church was organized by Rev. James H. Defouri, in the spring of 1862. The following summer and fall he built the walls and put on the roof of the Church of the Assumption, on the corner of Eighth avenue and Jackson street, and held his first services in the new unfinished church on Christmas of that year—unplastered, without floors, and with canvas covering the openings in the building for windows.

This good priest was born in Savoy, Italy, 1830, and in his infancy he was adopted by Count Hipolite de Chambast, and was educated by him at the college of St. Pierre d'Albigny and the seminary of Chambéry, the capital of Savoy. Father Def-

ouri was the pastor of this church from 1862 to 1876, when he went to Santa Fé, New Mexico, as Vicar General to Archbishop Lamy, and pastor of the old relic of a church, Our Lady of the Guadalupe, built probably in 1598.*

The Rev. Charles M. Calloway organized the first Protestant Episcopal church, in 1857, and organized and promoted the scheme that resulted in founding the College of the Sisters of Bethany, under the patronage of the late Bishop Thomas H. Vail. This school prospered, and has become the alma mater of hundreds of young women of this country. Rev. John A. Lee, a priest of the Protestant Episcopal church, and his estimable wife, were at the head of this excellent seminary for young ladies in 1868. The work of the school was a credit to its founders and friends, and it is the pride of the church and the people of the West.

The Congregational church was organized under the care of Rev. Lewis Bodwell, and the erection of the first church edifice was commenced in 1857. During the summer of 1856 the Missouri river was picketed by pro-slavery men from Missouri, for the purpose of keeping back the Free-State emigrants seeking homes in Kansas; and whether the emigrants came by river or by other routes, they were turned back toward the homes they had left. Late in September a company of near three hundred Free-State emigrants, gathered from various States, left Mount Pleasant, Iowa, for Topeka. Rev. Lewis Bodwell, and his brother Sherman, afterwards sheriff of Shawnee county, joined this company, and reached Kansas October 10th. They were met by the United States Territorial Marshal and three hundred United States cavalry, and put under arrest. The following day they were marched twenty-seven miles under a strong military escort; on the next day, Sunday, October 12th, they were marched fifteen miles to Straight creek, where they camped for the night. There, in the evening of the day of rest, by the camp-fires, Mr. Bodwell, like Paul, preached to his

* Autograph letter from Rev. James H. Defouri, in my possession.

fellow-prisoners. His text was, "Lo, I am with you alway." During the tragic struggle that followed between the chivalric votaries of human slavery and the Spartan band of heroic Free-State men, Bodwell was a conspicuous character, and an inspiration to the people of the then Territory. Mounted on his faithful pony, "Major," booted and spurred, and with a close-fitting cap on his head, and an Indian blanket pinned over his shoulders; under the blanket were plainly to be seen the muzzle of a Sharps' rifle and the hilt of a Colt's revolver,* and with a well-thumbed Greek Testament as his constant companion, with the devotion of the pilgrims of old engaged in reclaiming the Holy Land from the Saracens, he traveled and bivouacked on the wild prairie and in the gloomy forest, and struggled, contended and fought for the homes of the Free-State settlers and against the long-haired, rough-riding, merciless enemies of the settlers, and for justice and human rights.

Rev. Lewis Bodwell was born Sept. 8, 1827, in New Haven, Conn.; removed with his parents to Ohio, in 1831, and returned in 1837. From 1837 to 1842 was a pupil of John E. Lovell, in the Lancaster School of New Haven, Conn.; commenced his classical studies with Deacon Simon Hart, of Farmington, Conn., in 1846 and 1847; taught in George street (now Webster) public school of New Haven, Conn., 1847-9; in Trenton (N. J.) Academy, 1849-50; studied at Oneida Conference Seminary, Cazenovia, N. Y., 1851-2; through failing health removed to Dexter, Mich., and there while tutoring in the family of Judge Samuel W. Dexter supplied the Congregational churches of Dexter and Pinckney, 1853-4.

He was licensed by the Jackson Congregational Association at Grass Lake, Mich., April 26, 1854; supplied the Congregational church at Truxton, Courtland county, N. Y., 1855-6; was ordained at Truxton by the Courtland Presbytery, Sept. 3, 1856; was commissioned by the American Home Missionary Society, and started for Kansas Sept. 9, 1856.

* "Congregationalism in Kansas." By Rev. Richard Cordley, D. D.

As early as 1857 the Congregational churches of the Territory took the first steps that secured the establishment of a college of learning at Topeka. Rev. Lewis Bodwell, in April, 1857, was chosen chairman of the committee appointed by the Kansas General Association to secure a location for a Congregational college, and in October, 1858, he was made temporary chairman of the board of trustees of Lincoln, now Washburn College; and the Association voted, in July, 1858, to locate the college at Topeka. This work was the beginning of Washburn College. This institution is indebted more, perhaps, to John Ritchie, one of the early pioneers of the State, for substantial pecuniary aid, than to any other of its founders. He donated to the college one hundred and sixty acres of land on which the college buildings now stand; and this land would now in its natural state be a comfortable competency for a Western family. The school was organized in 1859, and by the zealous self-denial of its founders and friends, and wise and prudent management, it has succeeded beyond the most sanguine hopes of its founders, and is one of the best institutions of learning in the West.

The First Presbyterian church was organized in Topeka February 15, 1860, with fifteen communicants, by Rev. John A. Steele. Mr. Steele was born in Greenbrier county, West Virginia, in 1802. During the tragic and memorable invasion of Kansas by General Sterling Price, while every male person able to bear arms was absent from Topeka in defense of the State, October 12th, 1864, Mr. Steele died, and was buried by the women in the Topeka cemetery. After the death of Rev. John A. Steele, Rev. Samuel T. McClure served the church for a short time, when Rev. John Elkin, D.D., became the pastor; and Rev. F. S. McCabe, D.D., succeeded Mr. Elkin in January, 1869, as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. Rev. John A. Steele was educated at and graduated from the University of Pennsylvania, and took his theological course at Princeton, New Jersey. Mr. Steele left surviving him a widow and a

family of children. His sons and daughters were educated and cultured men and women, and occupy the first places in the social and business activities of life.

The first Methodist Episcopal church was organized March 31, 1855, by Rev. James S. Griffing, pastor. Mr. Griffing was a graduate of the Wesleyan University, of Middletown, Conn. Rev. A. Still, D.D., was presiding elder for the conference district, and the first quarterly conference was held in this church by the presiding elder Nov. 20, 1855. The Governor of the Territory, Robert J. Walker, made a public address in Topeka in the summer of 1857, and donated \$20 for the church building fund of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Topeka. This was the first money secured by the church for the purpose. During part of 1857 and 1858 Rev. J. V. Holliday, brother of C. K. Holliday, the trustee of the town-site for the use of the inhabitants of the town, was pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church. Rev. Walter Oakley was one of the first and most conspicuous members of the Methodist Episcopal church at Topeka. He graduated from the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Connecticut, in 1852. In 1853 he was professor of English literature in the New York Conference Seminary. In the academic years of 1853 to 1855 he was professor of natural sciences in the Wesleyan Female College, at Wilmington, Delaware. January 3, 1856, he came to Topeka, and built the first hotel in the town, and had it completed ready for the meeting of the Topeka Legislature on July 4th of that year.

The Legislature met in Topeka July 4, 1856, but was dispersed by Col. Edward V. Sumner, commanding United States troops, by order of Gov. Wilson Shannon, and in obedience to orders issued by Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War.

The men in those early days, in the bitterness of their environments builded better than they knew. Churches and schools had the first place in the hearts and councils of the entire body of the people. Amid border troubles, hard times, or the pursuits of peace and plenty, public sentiment favored

and encouraged churches and schools, and every citizen, whether saint or sinner, was willing to furnish alike, in adversity or plenty, material aid to secure these blessings.

The people of Kansas were of the best families of every State and country—intelligent, frugal, and liberal in their social and religious views; and when it was proposed to build a Catholic or Protestant church or school, every one was ready and willing to help promote the good work. The inhabitants of Topeka were cast in the liberal mould that unified their aspirations and ambitions for progress and success in their new homes.

When the American traveler visits Glasgow, the second city of the United Kingdom of Great Britain, the people are thinking and talking of ship-building, commerce, and money. The accumulated wealth of the city is largely confined to the old families and active business classes. But the multitude of the population carry everywhere with them evidences of industry, honesty, and frugality. The morals and culture of the people do not seem to keenly concern the wealthy and more fortunate classes; the classes do not seem to care for the masses, as in Edinburgh and Aberdeen. But when the traveler goes from Glasgow to Edinburgh or Aberdeen, the scene is changed. There the traveler finds churches, schools, and works of art at every turn of the street. The people of the latter cities point with pride to the great charities, and evidences of civilization, refinement, and education. The state of society is strikingly marked by the different conditions existing in those different cities. So the first Free-State settlers of Kansas, composed of the best type of the Christian civilization, enjoyed the full freedom of democracy on the virgin prairies, untrammelled by tradition, or usage, or caste; their articles of faith in the body politic was the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

The city of Topeka was located and laid out on the south side of the Kansas river, and the Shunganunga, a sinuous stream, flowed through a luxuriant growth of timber and shrub-

bery by the town on the south.* The river, with its ever-shifting sands and treacherous bed, was crossed by means of a swinging pontoon bridge. There was an island of oval form in the middle of the river at the foot of Kansas avenue, the principal business street of the town. The water in the river flowed in about an equal volume on either side of the island. This island was between two and three hundred feet wide, and the elevation was about equal to the banks on either side. The proprietors of the pontoon bridge had secured a wire cable and stretched it across the river, and the pontoon boats were swung to this cable by means of ropes or cords. Timbers were laid upon these boats, and upon this structure the roadway of the bridge was laid. The bridge may not have been equal, in its structure, to the one built of galleys when Xerxes led the Persian army across the Hellespont for the purpose of conquering Greece, but it served the end for which it was constructed. On the north bank of the river, extending beyond Soldier creek to the bluffs, two or three miles, the land was a level plain, covered with a dense forest of heavy timber.

The timber of the plain was principally cottonwood, walnut, elm, oak, hickory, hackberry, and sycamore, with a dense undergrowth of papaw, redbud or Judas tree, sumac, buck-bush, wahoo, hazel, wild grapes, and ivy. The rich, luxuriant foliage of this forest in the spring, summer and autumn was grand and romantic, and had been the home of the Kansas Indians for centuries. Julie Papan and her family occupied a log cabin in the forest, about a hundred rods from the north end of the pontoon bridge. By the terms of the treaty concluded at St. Louis, Mo., June 3, 1825, between the United States and the chiefs, head-men and warriors of the Kansas Indians, the Government granted to Josette, Julie, Pelagie, and Victoire, the four children of Louis Gonvil, each one section of 640 acres of land on the north side of the Kansas river.†

*The State House and Washburn College at Topeka are 950 feet above the sea level; latitude $39^{\circ} 3'$, and longitude west from Greenwich $96^{\circ} 41'$.

†U. S. Statutes at Large, Indian Treaties, vol. 7, p. 244.

Louis Gonvil was a Frenchman, and came to this country by the way of St. Louis, a political exile, soon after the execution of Louis XVI, the French Revolution, the Reign of Terror, and Napoleon Bonaparte became First Consul of France and set up the Napoleonic dynasty. Louis Gonvil in his exile came among the Kansas Indians from France, and married an Indian maiden of the Kansas nation; and the fruits of the marriage were Josette, Julie, Pelagie, and Victoire. The Government by the treaty of 1825 made like provisions for twenty-two half-breed children whose fathers were political exiles from France, and whose mothers were women of the Kansas nation of Indians.*

The section of 640 acres of land reserved and granted by the Government to Julie Gonvil was on the north side of the Kansas river, and is now the site of North Topeka. Julie Gonvil afterwards married Louis Papan, also a native Frenchman, and with her husband and children occupied the log cabin on her section of land in the forest. Her husband was a hunter, fisherman and trapper, and one of their daughters, Helen, married

*The Kansas nation of Indians, according to the traditions preserved in the Bureau of Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, is of the Cegiha group. Their ancestors formed one people, who dwelt east of the Mississippi river. The traditions of some of the five civilized tribes in the Indian Territory confirm this statement. When the Ponka and their brethren reached the mouth of the Ohio they separated, those who went down the Mississippi becoming the U-ka-qpa (Oo-ka-khpa) or Down-stream people, whence Kwapa or Quapaw, the rest becoming the U-ma-ha, or Up-stream people, whence the name Omaha. This first separation took place prior to A. D. 1541, more than one hundred years before Charles I was executed and Cromwell became Lord Protector of England.

At the mouth of the Osage river occurred the second separation. The Ponka and Omaha crossed the Missouri, being joined by the Iowa, and had sundry adventures, which have been given in detail in an article on Siouan Migrations, published in *The American Naturalist*, vol. XX, No. 3, March, 1886, pp. 216-222.

The final separation was that of the Kansa from the Osage. The Osage remained on or near the river in the State of Missouri bearing their name. They divided into Pa-ha-tel, those camping on a hill, Highlanders, miscalled Great Osage, and U-tseh-ta, those camping at the base of the hill, Lowlanders, misnamed Little Osage. The Kansa ascended the Missouri till they reached the country near what is now the northeastern corner of the State of Kansas. There they met the Cheyennes, who drove them down the Missouri. This led the Kansa to settle near the mouth of the Kansas river. After this, according to their traditions, they met white people for the first time. These traditions, obtained from four of the principal men of the tribe, have been recorded in the original, with interlinear and free English translations, for publication with other Kansa texts by the Bureau of Ethnology.

I am under obligations to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs and J. Owen Dorsey, Ethnologist of the Smithsonian Institution, for the information on this and other subjects now in my possession respecting the Kansas Indians.

O. A. Curtis, a native of the State of Indiana. The marriage was celebrated May 8, 1859, by the Rev. Ignatius Maes, S. J., of St. Mary's Mission,* at the home of the bride's parents.

Charles Curtis, now a member of Congress from the Topeka district, was born in this log cabin surrounded by the deep forest, January 25, 1860, on the reserve or section of land reserved to his grandmother, Julie Gonvil, by the treaty of June 3, 1825.

William Curtis and his wife, the father and mother of O. A. Curtis, came from Indiana before the civil war, and were intelligent, industrious, and worthy people, and commanded the respect and esteem of all their neighbors.

O. A. Curtis was a captain in the Union army during the late civil war, and served in the army with credit and distinction.

Julie Papan sold some of this section of land to William Curtis, the father of her son-in-law, in 1863, and finally sold the remainder of her reserve to others, and followed the remnant of the Kansas nation of Indians into the Indian Territory, where they located on the Arkansas river, thirty or more miles from Arkansas City, and where she is now spending the remnant of her antique life on a farm.

JOHN GUTHRIE.

* MS. letter in my possession, from Rev. H. J. Votel, S. J., President St. Mary's College.

MISJUDGED.

THEY flouted him with scornful scan,
They called him false to friend and foe;
Denounced him, stung him, blow on blow —
“Dishonest, weak, immoral man.”

And yet he bore a cruel load
With patient fortitude, nor quailed
Where others faltered, others failed,
Despairing, murmuring, on their road.

With manly, uncomplaining cheer,
He gave his life, his all; yet through
The bitter sacrifice none knew
He offered that which was most dear.

Oh, shame! dull human hearts, and cold;
We lash each other's cross, in scorn,
We plait each other's crown of thorn,
We crucify, as they of old.

EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

THE long and loud protest that went up from the ranks of the "Young Crowd," so called, when the January AGORA appeared with an article from the pen of Hon. W. A. Phillips, proved that some one had been hurt, and that the wound was more than skin deep. An old warrior, tried in battle and covered with the scars of many conflicts, had entered the lists, and, poising with his old-time aim the lance that was tarnished by age and rusted with idleness, he had sent the weapon with unerring aim at the heel of the young Achilles of Kansas with the vigor with which he was wont to hurl the weapon when he himself was a member of the "Young Crowd" that first charged upon the early enemies of Kansas. With a salutation to the champion of the "Old Crowd" in Kansas politics, than whom there is none more respected, I enter the lists against this noble old knight who has been so seldom unhorsed.

There is an old adage to the effect that young men are the ones for war, while the old men are the proper persons for counsel, but as the adage says nothing about the ones who should hold the offices, there has come up a contention as to who is entitled to the "persimmons," vulgarly so called; and it is to combat the theory that the young men are entitled to none of the fruit, that I am called upon to oppose one who believes that the members of the old crowd need and should have it all. I fully agree with my opponent when he says there should be no "gangs" or "crowds" within the Republican ranks. Of course when we have a majority of 82,000 we can afford to "play horse," but when we are in the minority it behooves every Republican to come in out of the wet, and he cannot take time to look at the tent door to see whether the skull and cross-bones of the old crowd are above it, or whether the tent-flap is ornamented with the pinafore and safety-pins which my friend

the Colonel assumes to believe is the emblem of the young crowd. And with his experience in the vicissitudes of life, even the Colonel will hardly care to dispute that pinafores and safety-pins are as necessary to our modern civilization as are the skulls and cross-bones. Could the two crowds be persuaded to get together in the strife instead of quarreling until the enemy carries off the prize, it seems to me that Kansas and the Republican party would be in better condition, and that both young and old would secure more of the fruit that is popularly supposed to ripen perennially in the garden at Washington and in the big building west of the Santa Fé offices in Topeka.

Let it be understood that the young crowd did not inaugurate this fratricidal war. Deep and ominous were the warnings sounded long before the young crowd of Kansas Republicans had grown large enough to accommodate the maternal slipper. The allegation was made many years ago that the State offices, to say nothing of Federal positions, were in the hands of a few men, familiarly known as the "Bills" and "Jims" of Kansas politics, and that unless a member of the old crowd died (none ever resigned) no one outside of the charmed circle had any more chance to get an office than has a competent man under the reign of Lewelling. Colonel Phillips knows that there were men in office in Kansas who had held office continuously since the war until they were "turned down" by the recent tidal wave. By this I do not mean anything personal, for we all know that there have been times in the history of Kansas when Colonel Phillips did not hold an office, although it must be admitted for the sake of candor that the interregnum occurred through no fault of his own.

I confess that it is a trifle unjust to class Colonel Phillips with the old crowd, the members of which did so much to bring about the recent disasters to the Republican party in Kansas, for the men who were responsible for that calamity were as a rule far inferior to him, save perhaps in the quality of holding on to a good thing when they got it. In that particular he is

equaled by few and surpassed by none. The cry which finally developed into the howl of calamity was first raised as a righteous protest against a few men who dominated Kansas politics, and who made and unmade candidates and officers at their own nauseating will. To deny that the politics of the State was controlled for years by half a dozen men to their own interests and advancement, is to fly in the face of history or to demonstrate that you were one of that crowd that for so many years ruled Kansas as absolutely as it is now ruled by the "inner circle" of the New Dispensation.

And thus it came about that men who believed that the Republican party was not bad because there were bad men or chronic office-seekers and -holders in control of it, determined that the honors, emoluments, and responsibilities should be divided, and that the new generation, or at least the old generation that had been driven from the public places for a third of a century, should have an opportunity. To this astounding departure of course a protest was entered, and so it happens that we find at least one who is so loth to give up his place, so vindictive because he is crowded out, that he registers a vigorous "kick" against the proposition to give anyone younger than himself a "show down," or to grant to them what he has claimed as an absolute right for himself for almost a third of a century. It has not always been so. The time was, as the record tells us, when he believed in young people having office, if they chanced to belong to his own household. Colonel Phillips assumes to believe that the "Young Crowd" consists of infants in arms, of irresponsible youths who have not yet arrived at the age of discretion. In this he errs. The "Young Crowd", of Kansas consists of men who have grown gray in the service of the Republican party as well as of men who are full of youth and vigor. In other words, the "Young Crowd" is simply and solely a protest against the office-holding monopoly that has grown up in the State; and whether a man be twenty-one or ninety-nine, if he believes that a public office is not a private snap, he is eligible to membership.

To the complaint that the Cairo consulship went to a man who has no hair on his face, the attention of Colonel Phillips may pertinently be called to the fact that both Washington and Lincoln lacked that qualification, and there is already a dispute among the artists and authors as to whether or not Columbus boasted a beard. Even my respected antagonist has not enough to make him immortal should he depend upon that alone. If he makes this a *sine qua non*, let him kneel at the shrine of Peffer and have his longings satisfied. The present Cairo consul, with whom he complains that he is not acquainted, is a young man who is worth knowing. An acquaintance would be mutually beneficial. The young man will probably not long remain among the mummies and pyramids of Egypt, and when he returns he will be able to tell of members of the old crowd of Isis and Osiris whom he has seen, and who have held their present places for two thousand years at least—much longer than Colonel Phillips may hope to retain a job, even though he has no interference from the young crowd.

Colonel Phillips does not seem to appreciate the efforts of the young men in the campaign of 1892. Let us make a comparison, personal, if you please, between that battle and the one fought two years before. It is recorded that in 1890 Colonel Phillips was a candidate for Congress from the Fifth District of Kansas. When the vote was counted it was found that he was buried under a majority of 5,484. Two years later, in the campaign which he denounces so vehemently, an illustrious member of the young crowd was pitted against his old antagonist, and he in turn was defeated, but the majority against him was only 1,320. These figures show, if nothing more, that the voters of the Fifth Congressional District of Kansas do not entertain the same views in reference to the young and the old crowd as those held by Colonel Phillips.

And again: In the memorable campaign of 1892 the Republican party attempted to carry two members of this "Old Crowd" who were holding fast to the offices they already had

while attempting through the prestige enjoyed by official position to secure better ones. These two men alone cost the Republican party enough votes to have elected every State officer and to have given us at least two more Congressmen. They were typical members of the "Old Crowd," and for such the Republicans of Kansas have gone down to defeat. It was to protest against such work that the so-called "Young Crowd" was organized, and it is such politics it is fighting to-day.

But since Colonel Phillips has taunted the young men of the State with being responsible for the defeat of the Republican ticket in the last campaign, I want to call attention to a few facts and figures. The campaign of 1890 was conducted by men who had held office continuously for these many years, and who hoped that their lease of life and office would never expire. Flushed by the victory of 1888, they went into the conflict with a whoop and a hurrah that had won so many times before. They had succeeded in crushing the life out of the new movement and the new idea that demanded rotation in office. They refused to listen to the still, small voice that whispered to them of danger. The same old crowd was nominated, and the young fellows who were impudent enough to lift their voices in protest were spanked and sent to bed. Among the old crowd that came up smiling there was no man more prominent than Colonel Phillips. But the end came, and came swiftly. The 82,000 majority melted as a snow-ball does in the place Bob Ingersoll says does not exist; a genuine Kansas cyclone swept the fair prairies, and deep under the wreck of political fences were found the mangled remains of my friend from Salina. And those remains were not the only ones. The Republicans pulled from the débris the many corpses, and realized that, single-handed and alone, the new enemy had virtually triumphed, while the old crowd in Kansas politics stood aghast at the ruin left in the wake of the storm.

Mark the result: Two years later the alleged "Young Crowd" was in control. The New Dispensation united with it

the old-time enemy of the Republican party. Democracy stultified itself and joined with its mortal foe, in the hope of stealing a few bones while the others were fighting. The old crowd was beaten and demoralized. Its members wanted to temporize with the new enemy and secure terms for surrender. One of them even went so far as to write a notable work which has been accepted as a text-book by these enemies of free government. Need I mention his name when it is already known throughout the State, when he has been for many years a Republican Congressman, aspired to the same office twice more, and finally wrote for *THE AGORA* a diatribe against the "Young Crowd"?

Again the election came. Against the combined hosts of Democracy, socialism, anarchy and dyspepsia the young crowd marshalled its hosts, while the chronic office-seekers "jeered with jeers" and predicted defeat. When the fight was over it was found that the Republicans had lost most of the offices, but they had retained the lower house of the Legislature and their own honor, and had saved Kansas from lasting shame and disgrace.

In the campaign of 1890 the combined opposition to the Republican party had a majority of 64,534. In the campaign of 1892 the combined majority (I count in both Democrats, Populists, Prohibitionists and all others who are troubled with softening of the brain) was 9,610—a Republican gain in two years of 54,924, which Colonel Phillips says "could not well have been worse." If he speaks for the opposition, he is certainly correct.

The campaign of 1892 was conducted by the "Young Crowd" of Kansas, and as long as the State shall endure every true citizen will have reason to be proud of the work done. Had it not been for the fact that the managers were hampered and their progress checked by the chronic office-seekers within the ranks, the victory would have been complete and overwhelming. At one effort Kansas would have shaken off the fetters

that have bound her, freed herself from the old barnacles that have retarded the progress of the party and the State, and would to-day have stood free from anarchy, boodleism, crankism, and political idiocy, as she will stand when the last chain is loosed and the lunatics and bomb-throwers are relegated. The campaign of 1892, conducted as it was by the young brain and brawn of Kansas, which Colonel Phillips aspires to despise, was the grandest battle for free government since the War of Independence, and it will go down to history as the most dauntless and superb fight ever waged in American politics.

C. S. FINCH.

SUNSET.

THE sun, like the Moslem prophet,
His turban has unfurled;
And lo! it floats as a banner
Across the western world.

IDA A. AHLBOEN.

A PLEA FOR BYRON.

WHEN Sir Walter Scott said that Byron was his own worst enemy, he uttered a truth applicable indeed to Byron, but in great measure to every man. It is a pleasing shield back of which his sins may be sheltered from the cold, biting glances of the "detective" eyes of those who are good "in their own conceits." Scott, however, was more than charitable, in that Byron took good care that the world should know all about him; and I doubt not that his vivid imagination very often filled up the gaps in his experiences with things more vile than he ever committed.

To study this man there is no lack of material. Every essayist since the days of Byron has written about him; if you desire opinions, almost every man, woman and child is prepared to give them. I am not ambitious to satisfy the judgments or change the opinions of a single reader, but I feel at liberty to state how he affects me.

When I study Byron, I sing encomiums and shout condemnations; when I read him, I am raised into the sublime and I blush; when I shut my eyes and think of him, I see now an angel, now a demon; when I write about him, I want to bless him and I want to damn him—I am bewildered. Yet he was no monster. We have to do here with a man—a man who sang wondrous beautiful, a man in whom were heroic principles, a man who fought with all his being to break down "cant" which seemed to drag literature in the dust, a man who loved the good and the free, a man who not only wrote for the oppressed Greeks but drew his sword in their behalf, a man who loved woman and adored her, a man who was hampered in every undertaking, a man who was cruelly dealt with from the cradle to the grave, a man whose burdens were so heavy that he feared and dreaded insanity, a man who tried to do his best and failed

so immeasurably that in spite of fear and dread he called for "Insanity!—anything to quell conscience, that never-dying worm that preys upon my heart."

If pride ever made a man, that man was Byron. If pride ever overcame a man, that man was Byron. He was proud of everything—of his ancestry, of which most men would have been ashamed. He was very proud of his face and figure, and dieted himself continually in order to keep down the superfluity of fat, although he was at almost every opportunity ready to join his fellows in any kind of dissipation. He was proud of his poetry, and when he had placed his first poems before the public, entitled "Hours of Idleness," and the *Edinburgh Review* reported unfavorably, he dashed off that proud, revengeful satire, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," in which he spared no one, and exhibited that lack of judgment which you discover all through his life. He was proud of his vices even, and seemed to enjoy nothing more than to have those who prided themselves on their virtue look down upon him and despise him. He was not proud of his lameness; indeed, it was the one thing about which he was extremely sensitive, and we shall in kind remembrance draw a veil over it and forget it.

The most simple chronicle of his life envelops me in a melancholy gloom of sadness, which I do not haste to dispel, for I am not ready to admit that in estimating the character of a man and reviewing his work we should proceed on a stoical basis. We must enter into the environments and sympathies and life of the man, and into the conditions and motives for his work. With these, as well as the effect on humanity, as a criterion, we are in a position to pass judgment.

At Harrow he was the kind of student we all enjoy. He tore down the iron gratings from the master's windows "because they darkened the hall." He dissuaded the boys from burning one of the school-rooms. There are always some persons who can see nothing but rowdyism in such a student, and these call Byron a rowdy, basing the charge on the fact that he at one time wrung the neck of a duck. Let him who never

plucked the wings of flies, or jerked the legs off grasshoppers, or robbed birds'-nests, bring such charges, and I shall bear with the infirmities of the man who brings the charge. Perhaps it was on the same day that no less a personage than Sir Robert Peel was being beaten by a big bully. Byron saw it, could not fight the offender, walked up to him and asked how many stripes the boy should have. "Why, you little rascal, what is that to you?" "Because, if you please, sir, I would take half." Would you expect so much from the exemplary Sunday-school scholar of the present? When he came to Harrow he was bullied, laughed at, unpopular, behind his age and class in Latin and Greek, "a fat, bashful boy, with hair combed straight over his forehead, and looking a perfect gaby"—a typical freshman. He left Harrow the equal of his fellows in curriculum work; superior to them in that he had read systematically every history he could lay his hands on, had gone through "all the British classics in Johnson and in Anderson," and had read most of the living poets. He came out a young man fine of form and feature, with a mind stored with useful learning, a favorite and leader among his fellows, able to command respect, with ambition and determination to make use of all. Three years later he left Cambridge, licentious—affectionate, dissipated—beloved, thinner—handsomer, a swimmer—a poet.

In his relation to women I sympathize with him. I wish I might have told him so. Give me a mother like Byron's mother, marry me to a woman like his wife, surround my home-life with devilish women, and I will be a demon. Byron could not love his mother. Not a stanza, not a verse of his poetry was by her inspired except it be "The Deformed Transformed," the opening scene of which is evidently based on the occasion when she called him "a lame brat" and he answered, "I was born so, mother." He felt intensely the lack of love and appreciation, and sang in this same drama:

"I must do

Her bidding;—wearily but willingly

I would fulfill it, could I only hope

A kind word in return."

He was treated cruelly by her while a boy, and even after they had removed to Southwell her treatment of him was merciless. He bore this affliction quietly, and whenever the matter was referred to, it was "in lighter vein." His letters to her were civil, but evinced no affection. Mrs. Byron taught her son not one positive good, though she influenced him in one good negative—"to abhor tyrants, to pity the poor, the weak, the oppressed."

I like Mary Gray, his second nurse, because to her we owe all the good influences of his boyhood; and Mary Duff, in whom his school-boy love centered, because she was more to him than our nine-year-old sweethearts were to us. When, at sixteen, he heard of her marriage, he nearly fell into convulsions, and as late as 1807, in "The Adieu" he says of her:

"Thine image cannot fade."

While in love with Margaret Parker he writes: "I could not sleep—I could not eat—I could not rest. . . . But I was a fool then, and I am not much wiser now." I thank her for having inspired some of the sweetest of his verses. The first stanzas in "Hours of Idleness" are on her death; and are there many things more touching and sweet than—

"Hush'd are the winds, and still the evening gloom,
Not e'en a zephyr wanders through the grove,
Whilst I return, to view my Margaret's tomb,
And scatter flowers on the dust I love."

And those other lines written in 1812, beginning—

"And thou art dead, as young and fair
As aught of mortal birth."

Mary Chaworth was a thoughtless girl, and lively. She was pleasant enough, and of sufficient beauty to have Byron fall in love with her. I am sorry he loved her so much. Though some regard her amiable, I cannot. Fortunately she did not return his love, and "The Dream" was called forth, that poem which "cost him many a tear in writing"; that poem which is "the most mournful as well as picturesque, 'story of a

wandering life' that ever came from the pen or heart of man." I am led to believe that to the influence of Mary Chaworth is due this miserable man's weakness for courting melancholy, for in the seventh stanza of "The Dream" he exclaims:

"And this the world calls phrensy; but the wise
Have a deeper madness, and the glance
Of melancholy is a fearful gift:
What is it but the telescope of truth?"

He recognizes the influence of his half-sister, the much decried, but plain, amiable, pious Augusta, over him, and portrays it:

"When fortune changed — and love fled far,
And hatred's shafts flew thick and fast,
Thou wert the solitary star
Which rose, and set not to the last."

"Still may thy spirit dwell on mine,
And teach it what to brave or brook—
There's more in one soft word of thine
Than in the world's defied rebuke."

During his short married life he was not faithful to his wife, Anne Isabella Milbanke, and at times treated her harshly if not cruelly and shamefully. I am not ready to excuse him, but I am sufficiently charitable, or weak if you please, to consider the occasion for his outbursts. Men of genius are not mild as a rule: they are given to moods, are eccentric; they have little patience with the common-places of life, cannot easily adapt themselves to their environments. All this was particularly true of Byron. Lady Byron could not enter into his spirit, she did not adapt herself to his moods, she did not sympathize with his eccentricities, she condemned his writing verses, and called his enthusiasm "feigned." When he wished to have her love him she was cold, when he wanted to love her she was unapproachable, when he was writing she scolded, when he was mad she raved. Dr. Drury gave himself up to Byron, and he led the "wild mountain colt" "by a silken thread." Had Lady Byron given herself up to her licentious husband she might have led him by a golden cord away from vice to her own

"cherished virtue," transformed the deformed, and placed herself first among the wives of great men, and Byron would have been indeed "the poet of reform." As it was, she is condemned by the world and her Byron is a reprobate. At times I have thought that he did not love her, but when I read verses like these :

"Would that breast were bared before thee
Where thy head so oft hath lain,

Would that breast by thee glanced over,
Every inmost thought could show !
Then thou wouldst at last discover
'Twas not well to spurn it so."

And —

"Every feeling has been shaken ;
Pride, which not a world could bow,
Bows to thee — by thee forsaken,
Even my soul forsakes me now."

—when I read such verses from pages "blotted all over with marks of tears," and think of "that breast" heaving and falling as the sobs break forth, and of the sadness and the longings within "that breast," and put myself in his place when he asks the mother of his child to

"Teach her to say 'Father !'
Though his care she must forego,"

I am not ashamed to shed for Byron one tear, and say that such love covers a multitude of sins. And then in less than two weeks he writes that fierce and nasty attack upon Mrs. Clermont. Though powerful in the first stanza, it is so vile and low throughout that the beauty and pathos and love of the "Farewell" lose their innocence. I wish I might believe that "The Sketch" had been wrought out in the bewilderment of his misfortune.

Whether the fact that he worked more steadily and produced more poetry during the last five years of his life was owing to Countess Theresa Guiccioli, who controlled his affections at that time, I am not prepared to say. But it is evident that all through his life the influence of woman was very marked — she

called forth his best, she emphasized his worst; she drew him to the height of happiness, she dragged him into the depths of melancholy; she placed upon his brow now a wreath of laurel, now a crown of thorns; she was his guardian angel, and his guardian demon. Woman was his daily trial and his daily care; and

“’Tis the vile daily drop on drop which wears
The soul out (like the stone) with petty cares.”

“Hours of Idleness” appeared in 1807, when the poet was nineteen. The quality of the poetry was perhaps sufficiently low to warrant the celebrated critique of the *Edinburgh Review*, though the *Monthly Reviewers* commented favorably. The *Edinburgh* at this time had full sway, and a man’s productions almost rose or fell by its criticism. Had the poems come from a poor, unknown man of nineteen, the criticism would in all probability have been more favorable; but coming from the owner of Newstead and a lord, there was no mercy—which was right. It was “quite the thing” then for lords and almost everyone to dabble in poetry, just as it is now for everyone to paint. If the authorities of the *Edinburgh* were as tired of seeing poets without poems as I am of seeing painters without paintings, I am not in the least surprised that they attempted to strike one off the list. The standard of poetry was becoming low. To laud such poems as these would certainly have no tendency to raise the standard. Byron had *presented* the poems to the public and promised in the preface that he would not again be “an intruder into the groves of Parnassus,” and the critique fittingly closes: “Let us be thankful; and, with honest Sancho, bid God bless the giver, nor look the gift-horse in the mouth.” I am glad for this article: it forms a very important link in Byron’s literary history. It injured his pride and became the negative impetus of his ambition. It is amusing how he condemns critics in his satire:

“A man must serve his time to ev’ry trade
Save censure—critics all are ready made;”

and Byron immediately is a critic.

Who is not thrilled with his first speech in the House of Lords? Though his maiden speech, it was a master speech. He stood firmly on the side of the oppressed. The lords were surprised, and he had commanded their admiration. Two days later appeared "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." The result was electric, wonderful. "It produced an effect," says Scott, "upon the public, at least equal to any work which has appeared within this or the last century, and placed at once on Lord Byron's head the garland for which other men of genius have toiled long and have gained late." "I awoke one morning and found myself famous," he says, and it was true. The best and greatest men of the day surrounded his door, statesmen and literary critics were there to grasp his hand; all day long his table was filling with congratulatory letters. Two weeks before, London was a desert to him; he was alone in the greatest city in the world—now the leaders of fashion embrace him, his name is on every tongue—he is the greatest man in the greatest city. There are not many things finer than those eight stanzas in the third canto beginning

"There was a sound of revelry by night."

But the most beautiful passage to me in the poem is the description of the thunder-storm in the mountains at night, as

"Far along,
From peak to peak the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!
And this is in the night:—Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! Let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far-delight—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black—and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth."

This poem, like Don Juan, has no plan; and like the author,

has no system. He simply wrote. And as he wrote, so he stopped — abandoning his pilgrim on the borders of the ocean to which he pronounced that wonderful classic apostrophe, beginning

“Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean — roll!”

This verse is enough upon which to dream and meditate and go mad.

Of Don Juan I wish to say only that in it Byron displays unparalleled ease of rhythm, that as easy as his pen drops ink does his thought drop rhyme and jingle. There are four verses in particular that please me in this in Canto XVth, stanza 5:

“There’s music in the sighing of a reed;
There’s music in the gushing of a rill;
There’s music in all things, if men had ears:
Their earth is but an echo of the spheres.”

To raise the question whether Byron was a great poet, is absurd; and yet it seems necessary. If I study only his creations, I am satisfied. They are all single creations. “He requires no grouping to give effect to his favorites, or to tell his story.” “His heroines,” says Wilson, “are solitary symbols of loveliness, which require no foil; his heroes stand alone as upon marble pedestals, displaying the naked power of passion, or the wrapped-up and reposing energy of grief.” Who has created such statuary since the days of Greece? But I am not critic enough to prove by internal evidence that he was a great poet, though I have reason enough to judge a little by external evidence. When in ten years £75,000 pass over the counter of one bookseller from his pen alone; when 14,000 copies of one of the meaner poems are sold in one day; when all the literary men of his day court his favor; when the most adverse as well as the most favorable criticisms that were ever written appear over his poems; when with one stroke of his pen he brings all London to his feet; when within a short lifetime of thirty-six years a man gathers all the English-speaking peoples of the world, and holds them as his audience for four-score years and more, I am ready to call that man a genius; and

when he does it all with his verse, I am ready to name him a great poet. Will his poetry stand the test of time? I don't know; but so long as there are secret sins in high places and in low, so long will the satirist have an important part to play. Juvenal with all his lewdness has stood the test of centuries: may not so Byron? So long as the works of Horace, and of Homer, and of Aristophanes, without expurgation, are read and studied in the class-rooms of our colleges (and I am not in favor of doing away with them), so long will there be a place for Childe Harold and for Don Juan.

Byron was affectionate. When he met Clare after eight years, he says: "I could feel his heart beat to his fingers' ends, unless indeed it was the pulse of my own that made me think so." Yes, and he was generous too. Remember, if you please, how he slipped a £500 note into a cup for the widow of Lord Falkland, how in his later years he gave one-fourth of his income to charity, and in Greece how he obtained the release of many Turkish prisoners, and gave nearly all he had for the popular cause of liberty in Italy, and finally gave his life for the liberation of Greece. And yet he always felt alone, fighting with himself in solitude to make himself better.

"If from society we learn to live,
'Tis solitude should teach us how to die;
It hath no flatterers; vanity can give
No hollow aid; alone — man with his God must strive."

He is charged with laziness. Lazy, indeed! Can a man be lazy and so voluminous in thirty-six years? He belonged not to the school which taught her followers to "put the best foot forward." He fought cant. He did not wish to appear better than he was, but emphasized the other side abnormally, and appeared worse than he was. The world, judging by appearance, believes him worse even than he appeared. Thus does the world of Cant grind down her reformers in the dust.

And now after all, what of Byron? Will the dark side of his student-life be forever held toward the public? Will Lady Byron's separation from him be always mentioned to condemn

him? Will his illegitimate daughter, Allegra, continue to rise from her grave night after night to make calumny howl? Will his sexual and other dissipations in Venice continue to be mercilessly written in letters of blood at the beginning of every poem? Yes; so was the cry started, so has it continued, and so will it continue. When we cease to read him for his vulgarity; when we cease to smile that knowing, quiet, nasty smile at seeing his works in a Sunday-school-teacher's library, or on hearing him quoted from the pulpit; when we cease to hide him away from the eyes of our children and young friends; when we shall emphasize the truth that is in him, these shadowy vagaries, which are worse than all the blackness of history, will be carried away on the bosom of the winds into the oblivion of forgotten things.

Byron was best at his death. He had grown, was growing, and had he reached the age of Wordsworth he would have been—no matter what he would have been: he was great at thirty-six. Cry calumny if you will, and denounce him, bind him—yes, chain him—fetter his poetry, his body, his soul, his spirit—all, to the Promethean rocks, cast rocks and poetry and Byron far out into the “deep and dark blue ocean,” where he may sink and the ocean—roll. He is used to it, and you will hear the fearless voice singing back to the earth for the last time:

“It was at length the same to me,
Fetter'd or fetterless to be,
I learn'd to love despair.

My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends,
To make us what we are.”

ABNER STAUFFER DECHANT.

THE TRUE PROVINCE OF GOVERNMENT.

THIS is an old and hackneyed topic, and one we Americans have been discussing ever since we set up national house-keeping; and we are not agreed yet. Hamilton thought out a system we did not take kindly to, and Jefferson with others elaborated something more democratic and more congenial to the young Nation's ideas. This latter plan of governmental control has come to be accepted as the American plan. It is, in a general way of speaking, something like this: To have the government do little, and leave the citizen to do much—the largest personal freedom and the least governmental interference, the *laissez faire* idea.

And yet, though we started out a hundred years and more ago on this theory, the public judgment is far from being satisfied or contented with it. Men are asking for new things at the hands of the Washington government. They do not seem to regard anything as settled and agreed upon as a finality and a fixed quantity in our system. The environments about us—political, social, and financial—are not to-day what they were a generation or so ago. These are ever changing, and are constantly pressing into the forum of conscience, and so coloring and moulding the Nation's actions and thoughts.

In theory, our fundamental law is put into form and words, unchangeable by the legislature, only by the people. In this we differ from that of England, where the constitution is unwritten and scattered through hundreds of volumes of statutes and reports of judicial decisions. The English constitution is constantly changing, and may not be exactly the same thing at the end of a given session of parliament that it was at the beginning. When Gladstone gets his Irish Reform measures embodied into law, then the constitution of the kingdom may be said to have changed a little from what it is to-day.

Mr. Brice terms it a flexible constitution, and ours he calls a rigid constitution, one that can be read through in twenty-three minutes. And yet he admits that our constitution is greatly modified from what it was in 1789. I think such modifications must be said to have come about from changes in the notions and ideas of the people themselves as to what really is, and ought to be, the true province of any government. What was quite satisfactory fifty years ago may not do at all to-day in satisfying the toiling millions who are the real keepers and residuaries of all power. Our Presidential electors have by usage, and by usage only, lost the right the constitution gave them of exercising their discretion in electing a President. Here practically we have made a change of the constitution, and this not in the manner prescribed by that instrument.

In a country like ours, where everything suggests movement and progress, no written instrument can remain the same from year to year as the fundamental law. The hand of time and the wants and necessities of human society are constantly wearing away the sharp edges of its limitations. If this be true, what may be good government to-day may be poor government to-morrow. Mr. Webster wanted free trade for New England in the early years of this country, and he wanted protection for that same section only eight years later. And that is only saying of that great statesman that the true and proper province of government was one thing in the early part of his career, and quite another thing a few years later on of that same career.

Massachusetts to-day asks for a low, or perhaps a revenue tariff. She will say now that the true and proper duty of the Washington government in that matter, is to do whatever since 1824 she has been opposed to having done. President Eliot said, when in town a year since, that he did not know of a single free coinage of silver man in his State, but he frankly admitted that were he a dweller in the Mississippi Valley, he most likely would think as many of us do touching that particular topic.

Take the improvement of the Mississippi river. We Westerners say it is clearly the duty of the General Government to make that stream navigable; and besides, to levee its banks—a step beyond making it navigable, and a step which will inure to the direct benefit of private capital.

The Eastern politician does not see the duty of the central government to be quite in that line, or at least very many do not. But as the process of world-crowding goes on, it is easy to see that a generation hence, millions of public money will be poured out for that and similar purposes. Political control will by-and-by be in that valley, and votes enough will be interested to carry all such measures.

Even our highest court made its record clearly in strict accord with the Federal constitution, when it said the paper dollar or the greenback ought not to be issued, or was unsanctioned by that instrument as the money of the constitution; but public opinion clearly sustained President Grant when he made a majority of that tribunal over by his appointments, a few years later, in order that it might say the very opposite thing on this subject. The people, the source of all power, wanted the latter decision to prevail as the correct interpretation of the organic law. And so it stands to-day.

So I might go on in our past history. It seems like an ever-changing quantity. Current politics to-day becomes history to-morrow. Law, to be law in any just and proper sense, in all free governments, will have the people behind it, and as popular changes in the social order come from time to time over the ever-progressing national thought, the trend of the government policy will be found to correspond thereto.

A commentator thus well puts it: "As *laissez aller* is the necessary course in a federal government, so it is the right course in all free governments. Law will never be strong or respected unless it has the sentiment of the people behind it. If the people of a state make bad laws they will suffer for it. They will be the first to suffer. Let them suffer. Suffering, and

nothing else, will implant that sense of responsibility which is the first step to reform. Therefore let them stew in their own juice; let them make their bed and lie upon it. If they drive capital away, there will be less work for the artisans; if they do not enforce contracts, trade will decline, and the evil will work out its own remedy sooner or later. Perhaps it will be later rather than sooner. If so, experience will be all the more conclusive. We cannot be democrats by halves; and when self-government is given, the majority of the community must rule. Its rule will in the end be better than that of any external power." No doctrine, he says, more completely pervades the American people, the instructed as well as the uninstructed. "Philosophers will tell you that it is the method by which nature governs, in whose economy error is followed by pain and suffering, whose laws carry their own sanction with them. Divines will tell you that it is the method by which God governs. Statesmen will point to the troubles which followed the attempt to govern the re-conquered seceding States by force and by disfranchisement." He instances the violence often prevailing on our frontiers, and thinks such communities will in time unlearn such bad habits and come out right if we leave them alone. He presents this as the American view, and then adds: "Those who have learnt to know the Americans, will agree that no nation so well understands its own business."

This idea is what has been called the American ground-idea, on which we have built our political structure. There are with us certain dogmas, or maxims, which are deemed fundamental, out of which those views have sprung, and which we will always strike when sinking a shaft, so to speak, down deep into the American mind.

Among them I may note a certain right of the individual to enjoy what he has earned, and to express his individual opinion on all matters. These are primordial and sacred. As also the idea that all power resides in the people, and hence the most popular government is the best; that all officials are agents

only of the people; "that when any function can be equally well discharged by a central or by a local body, it ought, by preference, to be intrusted to the local body as the safest and the best; that two men are wiser than one, one hundred than ninety-nine, and so on; that the less of government there is, the better for all; and that its functions must be kept at their minimums."

But we do well not to forget to bear in mind the lesson of our history, that as our civilization becomes more complex and refined, it is at the same time becoming more exacting. It takes more law to regulate a dense, than it does a sparse population. Sixty-five millions have more desires and more aversions than one-half that number. The exhaustion of our public domain has of recent years come in as a factor that is making disturbances hitherto unheard of. And this newer condition of things must, I think, result in the imposition of stronger safeguards to life and property than have been needed hitherto. In other words, government will take on more and more limitations for its citizens, as the country gradually approaches European conditions, in having the poorer classes vastly augmented, and the richer classes correspondingly increased.

Among us Americans, while in general adhering to these notions, as a whole people, there are those who wish the Government should do very much more than do others; while others say, let us greatly curtail the present sphere of governmental action in the interest of individualism. In this class are to be found many profound political students, solitary thinkers, but not particularly men of affairs nor men having a first-hand acquaintance with the practical methods of government. But the most consistent and thorough-going upholders of this view—the restrictor's view—belong to that school of thinkers best represented by Herbert Spencer. His writings contain by far the most powerful and exhaustive statement of the argument against over-legislation, and against the growing tendency to rely upon state assistance. Certain advocates of his views oppose compulsory education because it involves state interference, and so they carry to the extreme the *laissez faire* idea.

Garfield looked forward with apprehension to a state of things in this country when its public lands should be exhausted, and its population should become dense. And he said of Lord Macaulay's letter to Mr. Randall in 1857, that it startled him "like an alarm-bell at night." A sentence in that letter says of the United States: "Your fate I believe to be certain, though it is deferred by a physical cause. As long as you have a boundless extent of fertile and unoccupied land, your laboring people will be far more at ease than the laboring population of the Old World. But the time will come when it will be as thickly populated as old England. Wages will be as low, and will fluctuate as much, with you as with us. You will have your Manchesters and your Birminghams. And in these Manchesters and Birminghams hundreds of thousands of artisans will assuredly be sometime out of work. Then your institutions will be fairly put to the test."

When that day overtakes us, I am quite sure we will greatly modify any notions that we can now form as to what our exact governmental machinery shall need to be. Hence it seems as if the true scope of government varies from age to age, and so may be set down as a variable, and not a fixed quantity, in the great problem of perfecting human society.

Of course the general rules given us in the books will always remain true, that Government should do only what members of the community, either singly or collectively, are unable to do of themselves, or unable to do sufficiently well without the coöperation of public authority. But men will never quite agree where we shall find the line of demarkation between things pertaining directly and specifically to governments, and things which pertain to them only partially, or not at all. Certain things there are, that of necessity belong to Government, such as those functions whose fulfillment is essential at all times to the maintenance of independence and national unity; the execution of the laws; negotiations with foreign countries; the raising of military forces; the collection of taxes for the expenses of public utility.

But outside of all considerations of this character lies that great open field of debate where men never see alike. These general considerations often make all the difference between republican and other forms of government. The one fact of territorial extension, Montague declares to be of altogether decisive importance in settling the question as to what the Government shall be in form. He says the natural peculiarity of small states is to be governed by republics; those of medium size, to be subject to a monarch; those of great empires, to be governed by a despot. What is true in this regard is that, at bottom, the causes of discord and ruin which they contain are almost always in proportion to the size of the state.

It would seem that our own country is an exception to this principle thus far in our history; but how long this may continue to be the case no one can safely say. When we fill up our western open regions with a dense population, it is fair to predict very different conditions, both social and political, from what prevail to-day.

Nor does history throw any certain light upon what those conditions may be.

The character of man so much varies from age to age—so many new objects of desire or aversion arise—so many new and powerful motives spring up, that what has been done in the past is no indication of what man will do when the times and circumstances about him shall be greatly changed from what they now are. Mr. Webster said: "History is an example which may teach us the general principles of human nature, but does not instruct us greatly in its various possible developments."

Take Kansas and the temperance question, in a large view, taking in whole districts and states. Experience, as history records it, hardly indicates that there is any one *best* method of governmental control over all the ills and evils flowing from the free sale of liquor. "The best method differs in different communities." The man who cares more for temperance results than for temperance theories is likely to say the true and

proper function of government is discharged in promoting local option in Georgia and Massachusetts; high license in Nebraska and Minnesota; prohibition in Kansas and Maine. Just now with us, both in Kansas and out of Kansas; the doctrines preached by Hamilton are waxing, and the doctrines elaborated by Jefferson are waning. Paternalism in government, what the First Charles believed in, and in the promotion of which he lost his life, is just now, particularly in Kansas, calling on Government to take care of the individual citizen; to give him a living; to buy and own the railroads for him and in his interests; to furnish him cheap money; and then to step in and guarantee its payment. This popular craze is now on, in the newer West; and the end is not yet. But the great diffusion of popular education, together with the small percentage of illiteracy and crime, in our own State, would seem to afford us hope that this craze will soon pass off, and that all those juster and correcter notions and ideas entertained by the founders of the Republic, as to what the true and proper function of government is, and of right ought to be, will shortly prevail.

J. S. EMERY.

TAXATION.

TAXES have been defined to be "the enforced proportional contributions from persons and property levied by the state, by virtue of its sovereignty, for the support of government and for all public needs." If this definition be accepted as correct, it necessarily follows that to the state must be left the determination from whom, and what and in what proportions these enforced contributions shall be levied.

In despotic governments this determination often represents simply the whim or caprice of the sovereign, and may at times be an indication of favoritism or hostility; but in a government of the people, for the people, and by the people, taxation should rest upon fixed principles of justice. However, the levying and payment of taxes rests upon the idea of reciprocity, and while the exact amount of taxes collected from each citizen or levied upon each article can never, in the very nature of things, be exactly and equitably proportional to the benefits and the protection received and obtained from the state, yet the eternal principles of right demand that, theoretically at least, no citizen shall be required to contribute an amount inequitably proportional to the benefits received by him.

The fallibility of human judgment and the difficulty of applying rules of exact justice to the affairs of men render impossible the establishment of the ideal system of taxation. We can only *approach* an absolutely *equitable distribution* of the burdens of taxation, and adopt a system that *as nearly as possible* secures it. Many who share the benefits of government and receive its most beneficent aid do not and cannot contribute to its support. Some who are highly benefited and receive substantial aid from the government are ready and willing to offer their lives whenever called upon, and surrender them to the best advantage of the government, but are compelled to pass by on the other side when the government calls for financial aid.

He who shall suggest the plan which most equitably distributes the burdens of taxation will have performed a service to his fellow-men entitling him to their highest regard and continuous thanks. He who suggests a plan which shall *more equitably* distribute taxation's burden shall not be soon forgotten.

Perhaps no demand upon the individual purse which *must* be met is more grudgingly yielded to than that of an obnoxious tax. Any successful evasion of such a tax is by many worthy citizens considered justifiable and laudable. Even if the amount be small, the wealthiest will at times unhesitatingly escape from an odious tax, though discovery might bring both penalty and shame.

It is therefore well to bear in mind, in considering changes in existing plans, that one should only make such recommendations as can be successfully put into operation; and one should also remember that of those plans which will successfully operate, a plan which would meet the hearty approval of one class of legislators or *judges* might, by reason of the diversity of ideas as to what is equitable in taxation, be disdainfully rejected by another class equally worthy and honorable.

Should the same plan of taxation be adopted by national, State and municipal government, (unless the most nearly perfect one which human fallibility will suggest be selected,) we would find ourselves in confusion, riot, and possibly rebellion, when its application should be attempted, even among the people of this nation. Much that the citizen will endure from the Federal Government without a murmur would be doggedly and unwillingly submitted to from the State, and bitterly resisted when imposed by a city government.

The regard one feels for the city of his residence differs from that felt for the State; while the most devoted adherent of State sovereignty and he who spells nation with the largest N agree that respect, love and loyalty for their State differs in kind and quantity from that felt for the nation.

In order, then, that practical suggestions be made, these dif-

ferences should be constantly borne in mind, and all confusion, in so far as possible, should be averted, by first considering whatever may be of general application to national, State and city government, and then suggest separately that which might best be applied separately to each.

Taxes, national, State, and municipal, are heaviest and most inequitable when there is the greatest extravagance in their disbursement. That they are heaviest, needs no demonstration.

Taxes sufficient to meet the demands of a well-ordered and economically administered government are usually collected in a manner conceived by all to be reasonably equitable; but when the hand of extravagance begins to scatter the collected taxes, special burdens are laid, and new, and sometimes highly odious and unjust, measures are adopted to replenish a depleted treasury.

The first plan, then, to be suggested to procure the equitable distribution of the burden of taxation for the support of national, State and municipal government, is the practice of a rigid economy in governmental expenditures. Rigid economy and niggardliness are not of kin. They bear to each other a very slight resemblance; but the parsimonious, the penurious and the sordid, as well as the extravagant, the lavish and the prodigal, can seldom distinguish one from the other. It may be highly economical to disburse millions, and the most wasteful and foolish extravagance may be shown in the needless expenditure of a few thousands. When the government spends money for what it absolutely needs, and pays only a reasonable price for what it gets, rigid economy may require the treasury to be exhausted; but when it purchases what is useless, even at a scandalously low price, it is guilty of gross extravagance.

To offer a theory without suggesting a plan for securing its practical application, is futile. How then shall we secure economical administration of governmental affairs?

First, By thoroughly informing the constituents of our legislators, national, State, and municipal, of the character and

amount of appropriation of public funds, and encouraging the constituents of such legislators to hold them to a strict account for any extravagance.

Second, By economically expending what has been appropriated. To accomplish this, the people must be encouraged to watch and criticise these expenditures. "Woman is nature's economist," and whether one favors or opposes woman suffrage, it cannot be denied that the interests of economy can be subserved by intrusting to the frugal hand of woman the distribution of many appropriations. One of our illustrious statesmen has charged the defeat of the Republican party in the Congressional elections of 1890 upon the women of the nation. Whether their conduct be lauded or condemned, it was undoubtedly the result of their training in the principles and practice of economy. They believed that the Republican party had increased the cost of living, and they vigorously protested against maintaining it in power. Their efforts in the interest of economy were commendable, whether their judgment be approved or not.

There has recently been discovered in the body politic a very feverish symptom of a most malignant disease, which for a time threatened to prove incurable. Fortunately the lance of public opinion, timely applied, with the aid of a cathartic of common-sense, has reduced the danger to a minimum. This disease threatened to destroy the health of a well-established government, and leave an enfeebled frame, which would need and demand the enrollment of the majority of our citizens in official capacity. The signs of the time now indicate that we may in the near future rather reduce than increase the number of our office-holders, and thus, by a most desirable economy, more equitably distribute the burdens of taxation.

To raise the amount necessary for the support of our National Government, the present method of indirect taxation, and direct taxation upon consumable luxuries, is probably generally acceptable; and, while taxes thus raised are not evenly distributed,

they can be quite equitably distributed. While the necessities of to-day include some of the luxuries of the last century, so long as any article continues to be a luxury, he who insists upon using it should be willing to pay for the privilege.

For the support of national government, the most equitable tax is a fair, judicious and well-collected income tax. Income taxes are as odious as any that have ever been levied by this government. They have also been more generally evaded than any other. These facts are not due to the injustice of *an* income tax, but to the unfairness of such as have been levied.

When all of one's income is invested as soon as received in property which is heavily taxed, except such an amount as is necessary for the daily support of himself and family, the citizen cannot be convinced that from his income should be required the same proportionate part as from that of one whose income is so invested as to escape taxation.

Probably no one cheerfully pays taxes. All would prefer that government would be self-supporting; but as that is impossible, and as taxes must be levied and collected, it is right and proper, and decidedly equitable, that the heaviest burden of taxation should fall upon him who can best endure it, and to whom the government is the greatest blessing. The wealthiest man is not necessarily the happiest; but the government protects the wealthy man in what he has, and furnishes conditions which enable him to accumulate wealth. Moreover, when a man has acquired such wealth that himself and family cannot spend it in a lifetime, if he persists in gathering more he should be willing to contribute of his wealth a reasonable amount to assist the government in performing those necessary charitable acts in which he refuses to indulge.

The details of a law providing for the taxation of incomes are not easily suggested, when it is borne in mind that it is the most odious tax, and unless most carefully drawn is very apt to prove inequitable. Any income below a certain amount should not be taxable. All incomes in excess of such amount should

have a tax levied upon a certain portion of the income. Thus, if \$5,000 were taken as the minimum exemption of an income tax, then one having an income of \$10,000 should be taxed upon one-half of it. The tax should be comparatively light upon incomes less than \$10,000; a substantial tax should be laid upon incomes between \$10,000 and \$50,000, and the government should levy a decidedly remunerative tax upon incomes above \$50,000, that millionaires might be encouraged in works of charity and pure benevolence. The tax should be levied on the net income; for no one should be required to pay a tax upon his losses. But expenditures for the support of one's self and family, and expenditures for the improvement of one's estate, should not be included in any deductions.

The incomes of corporations should also be taxed, and their business affairs subjected to such scrutiny that monopolies could not flourish. The recent attempts upon the lives of Russell Sage and H. O. Frick should convince millionaires and the officers of large corporations that they both need and receive substantial protection from the government.

State, county, city and district taxation differ so materially in different localities, that it would perhaps be difficult to suggest a plan that is not in operation in some portion of the country. Capitation taxes, taxes on lands and improvements thereon, road taxes, taxes on employments, taxes on corporations and on dividends, taxes on litigants, and taxes on all personal property, are common taxes. But, as at present levied, they are most inequitable. The tax *collector* seldom fails in his duty, but in the assessment and valuation there are frequently gross injustice and favoritism. The man who dares to hound an officer of the law and attempt to influence him in the discharge of his duty, is discriminated against, while the chronic grumbler and the small-souled gnat are favored. The assessor who places values upon his neighbors' property for taxation purposes should receive such compensation as would justify the employment of men of sufficient calibre to act

impartially, and hold themselves above petty jealousies and malign influences. Until this be done we cannot hope to have our property valued for taxation fairly and equitably.

Another injustice is in valuing property at less than its real value. A man owning a house worth \$9,000 has its value placed at \$3,000; while one owning a house worth \$3,000 has a value of \$1,000 placed upon it. This relieves the wealthier citizen of the tax on \$6,000, while the poorer is relieved of a tax on only \$2,000. Equity would require that whatever discrimination be made should be made in favor of the poor. The millionaire whose horses are worth thousands of dollars has them appraised at little more than those of his neighbor which are worth only as many hundred dollars.

There is another tax that should be levied for the support of State and municipal government, namely, a tax on legacies and inheritances; such a tax would bring revenue from much that now absolutely escapes taxation; and certainly, no one should object to contribute a portion of a donation when the contribution is received by the government which makes the donation possible. This tax should also be a graded one. Estates below a certain value should be entirely exempt therefrom; while large estates should liberally contribute to the support of the government. This tax would prove equitable in another way. When an officer of the law with full authority would investigate the character and amount of an estate, the creditors of the estate would not be so frequently robbed by the spiriting away and concealment of so much that should properly appear among the assets of the estate. Moreover, the knowledge that the government would have a share of his estate upon his death, would inspire many a curmudgeon with feelings of charity that would prove a blessing to others, and have a reflex influence beneficial to himself. Charity is one of the greatest of virtues, and whatever causes its exhibition should receive man's hearty approval.

THOMAS L. BOND.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

FOR frontispieces THE AGORA has used portraits of politicians, editors, novelists, poets, educators and clergymen, but the first page of this number is adorned by the likeness of a successful business man—Col. Cyrus K. Holliday. It accompanies the historical article by Judge Guthrie. Before Kansas became a State Col. Holliday was named a director of the Santa Fé company, and from then until now has continued so to be. For forty years he has watched the growth of the prettiest and thriftiest city in Kansas, and may well feel proud of the part he took at its founding.

KANSAS has not produced a book this quarter, and with the knowledge of it comes a feeling of relief and security. The record of last year, as given by Miss Carrie M. Watson, librarian of the State University, and bibliographer of the Academy of Language and Literature, shows thirteen, half of which could well have been spared. This State has published fully as many books as she ought, considering her age, but the collection is not such a one as we would care to have exhibited at the World's Fair. There are some Kansas books whose leaves it would be a pleasure to turn over and show to the world, but a very small case would hold them. The trouble lies in the fact that the people who ought to write books do not do so. They are too modest, too poor, or too

tired. There is a woman living down on the banks of the Neosho who dwells so near Heaven that she has caught its fragrance, but she is too modest to put forth a little book of it. There is a man at the capital who knows more history than the "Herd Book" contains, and of a much better quality, but he is too tired to put it in form. But not all the people in Kansas are modest, poor, or tired. Some who are not, ought to be.

HOWEVER, Kansas has created some good periodical literature during the year. A half-dozen of the standard magazines have published contributions from the State which are highly creditable. That this material is much better than that which appears in book form, is probably due to the fact that it had been passed upon by others than the writers. In this connection it is well to note that Mr. Stuart O. Henry is beginning to give the world some of the product of his studies in Paris. To be sure, it is many years since he has dwelt with us, but his heart is buried here, and he will ever be one of us. Earth has showered upon him its greatest misfortunes, and if Heaven be just it will lay at his feet merited rewards. Of them he has the ability to tell us, and it is to be hoped that he may have the desire.

THE West affords no more respectable literary organization than the

Kansas Academy of Language and Literature, which held its tenth annual meeting at Lawrence last week. From the president's address on "The Relation of Poets to Poets" to the last essay on "Lowell," there was the evidence of thoughtful study and careful preparation. Principles rather than methods were sought after, and strange to say, no time was spent in discussing the momentous question of how best to get into print. Not a single remedy for writers' paralysis or a scheme for saving postage on rejected manuscripts was offered, but every person who listened went away with a better understanding of Hawthorne's imagination. The next meeting will be held in one year at Topeka, with an annual address by the new president, Prof. L. D. Whittemore of Washburn College.

It became evident as soon as Col. Phillips's article in the last number of this quarterly reached the light, that there must be a reply to it. It did not take the editor long to select an opponent, and he chose the one who to him seemed the best equipped for it. Many willing sacrifices were offered, but readers are entitled to witness a fair conflict, and justice to them forbade that a pigmy should be sent out to fight a giant. Mr. Finch tells a true story, and if the Republican party be wise, of which there is some doubt, it will heed what he says. Even now there is some serious talk of vindicating the late candidate for Governor by renominating him. If that be done, it will not be necessary for the opposition to fuse.

JUST now the Republican party seems flushed by the late municipal

victories, but it is a forced flush. The figures will not bear analysis, and the least said about them the better it will be for that organization. The women voted, and they voted for their homes. To do that, they necessarily voted the Republican ticket in most cities. If the men of the cities of Kansas should vote one year from next fall as they did this spring, it will make no difference what becomes of the Democrats. Hence, Republicans would better not rely too much on their own record or that of their opponents, but take care to nominate worthy candidates and adopt a respectable platform. The late conflict changed no more votes than did Jerry Simpson's bicycle.

THERE is too much newspaper talk about the tendency of Kansas politics to keep capital away from the State. There may be individual instances of something of this kind, but it is not general enough to cause alarm. We all know what is the matter with Kansas investments, and what has hurt the credit of the State. Take a look at the registers of the defunct loan companies, agents and banks, and the story of it and the reason for it is soon told. That all occurred before the Populist party was born, and its only crime in that direction lies in its earnest endeavors to publish the infamy of it to the world. For that it is to be blamed. If we have a skeleton in the closet, it is not good form to rub it over with phosphorus and carry it around by night for the purpose of frightening people.

THE last Legislature did do some good things after all. It passed a re-

demption law, which every State ought to have, and gave some money to educational institutions. A redemption law will help the lender as well as the borrower. Loans will not be made when there is a probability of the holder being compelled to buy in the property, and that kind ought never to be negotiated. Unforeseen misfortunes occur, of course, and in such events the law will be a great benefit to the borrower. It is to be hoped that the courts will not construe the law as applicable to existing contracts, as it is desirable to get rid of these old scores as soon as possible. In nine cases out of ten, of the mortgages now in process of foreclosure or in need of it, the property has been abandoned, and a long stay would result only in injury to the holder.

THERE is no place in Kansas where one's breast swells more with pride than on Mt. Oread, at Lawrence. From it one can get a view of the best that nature has given the State, and on it is the best that man has given it. It is very gratifying to know that the spot will be further adorned by magnificent buildings. These will cost \$150,000, for most of which we are indirectly indebted to Chancellor Snow, whose uncle bequeathed it to us. The balance, about a third of the total amount, was given by the Legislature, for which we are duly thankful. Even so much was not to be expected. A half-million would not have been too much. There is to be a great University west of the Mississippi river, one like that of Michigan, and if Kansas is to get it, now is the time for bold strides. To-day we are in the lead, but we cannot long remain

there on less appropriations than adjoining States are making.

THE AGORA has been forced to do something that it regrets is necessary, and that is, avail itself of the benefit of copyright. It has had no objection to being clipped in a reasonable manner, but on the contrary has appreciated the implied compliment. However, when it comes to appropriating entire articles and even symposiums without so much as extending the courtesy of asking permission, the line must be drawn, and it has been decided to draw it on this number. For financial support the subscription list is almost wholly relied upon, and must be protected. It cannot be increased as long as there is a hope or probability of finding the material most desired in a newspaper.

THE thirteenth annual meeting of the Social Science Club of Kansas and Western Missouri will be held at Newton, May 3d, 4th and 5th. A twelve-page programme, which would have been a thing of beauty had it ever reached the hands of a competent proof-reader or an intelligent printer, has been issued. One does not recover from the shock caused by the mistakes in the names of the officers, before he is startled to find that Emily Dickinson is down for a paper in the Social Hour department. It may not be so intended, but the printer has so interpreted it. Other inaccuracies are too numerous to mention, and must be very exasperating to the committee in charge of the printing. The programme contains twenty-one apt quotations, tastefully inserted. However,

we cannot refrain from saying that any member who gets many books about her containing sonnets like the one beginning, "Get books about thee," will ruin her literary taste. The essayists are from the best women that Kansas affords, and the subjects are well chosen.

